

NA BAIRD LEATHANACH: THE MACLEAN BARDS.

BY THE
REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Vol. I.
THE OLD MACLEAN BARDS.

CHARLOTTETOWN:
Haszard and Moore.
1898.

Booksellers in Britain can obtain copies
of this work for sale from

JOHN MACLEAN,
68 Mitchell Street, Glasgow.

Copies will be sent to any address in
Canada or the United States for 65
cents per copy by

HASZARD & MOORE,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Sold in Scotland by
Henry Whyte, 4 Bridge Street,
Glasgow.
John Grant, 31 George IV. Bridge,
Edinburgh.
A & W. Mackenzie, Publishers,
Inverness.
Thomas Boyd, George Street, Oban.



DEDICATED

to the memory of

DR. HECTOR MACLEAN,
OF GRULIN,

and

JOHN MACLEAN, THE POET,

The loyal Collectors and Preservers of
the valuable Productions of the
Old Maclean Bards.

Contributors.

The following sums have been given to help
to pay the cost of publishing this volume :

The Chief of the Clan Gillean,	\$25.00
Mrs. Hamilton-Dundas, daughter of the last Maclean of Coll,	2.55
Neil Maclean, Esq., Breda,	25.00
Dr. Magnus Maclean, Glasgow University,	5.00
The Clan Maclean Association, Glasgow,	5.10
John Maclean, Mitchell St., Glasgow,	1.22
J. A. Maclean, Esq , Forfar,	9.74
Professor J. P. MacLean, Ohio, U. S. A.,	5.00
Mrs. H Maclean Kimball, Washington,	2 00
D. T. Macdonald, Esq., Michigan, nephew of Lachainn na Gaidhlig,	5 00
Hector Maclean, Esq., Bridgetown, N. S.,	5.00
Rev. A. Maclean, D. D., Hopewell, N. S.,	5 00
Major John Bayne Maclean, Montreal,	5.00

PREFACE.

The poems contained in this work have been taken almost wholly from the manuscript collections of Dr. Hector Maclean and John Maclean, the Poet.

Dr. Hector Maclean was the only son of Lachlan Maclean of Grulin, in the Isle of Mull. He was a well-educated and well-read man. He married Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean of Coll, by whom he had a daughter named Mary. He lived during the latter part of his life on the farm of Erray, near Tobermory. He collected a number of valuable Gaelic poems about the year 1768. They are written in a strongly bound volume of foolscap size. They cover 128 pages. The writing is small, but neat and plain. The whole of the long elegy at page 116 of this work occupies only two pages and a half. Dr. Maclean died about the year 1785.

Mary Maclean, Dr. Hector's daughter, was an exceedingly clever girl. Dr. Johnson, who had spent a night at her father's house in 1773, pronounced her the most accomplished lady that he had

met in the Highlands. She fell in love with a man named Duncan Mackenzie, who was in every respect her inferior. Rather than displease her father she remained unmarried for a long time. Shortly after his death she became the wife of the man she loved. They lived in Tobermory. They may have been happy, but they were in poor circumstances. After the death of her husband, which took place in 1800, the accomplished Mary, Mairi nigh'n an Dotair, as she was called, was supported by Alexander Maclean of Coll. She gave her father's collection to John Maclean, the Poet. She told him that she had been anxious to publish it, but that poverty had kept her from carrying out her wish. She expressed the hope that it might appear in print some day. She died in 1826, and was buried at Kilmore. She may not have loved wisely ; but she was a woman whose memory deserves to be held in respect.

John Maclean, the Poet, was born in Tiree, Argyle-shire, January 8th, 1787. He belonged to the Treshnish branch of the Macleans of Ardgour. He was known in Scotland as Bard Thighearna Chola, or the Laird of Coll's Poet, and in this

country as Am Bard Mac-Gilleain, or the Poet Maclean. He collected a large number of valuable Gaelic poems about the year 1816. His manuscript, which is of foolscap size, contains 641 pages. The first 94 pages contain poems by himself. The remaining pages, 547 in number, contain poems by others. He was a good Gaelic scholar and a good penman, and wrote a large and legible hand. Each page of his manuscript contains about 28 lines. There are thus about 15,316 lines of collected poetry in it. The poet came to Nova Scotia in 1819, and settled at Barney's River, in Pictou County. He removed to Glenbard, in the County of Antigonish, in January, 1831. He died on Wednesday, the 26th of January, 1848.

I may state that my mother was a daughter of John Maclean, the Poet, and that through her influence — and indeed the influence of all my surroundings — I have been led from my youth upwards to take an interest in Gaelic literature. So far as the history and poetry of the Macleans are concerned, I could scarcely help having at least an elementary acquaintance with them. I rejoice, then, to see poems with which I have been

familiar from my boyhood now collected and published.

I do not feel called upon to thank those who have contributed towards paying the cost of printing this work. From my point of view they have simply done what they ought to do. I am exceedingly thankful, however, that in this money-grabbing age there are men and women in existence who take a genuine interest in the history of their ancestors and the poems which celebrate their virtues and noble deeds. It is well known that there were magnificent fighters among the Macleans. I trust that this work will help to show that they could also boast of men of brains, and heart, and poetic genius.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, Prince Edward Island,
January 26th, 1898.

An Clar-innse.

CLANN-GHILLEAIN, - - - - -	13
RARD MHIC-GILLEAIN, - - - - -	18
TIGHEARNA CHOLA, - - - - -	23
Na deich àitheantan, - - - - -	24
Caismeachd Ailein nan Sop, - - - - -	25
EACHNN BACACH, - - - - -	28
A Lachainn òig, gun innsinn umad, - - - - -	29
A Shir Lachainn na féile, - - - - -	32
'S ann Di-ciadain, a shàir, - - - - -	35
Thriall ar bunadh gu Pàras, - - - - -	37
Gur a h-oil leam an sgeula, - - - - -	41
Gur bochd naidheachd ar dùthcha, - - - - -	48
Is beag aobhar mo shùgraidh, - - - - -	49
CATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN, - - - - -	51
'S ann Di-Sathairn a chualas, - - - - -	51
Ged a dh' fhàg thu ri port mi, - - - - -	54
'N sgeul a thàinig do 'n dùthaich, - - - - -	57
Tha mi 'falbh an cois tuinne, - - - - -	60
Gur h-e mise 'tha pràmhail, - - - - -	62
LACHAINN MAC-MHIC-IAIN, - - - - -	65
Marbphàisg air an t-saoghal chruidh, - - - - -	65
'Ghilleasbuig, mo mhallachd ri m' bheo, - - - - -	69
ANNDRA MAC-AN-EASBUIG, - - - - -	72
Gun dug mi gaol nach failinneach, - - - - -	73
'S bochd an sgeula so 'thàinig, - - - - -	75
Gur a cràiteach an othail, - - - - -	77
Bhuams' tha 'n ràitinn, - - - - -	79
IAIN MAC AILEIN, - - - - -	82
Is ged nach d' fhaodadh mo thogail suas, - - - - -	84
Thuirt Mairearad nigh'n Domhnaill, - - - - -	85
'Ghilleasbuig, mo bheannachd ri m' bheo, - - - - -	89
Beir fios leat bhuam do Chearnaburg, - - - - -	91
'N am 'dhol 'sios, 'n am 'dhol 'sios, - - - - -	93
Mu'n sgeul so a chualas ac', - - - - -	96
B'e m' aighear gum b' fhior, - - - - -	98
Nan digeadh Sir Iain, - - - - -	100
An sgeula so 'th' aca, - - - - -	103

Thoir fios bhuam gu Anndra, - - -	107
Tha mi 'm chadal, - - -	110
'S an Dreallain thà air iomad fàth, - -	114
Iomchair mo bheannachd, - - -	116
Beir an t-soraidh so bhuamsa, - - -	125
Air sgéith na maidne 's luaithe, - - -	128
'Shìl Olaghair gun ainnis, - - -	131
Eachdraidh Thuatha De Danann, - -	133
Fogradh Thuatha De Danann, - - -	139
Cath Alphuirt, - - -	141
Fàilt ort, a Shir Caillein reachdmhor, - -	149
Crosanachd Fhir nan Drimnean, - -	152
Cléirsinneachd Fhir nan Drimnean, - -	156
Turragan Fhir nan Drimnean, - - -	157
Bha trì leumannan Mhic Léig, - - -	159
'S beag m' fhaoilt a tigh'nn daonnan, -	159
Thoir an t-soraidh so bhuamsa, - - -	160
Gabhaidh mi sgeula de m' shagairt, - -	161
'S còir dhuinn fàilt 'chur air an leann, -	162
Nach innis sibh dhòmhs', a chairdean, -	162
Fàilt air taigh mor nan seachd uinneag, -	163
Fàilte do bhur n-imrich Luain, - - -	164
Tha gach cnocan orm na 'chuith, - - -	165
Gu dé bheir dhuit bhith falbh gàgach, -	165
O marbhphaisg ort, a skaoghail, - - -	168
Air leam fein gur truagh do dhaoine, -	170
'Thì chumhachdaich nan cumhachdan, -	173
MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN, - - -	177
Gur h-e mis' 'th 'air mo leonadh, - - -	180
Gur h-e 'mheudaich mo chràdh, - - -	183
Gun d' fhuair mi sgeul, - - -	187
Dh' fhalbh mo chadal a smaointinn, -	189
Ged is stoc mi 'n déidh crìonadh, - -	191
'S goirt leam gaoir nam ban Muileach, -	192
'Fhir, 'tha 'n cathair an Fhreasdail, -	205
Chunnaic mise thu, 'Ailein, - - -	199
Mo cheist an Leathanach mòdhar, - -	210
Mo rùn Ailein, nan lann tana, - - -	215
DOMHNALL BAN MAC-GILLEAIN, - - -	217

'N tùs an t-samhraidh so, 'bha,	217
MR. IAIN MAC-GILEAIN,	221
Ged is grianach an latha,	222
Air teachd o 'n Spàin,	226
Tha tamull on sguir mi de'n dàn,	229
'N aisling chunnaic mi 'm chadal,	231
'N am dusgadh dhomh as mo chadal,	233
CALUM A GHLINNE,	235
Mo chailin donn òg,	235
Sud mar dh-iomair mi 'n t-each odhar,	237
IAIN MAC THEARLAICH OIG,	239
Is ann leam nach h-fheil tlachdmhor,	239
Cha'n e goirteas mo shroine,	241
EOGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN A BARRA,	244
Fhuair mi naidheachd thar fasaich,	244
A Thèarlaich òig, ciad fàilte dhuit,	246
AN T-AIREACH MUILEACH,	248
An Caimbeulach Dubh,	248
Cha deic fhad 's a tha mi 'g eisdeachd,	249
'S mairg a mhol a Mhòrthir robach,	251
FEAR AN LAGAIN,	252
O, a nighean donn nan gobhar,	252
O 's mis' 'th' air mo lagadh,	253
Cha'n fheil feum anns a mhulad,	255
AILIS NIC-GILLEAIN,	256
MAIRI NIGH'N EOGHAIN,	257
IAIN MAC-EOGHAIN,	259
Nan digeadh tus', a Thèarlaich,	259
BAIRD NEO-AINMICHTÈ,	261
'Dheagh Mhic-Colunnich a Brathainn,	261
'Rìgh, nach éireadh i tuath,	263
Ach ge grianach an latha,	266
Gur h-e mis' a tha gam lathadh,	268

Errors and Corrections.

- Page 15, 28, Morairn', Mhorairn'.
- " 19, 26, so ghardb, so-ghràdh.
- " 26, 16, chliéth, chlèith.
- " 41, 21, mar tha sin, mar tha sinn.
- " 52, 4, gach sgios, gach strì.
- " 64, 13, ghlèidh, glèidh.
- " 67, 10, céilith, clèith.
- " 75, 11, dùrachdach, gu dùrachdach.
- " 76, 28, Luthainn, Luthais.
- " 86, 29, freum, freumh.
- " 101, 17, 'Toirt duinn, 'Toirt dinn.
- " 101, 30, the second of the following lines
has been omitted:
- Nan tilleadh a chuibhle
Bharr iomrall a seoil.
- Page 111, 34, daigne, daingne.
- " 127, 21, n'a ghualainn, m' a ghualainn.
- " 131, 19, air a chlù ladh, air a chlùdadh.
- " 140, 19, Bafanaid, Ba-Fànait.
- " 144, 20, an fhaire, an fhaire.
- " 170, 8, a bhein, a bheir.
- " 175, 34, Gu 'sglugadh, Gu 'shlugadh.
- " 202, 32, Clan Gilleain, Clann Ghilleain.
- " 207, 6, àithe, àite.
- " 210, 32, luiuge, luinge.
- " 225, 8, caoincadh, ga 'chaoineadh.
- " 240, 4, àirid', àird'.

Clann-Ghilleain.

LEIS AN FHEAR-DHEASACHAIDH.

Fonn:—Mìosa deireannach an fhoghair.

Co bho 'n dàinig an dream chalm' ud,
'Bu nìhor ainm am measg nan Gaidheal?
Clann-Ghilleain mhòrail, mhùirneach,
D'am bu dù 'bhith bras 'san àraich.
Thainig iad, a reir luchd-sgeula,
Bho'n fhear ghleusd ud, Dùghall Sgàinne;
Seann laoch uasal d'am bu chleachdadh
Fialachd, ceartas, agus bàigheachd.

Bha GILLEAIN treun de 'shìol-san,
'S b' ard mar thriath e 'n Earra-Ghaidheal;
'S iomadh la a rinn e sgathadh
Le thuaigh-chatha 'n teas nam blàraibh,
Lean an slìochd a thainig bhuaithie
Ri ainm uasal, mor, gu laidir;
'S Clann-Ghilleain linn air linn iad,
Cinneadh rioghail nan glonn arda.

Sheas GILLIOSA, mac Ghilleain,
Gun cheum meathaidh riamh le 'dhùthaich,
'S am blar Lairge nan cruaidh bhuillean
Dhearbh e 'churantachd mar bhiùthaidh.
Rinn a mhac-san, GILLECALUM,
Gnìomhan arronta le dùthrachd
Am blar ainmeil Allt-a-bhonnaich,
Le 'loinn shoilleir, ghuinich, dhrùidhtich.

Dh' fhag IAIN DUBH, mac gasd' an laoch sin,
Da mhac aobhach, fhearail, euchdach;
LACHAINN LUBANACH an eagnaich,
'S Eachann Reaganach nan geur lan.
Ghlac iad Domhnallach nan Eilein,
'S thug iad air, an I nan cléire,
Còir a thabhairt daibh air fearainn,
'S gealladh daingeann air buan réite.

Thug e 'nighean mhaiseach uasal,
 Ogha Ruairidh shaibhir, mhòrail,
 Air a b-iarrtas féin do Lachainn,
 'S bu bhean thaitneach air gach doigh i.
 Thug e dha an drèachd a b' airde
 Na 'chùirt aghmhoir an Aird-Thòirnis;
 'S b'e 'cheann-feachd e 'n am 'bhith gluasad
 Le 'fhir fhuasgailteach do'n chòmhrag.

Eachann Reaganach Loch-Ruidhe,
 Bu cheann-uidhe math roimh shlògh e;
 'S dh' fhag e mic 'bha mar an athair,
 Guineach, sgathach, anns an tòrachd.
 Is ann bhuaithe 'bha Clann-Thèarlaich,
 Na fir dhàna, reachmhor, chròdha;
 'S Mac-Mhic-Eachainn, an triath gaisgeil
 'Chumadh smachd air luchd an fhòirneirt.

Bha mac Lachainn na 'thriath buadhail,
 EACHANN RUADH nan cruaidh chath gailbh-
 each;

Sgaoil a chliu air sgiathaibh laidir
 Do gach àit an rioghachd Alba.
 Thogadh creachan leis an Eirinn,
 'S rinneadh euchdan leis air fairge;
 Thuit e, 's gum b' e 'n t-aobhar bròin e,
 Latha doruinneach Cath Gharbhaich.

Bha a mhac-san, LACHAINN BRONNACH,
 Na 'fhear somalta gun mhorchuis.
 Cha bu toil leis stri nò buaireas,
 Bu duin' uasal e na 'dhòighean.
 Dh' fhag e mic 'bha fearail, calma,
 'S a bha sealbhach thad 's bu bheo iad;
 LACHAINN OG, an triath 'bha ciallach,
 Domhnall, Niàll 's Iain Garbh nan comhrag.

Shanntaich Domhnall cnoic Aird-Ghobhar,
 Fhuair e fotha beagan chòmhlán,
 'S chuir e as do Chlann-a-Mhaighstir,

Ged nach d' rinn iad riamh air foirneart.
 Ghabh e seilbh air an cuid fearainn,
 'S cha do dhealaich e ri òirleach
 Ged 's ann bhuaithe 'bha mo mhàthair
 Cha mhol mi gu h-ard a dhòighean.

Bho Niall treun 'san Ros 'bha fuireach
 Shiolaich curaidhnean gun fhòtus,
 Sliochd a chlaidhibh laidir iarainn,
 'Dheanadh riasladh anns a chòmhdhail
 Fhuair Iain Garbh, an connspunn corrach,
 Còir air Cola, 's Cùmhnis comhl' ris.
 Dhearbh e 'ghaisge mar shàr mhìlidh
 Ann an Grisibul na dòruinn.

Bha mac Lachainn, EACHANN ODHAR,
 Na 'laoch foghainteach, deas, eolach;
 Thuit e 'm blàr nan gathan guineach,
 Floden fuileach nan trom leontan.
 Co nach cuala sgeul mu 'mhac-san,
 LACHAINN CATANACH na seoltachd?
 Bha e caoimhnell ri 'luchd-dàimhe,
 Ach ri 'naimhdean garg mar leoghann.

Dh' fhag e mic nach seachnadh còmhstri,
 EACHANN MOR an òir 's a bhiuthais;
 'S Ailein ainmeil nan sop lasrach,
 Nan long astarach, 's an spùinnidh.
 Bha da mbac sig Eachann lòghmhor.
 EACHANN OG a sgap a chùinneadh,
 Is Iain Dubh a bha 'sa Morairn',
 Gaisgeach colgarra nach lùbadh.

Bha mac Eachainn Oig fìor ainmeil,
 Cha robh 'n Albainn fear ri 'fhaotuinn
 'Bha na 'choimeas da 'n àm tarruinn
 Nan lann tana 'ou gheur faobhar.
 'S iomadh blàr anns an robh buaidh leis,
 'S iomadh ruaig a lean a dhaoine;

Mar bheithir ghuinich an adhair,
Bhiodh a chladheabh anns a chaonnaig.

Thuit SIR LACHAINN MOR an sàr ud,
Ann am blàr le saighid mhilltich;
Ach thug EACHANN OG gu gaisgeil
Am mach aichmheil mar mbac dileas.
Chuir e 'n ruaig air feachd Mhic-Dhomhnaill,
Lean e 'n tòir le uile dhicheall,
'S loisg e as gun truas, gun trocair
Gach taigh comhnuidh a bha 'n Ile

Aig Sir Lachainn bha mac eile
Nach biodh deireannach 'san tòrachd,
Lachainn Og a bha 'n Torloisgte
Nam fear oscarach, neo-stròdhail
Ged a b' og e latha 'chruadail,
An la 'bhuaileadh athair morail,
Chuireadh iomadh treun-fhèar dàna
'Thalla 'bhais le 'ghairdein cròdha.

Bha aig Eachann Og na gaisge
Ceathrar mhac 'bu taitneach dòighean;
EACHANN MOR a chleachd an uaisle,
'S nach robh bruaillineach no pròiseil;
Deagh SHIR LACHAINN, am fear euchdach
'Bu mhor feum an Inbhir-Lòchaidh;
Dòmhnall Bhròlais, cridh' an t-suairceis,
'S Iain Suaineach an deas chòmhraidh.

AN SIR EACHANN RUADH, mac Lachainn,
Bha sàr ghaisgeach smachdail, gleusda;
Ach bha 'nàdar mar an lasair,
'S chuir sin as da 'n Inbhircéitein
Sheas e nuair bu chòir dha teicheadh
Le 'fhìr dheas am mach bho 'n teugmhail;
'S dh' fhàg sin lag a chinneadh cliuiteach
'Dhion an duthcha roimh luchd-reubainn.

B' e a bhrathair og, SIR AILEIN,
Am fear allail 'bu mhath gluasad,

A bha 'n nis an Dubhairt ghreadhnaich
 Na 'cheann-feadhn' air laoiach a chruadail.
 Bha SIR IAIN, mac Shir Ailein,
 Na 'thriath barraichte, fìor uasal,
 'S na 'laoch foghainteach fo 'armaibh
 Mar a dhearbh e an Raon-Ruairidh.

Chaill e 'fhearann le 'chuid goraich',
 Is le seòltachd a luchd-fuatha,
 'S dh' fheum e dol do 'n Fhraing air fogradh
 Ann an dochas ri la fuasglaidh.
 Sheas e latha Sliabh-an-t-Siorra
 Le 'ard chinneadh mar bu dual da,
 A sgrios as nan gaisgeach coimheach
 A bha roimhe, 's gan dian ruagadh.

Leam is duilich mar a lean e,
 An rìgh amaideach ud, Seumas,
 Nach robh dileas do na daoine
 'Bhiodh ri 'thaobh an am gach eigin;
 'S mar a lean e 'mhac a rithisd
 Le run cridhe gu luath, eibhinn,—
 Prionnsa nach do choisinn urram
 Mar dheagh dhuine no mar threun-fhear.

Cha lean mi na's fhaide 'n eachdraidh
 Aig na gaisgich sgairteil, mheanmnach.
 Bha iad clis le 'n clàidhean gionach;
 Anns an iomairt cha bhiodh cearb orr';
 Bha iad fiughantach, fìor aoibheil,
 Bha iad caoimhneil ri 'n luchd-leanmhuinn,
 Bha iad seasmhach, duineil, dileas,
 'S bha iad rìoghail le làn dearbhadh.

October 10, 1887.

Glonn, a deed of valor. Biuthaidh, a hero.
 Lùbanach, twisty, crafty. Reaganach, stiff, inflexible, stern. Eagnadh, prudence, wisdom.
 Lòghmhor, famous. Oscarach, bold, intrepid.
 Cròdha, valiant. Teugmhail, battle. The names
 in small capitals are those of the chiefs.

Bard Mhic-Gilleain.

The poem known as “An Duanag Ullamh” was published in Ranald Macdonald’s Collection, in 1776, and is ascribed to Maclean’s bard. If the elegy on Lachlan Cattanach’s wife is really genuine, we may safely conclude that it was composed by the author of the poem in Ranald Macdonald’s book, and that he was a Maclean. We are not, however, in a position to affirm with certainty that the elegy was actually composed in Lachlan Cattanach’s time.

Cumha Baintighearna Dhubh-airt.

LE BARD MHIC-GILLEAIN.

'S cianail, gruamach, coimheach, guarach,
 Dh' fhas na fuar chnoic arda;
 'N caol tha salach, molach, bailceach,
 On dh' eug an ainnir ghradhach.
 Friamh na gloine, geug na loinne,
 'Dh' fhas gu lurach, aillidh,
 Thug fras dhunaidh uainn gun fhuireach,
 Eadar bhun is bhàrr i.

'S cruadalach am beum a thainig,
 Nuair bu laidir dùil duinn;
 Bha sinn cridheil sunndach, smiorail,
 Gun bhraon snigh' a bruchdadh;

'Chlarsach a toirt ciull le aiteas,
 'S fir aig cleasachd lùthmhor.
 'N tulach ait le toirm an gàire,
 'S baird a seinn an cliutha.

Nuair a chi sinn neoil an aonaich
 'Teachd gu caochladh fiamhachd,
 Saoilidh sinn gum bi ann fèith,
 Ach thig gu geur an t-sian oirnn.
 Nuair bha dochas teann 's gach cridh'
 Gum biodh gach nì gu 'r miann duinn,
 Bhruchd an tuil le toirm gun àbhachd,
 'S dh' fhalbh ar n-àgh air sgiathaibh,

Cha'n ioghn', a Lachainn, thu bhith deurach,
 Chaill thu reul nan oighean;
 Chaill thu ionnas mor do-cheannach,
 Chaill thu tuigs' a chomhraidh,
 Chaill thu sgiath a chaidribh shàr mhath,
 Chaill thu airde 'n fhoghlum;
 'S chail thu iul na fairge ghàbhaidh
 Nuair a b' airde dò-shian.

Thainig i mar bhoillsgeadh gréine
 Air réidh an oidhche cheothair;
 Sgap i uainn gach dubhlachd catha
 'Bha cur smail air oigridh,
 Cheangail i ar creuchdan ruidh teach,
 'S thug i guin gu sò-ghràdh;
 Thug i dhinn ar n-airm 's ar n-eideadh,
 'S reitich i gach dò-bheart

Nam b' e innleachdan ar namhad
 A bhrisdeadh barr ar cóisre,
 'S iomadh claidheabh tana, glas
 A leumadh grad gu feolach;
 'S iomadh gaisgeach armach, treubhach
 'Bheireadh beum 'sa chomhstri,
 Eadar rudha caol Chinntire,
 'S rinn an eilein cheothaich.

Dh'eireadh Leathanaich 's Clann-Domhnaill.
 Mar shruth mor nan ard bheann;
 D' eireadh Stiubhartaich 's Clann-Chatain,
 'Bu mhor neart 'sna blaraibh;
 Thigeadh Dùibhnich nimheil, chlachdhteach,
 'Bheireadh tuinns' gun sàthadh.
 Cha bhiodh an aicheamhail gun iarraidh,
 'S fireoin chiar' an airde.

Air an iubhar mhaiseach, ùrail,
 Laigh an dubhlachd chrannaidh;
 Ghlac am bàs an ribhinn aillidh
 'S thaig e 'n ros teann i.
 Ceann gach seoil tha fo na fòidibh,
 Gnuis gun cheo, gun sgraing oirr';
 Beus gun sgod air, cridh' gun gho,
 Lamh fhial thoirt òir gun taing bhuaip'.

Thog iad tuaileas le mor fhuarachd,
 'S iad gun truas nar call ruinn,
 Gun do chuir sinn air sgeir mara
 A bhean cheanalt', bhaindidh,
 Gu bheil i beo, 's le lùths is treoir
 A dusgadh oran lann duinn.
 Ach 's mis' a chuala fuaim nam bord
 Nuair chaidh fo'n fhòid a ceann-se.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh an t-Iarl' Aorach
 A bhith caoin is brònach,
 Is gach buille 'fhuair an crann
 'Bu trom le geugan boidheach,
 Chaill e 'n drasd am meangan ard
 Nach d' fhas fo bhlàth gu 'r deoin-ne,
 Thuit e sìos am plathadh sùla,
 'S shearg a shùgh fo fhoidibh.

Gabh an nis gu tamh, a chlarsach,
 Is grain fonn do cheoil leam,
 'S nach dig bean a chomhraidh thlaith
 A chluinntinn failte beoil bhuam,

Dh' eisdeachd tormain bhinn nan teud,
 'S a thoirt cuaich deine 'm dhorn domh.
 Cha dig is' ach falbhaidh mise,
 'S bidh sinn fhathasd comhla.

Sian, storm. Ionnas, ionmhas, treasure. Réidh, a plain. Námhaid, genitive námhad, an enemy. Coisir, a festive party. Dh' eireadh stiubh-artaich; her mother was a Stewart. Tuinnse, a rush, a blow. Nach d' fhas fo bhlath; she had no children. Cuach deine, a cup of eagerness, a cup that would rouse to ardor, an inspiring cup.

This elegy was in possession of Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, in 1810. It was sent to the *Gael* by John F. Campbell, of Islay, in 1873. We give it substantially as it appeared in that excellent monthly. Dr. Irvine and Mr. Campbell were both of the opinion that it was really composed in Lachlan Cattanach's time; and it may have been. Of course no one supposes that it has come down to us as it was made. It may have been sung by several generations before it was committed to writing. The following is a translation of the 1st, 4th, 5th and 9th verses:

The cold, high hills look sad, gloomy,
 surly and bristling; whilst the strait is
 muddy, rough, and ridgy since the fair
 beloved one died. A shower of affliction
 has taken suddenly away from us the

D

root of purity and the graceful branch which grew up in loveliness and beauty. It is no wonder, Lachlan, that your tears should flow. You have lost the pole-star of the virgins. You have lost an unpurchaseable treasure. You have lost the shield of the best friendship. You have lost her whose education was of the highest order. And you have lost the guide of the terrible sea when the storm was at its greatest height. She came like a burst of sunshine on the plain in a foggy night. She dispersed the threatening battle-storm, which cast a gloom upon our young people. She bound up our ruddy wounds, and changed hatred to love. She took off us our weapons and war-dress, and settled every trouble. Those who felt not for us in our loss raised with bitter coldness a slanderous tale. They said that we placed the amiable and modest wife on a rock in the sea, and that she is alive, actively and energetically awakening against us the song of swords. But I myself heard the sound of her coffin when her head was placed under the sods.

According to a current tradition, Lachlan Cattnach of Duart caused his wife,

Elizabeth Campbell, to be placed on a low rock in the sea, where she would be overwhelmed by the tide and drowned. She was rescued from her perilous position and sent home to Inverary. In 1810 Joanna Baillie published "The Family Legend," a tragedy founded upon this tradition. It is also the subject of Campbell's Glenara. According to the author of the Gaelic elegy the story of Lachlan Cattanach's cruel treatment of his wife is utterly false.

Tighearna Chola.

Hector Maclean, second son of John Abrach of Coll, was born about the year 1490. He was known as Eachann Mac Iain, or Hector the son of John. He was also known as An Cleireach Beag, or the Little Clerk. He was married twice. By his first wife, Meve, daughter of John Macdonald of Islay, Alasdair Mac Iain Chathanaich, he had one son, Hector Roy, his successor. By his second wife, Finvola, daughter of Godfrey Macallis-ter of Loup, he had two sons; Allan, first Maclean of Achanasaul in Mull, and

John, first Maclean of Grishpool, in Coll. He succeeded his brother John as laird of Coll in 1558. He died some time after the year 1559. He was a good man and was well-educated. He was the author of a number of poems, some of them written in Gaelic and some in Latin.

NA DEICH AITHNTEAN.

Creid dìreach an Rìgh nan dùl,
'S cuir air chùl umhlachd do dhealbh
Na tabhair ainm Rìgh nan rìgh
'N dìomhanas, oir b'ìd sin searbh.

Domhnach Rìgh nèimh nan nial
Dean le d' chridhe 'chumail saor
T' athair 's do mhathair gach uair
Fo onair bhuait biodh araon,

Na dean marbhadh 's cum bho thnù,
Adhaltrannas na cuir an gnìomh.
Gaduigheachd no goid na dean,
'S na tog fianuis ach gu fìor.

Na sanntaich thusa dhuit fein.
Taigh fìr eile no a bhean,
No nì de 'cairneis gu lèir;
A staigh bì-sa dìreach glan.

Sin deich àithntean Dé dhuit.
Tuig iad gu fìor agus creid;
Ma nì thu uile d' an réir
Cha 'n eagal dhuit fein no dha d' thaigh.
Ars' an Cléireach Beag, Triath Chola.

Caismeachd Ailein nan Sop.

'S mithich dhuinne mar bhun umhlachd
 Dan burdain a chasgairt dhuit,
 A fhleasgaich bhrìoghmhoir 'fhliuchas
 piosan
 Le d' dhìbh spìosair, neartmhoraich.

'N nochd nar cheilteadh fion na Fraingo
 Nad theach meanmnach, masgalach,
 A shìl uaibhrich nach biodh uaigneach,
 'S o 'm biodh sluagh gu cadaltach.

'S iomad geocach ann ad chòsan,
 Agus deoiridh aigeantach
 Nuair 'leigeadh iad am mach am bàrca
 Thar an caball ro ghasda.

Ceanglar uimpe mar bhuir n-àbhaist,
 Cuan a b' aird' do chasgairt leo,
 'S nìtear sin a reir a cheile
 Gun fheum 'bhith air ath-dheanamh,

Beirt chaol rìghinn, lionmhor, chainbe,
 Gun aon snaim marcachd oirr',
 'N ceangal ri failbheagaibh iarainn,
 Droineab nach iarr acarachd.

Sin air dheanamh lùthach, laidir,
 Le spionnadh ard 'sa cheart uair sin,
 Gus an dugadh air a crannaibh claonadh
 Taobh na gaoith' a cheart-eiginn.

Nuair 'shuidheadh iad air a crann-ceille
 Gach fear fein ri dreapaireachd,
 A liuthad sodar muir onfhaidh,
 'S e gu ceannghéal, gorm, caiteineach.

A brisdeadh gach taobh de 'brànnradh,
 'S e 'n coi-ruith ri 'baidealaibh.
 Fad bhuir fad-fhradhaire 'sna neulaibh,
 'Slad o 'beul ri 'fhaicinn leo.

A dol timchioll sruth no sàilein,
 'S i gu leanabhail, tartarach,
 'S iomad luireach an ceangal ri 'h-earraich
 'S bogha dearg Sasunnach.

Crainn air an locradh o rinn gu dosaibh,
 Le 'n cinn dhoideach, fhad-ghaineach.
 Nuair a chunnacadar am fad bhuait
 Na crìochan ris an robh fuath acasan,

Glacadar na fuirbi rìghne
 Nan dòidibh min', ladarna;
 Rinn iad an t-iomram teann teth
 Tobhtach, laidir, eolach, acuinneach.

Thug iad cudrom air na liaghaibh,
 'S raimh gam pianadh acasan;
 Chuir iad a beoil mhor ri 'cheile,
 'S a da chlièth an taice sin.

Dan burdain, a bantering song, a song composed in good humor; but containing some gentle touches of sarcasm. Pios, a silver cup. Masgalach, flattering. Beirt, shrouds, tackling of a ship. Droineab, tackling. Acarachd, moderation, gentleness. Lùthach, strong, well-jointed. Crann-ceille, helm. Sodar, a trotting, a trotting horse, a wave trotting or rushing on. Onfhadh, a blast, a storm. Caiteineach, rough, surly. Brànnradh, a prop, a support, a stand. Baideal, the upper part of a sail, an ensign, a tower. Slad, fagging, making havoc, plundering. Sàilein, a little inlet, gulf, or arm of the sea. Tartarach, noisy, clamorous, bold. Doid-each, strong. Fad-ghaineach, long-darted. Dòid, the hand, grasp. Tobhtach, furnished with benches for rowers. Liagh, the blade of an oar. Cliath, or cliath-ramh, a set of oars.

Ailein nan Sop was a man of courage and ability. He got a small fleet under his command and made plundering ex-

cursions to Ireland, the Lowlands, and parts of the Highlands. He received the name Ailein nan Sop from the fact that he frequently set wisps of burning straw to the buildings of the districts invaded by him, and reduced them to ashes. He killed the laird of Lethir and took possession of his lands. He killed Malcolm Macneill of Gigha in 1530, and seized his estate. The Earl of Argyll secured his non-interference by a gift of the lands of Cille-Charraig in Knapdale, and Macdonald of Islay by a gift of Tarbert Castle. He died in 1551, and was buried in Iona. He had two natural sons, Hector and John. They were both legitimated in August, 1547.

According to tradition Hector Maclean, the bard, afterwards laird of Coll, made some remarks about Ailein nan Sop's conduct that were not very complimentary. Allan, provoked by these remarks, went to Coll, seized the poet, and took him away as a prisoner to Tarbert Castle. The bard composed a poem about Allan, which pleased him so much that he set his prisoner at liberty with a friendly warning to be more guarded about his tongue for the future. Dr. Maclean states

that Caismeachd Ailein nan Sop was composed about the year 1537. It is in all probability the very poem which procured his liberty for the scholarly bard of Coll.

Eachann Bacach.

Hector Maclean was a native of Mull. He was known as Eachann Bacach an t-Aaosdana, or Lamé Hector the Poet. There is a tradition to the effect that he belonged to the Macleans of Ross, that he fought at the battle of Inverkeithing, and that a wound received there was the cause of his lameness. Tradition also relates that he had seven brothers, that they were all killed at Inverkeithing defending their chief, and that one of them, Neil Buie, Niall Buidhe, was a very prominent warrior. Hector Bacach was an excellent poet.

Oran

DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

LUINNEAG.

A Lachainn oig, gum faic mi thu;
 B' e m' aiteas a bhith lamh-riut;
 Gum faic mi fo cheann seachdain thu
 Mur glac am fiabhras ar d' mi.
 A ghnais chiuin, mhàlda, sholta,
 Is am beul o 'n socrach gaire;
 Do dheud gun stòr, o 'm binn 'thig gloir,
 'S o 'm faight' le sòlas failte.

A Lachainn oig, gun innsinn umad
 Sgeul a 's binn ri 'aireamh,
 An nis on rinn e craobh-sgaoileadh
 'S na bheil an taobh so 'dh-fhairge.
 Tha thu cho lan de dh-fhìnealtachd,
 'S a dh'innsear ann an seachas.
 Gur macan garg d' a rìreadh thu
 An a n dol sìos an garbh-chath.

Is e ceannard Chlann-Ghilleain
 A dh' fhas flathasach le cruadal;
 Chraobh-sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnais
 Gun d' ghleidh thu dligheil t' uaisle.
 Is iomadh neach bu shugradh leis
 Bhith crùbadh ann an truailleachd;
 Rinn thusa beart 'bu chluitich'
 Air an dùchas mar bu dual dhuit.

Is e na chuir mi 'dh-eolas ort
 A dh' fhag an ceo mu m' shuilibh.
 'S ann aig a mheud 's a fhuair mi dheth,
 A leig mi ruaig an tus ort.
 Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
 A lùb nan cas-chiabh ur-ghlan,
 Gum b' ursann-cath' air gaisgich thu,
 Nan dìgeadh creach ad dhuthaich.

B'e sud an gasan leis 'm bu taitneach
 Picean datht' a lùbadh;
 An t-iubhar nuadh nuair thairnt' ri cluais
 Am beithe bhuait bu shiubhlach.
 Céir is roiseid bhiodh fo t' ordaig,
 Is it' an eoin gu h-ur-ghlan.
 Mu chul an fheldh mu 'n gearrteadh leum,
 Bhiodh 'fhuil na 'leine bruite.

Is sud na h airm a ghlacainn duit
 A dhol air sraid an fhudair,
 Caol chuillbheir a ghleois shniomhanaich,
 'S a bheoil o 'n cinnteach cuimse,
 Geur spàinteach laidir, fulangach
 An laimh a churaidh chliuitich,
 'S an sgiath 'bu tric an taisbeanadh
 Air ghairdean deas nan lùth-chleas.

Mo ghaol an t-oigear caiteineach
 A leugh a chairt 's 'rinn gual d' i;
 Le'n éireadh suas na brataichean
 A steach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann.
 'N am dusgadh as an cadal daibh
 Gun d' bhuail thu pais mu'n chluais orr';
 Is thilg thu 'steach an teachdaireachd,
 Le ceart air bhac an gualainn,

Is iomadh bratach shuaicheant'
 'S an robh smuais, is cruas, is cairdeas
 A dh' eireadh ri am cruadail leat
 'Thoir buaidh' am mach 'san àraich.
 Dh' eireadh a Aird-ghobhar leat
 Fir fhoghainteach neo-sgàthach;
 'S dh' earbainn fhin gun geilleadh dhuit
 Fir ghleusda o Bhraigh-charnaig.

Ghrad ghluaiseadh leat 'sna h-eileinibh
 Dream dhian nach ceil an gradh ort;
 Is thigeadh ort a Mor-innis
 A bhratach leoghant', laidir.

Gum faicteadh sud gu follaiseach
 Fir fhoinnidh ann an Aros;
 Na fir ura ghasd' nach diultadh
 Sgiurs 'thoirt air an namhaid.

Gun éireadh seoid o 'n Mhoidhe leat,
 Nach cuireadh bruthach spàirn orr,
 Le 'n ceanna-bheirtean cruaidh', glana,
 'S le 'n lannan geala marbhtach.
 Bhiodh cuilbheirean caol acuinneach
 Aig gaisgich nan gnìomh gailbheach,
 A dheanadh luaidh a chaisleachadh
 Nuair dh' éireadh sràd bho theanchair.

A bhratach aig Clann-Domhnaill
 Nam biodh ann ad choir gum b' iheairde;
 Fir dheas 'bha seasmhach, cruadalach,
 Nuair ghluaiseadh iad fo 'n armaibh;
 Is ann an gliocas firinneach,
 Cho math 's a sgrìobh an seanchas.
 Is sud an dream bha inns-gineach,
 Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.

An ti b' fhearr feum air chuantaibh reidh,
 'S e Lachainn fein mo run-sa.
 'N treun laoch gasda 'dh' fhàs gu spracail,
 Is d'an robh 'n cleachdadh cuirteil.
 Tha mi airtnealach am aigheadh
 Bho nach faic mi 'n diunlach;
 Dh' fhag sud acaid fad fo m' aiseibh,
 Is leig mi 'mach an tùrs' i.

Stòr, a broken or decayed tooth. Beart or
 beirt, a deed, work, or exploit. Caiteineach,
 shaggy, rough. Caislich, shake, stir up. Inns-
 gineach, lively, energetic.

Iorram

DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

A Shir Lachainn na féile,
Nan each cruitheach 's nan geur lann,
Is tu m' aighear, is m' eudail, 's mo threoir.

Greas a nall ugainn dhachaidh.
Oighre dhlighich na h-aitribh,
Is nam pioban 's nam brataichean sròil.

An Duneideann nan caisteal,
Tha triath gleusd na mor aitim;
'S ann de d' bheus a bhith sgapadh an òir,

'S gann gum b' urrainn do dhuthaich
'Chur ad lamhaibh de chùinneadh,
'Mheud 's a chosgadh tu 'chrùintibh mu'n
bhord.

Gur a buidheach gu leir dhìot
Do chuid uaislean nan eideadh,
Leat gun guidh iad buaidh threun anns gach
tòir.

'Chuid de 'n chléir s' a chaidh seachad,
Mu do réidhlein gum faight' iad;
'S fad 's is cian 'thug luchd-astair ort sgeoil.

Crann gun doicheall, gun éuradh,
'S tric a chosgas na ceudan,
Dh' am bi dorsaireachd féile trath nòin.

Bhiodh fir Mhuile mu d' bhrataich,
Mu do ghuailibh gum faict' iad:
Bu ni duilich a glacadh 's do leon.

'S luath a chruinnicheadh aig t' fhacal
Na fìor churaidhnean gasda,
'Bheireadh fuil nuair a chasteadh ri 'n sroin.

Bhiodh ac' boghachan dathte
 A chùil bhuidh thig a Sasunn,
 'Ghabhadh lùbadh 's nach spealtadh 'san
 dorn;

Fiubhaidh chinnteach, chruaidh, fhallain,
 'S i gun fhiaradh, 's gach geal laimh,
 'Dheanadh reubadh nuair 'bheanadh i 'dh-
 fheoil;

De na gallain 'bu daoire
 Cruaidh, sgalanta, caoineil
 Glac earr' oirr' 's ceann làdhrach o'n ord;

Is pic dhireach nam meallan,
 Mar a ghrian 's i gun smal oirr',
 'Chuireadh naimhdean gu talamh fo leon.

'S math do bharantan daoine,
 'S iad gan aiseag thar chaoiltean,
 Clann barail, deas, aobhaidh Mhic-Leoid.

Deagh Mhac-Coinnich bu leat e,
 Bha e dileas dha d' phearsa;
 Bha sud sgriobht' ann an cairt Chlann-
 Ghilleoin.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was the second son of Hector Og of Duart by his first wife, a daughter of Mackenzie of Kintail. He succeeded his brother Hector Mor, as Lord of Duart and chief of his clan, in 1626. He was created a baronet by Charles I., September 30, 1631. Leaving his brother, Donald of

Brolas, to raise his followers, he made haste with thirty of his kinsmen to join Montrose. He arrived just in time to take part in the battle of Inverlochy, February 2, 1645. He had 1,100 men, 750 being Macleans and 350 Macquarries, Macneils, and others, at the battle of Kilsyth, August 15th, 1645. His brother Donald, Domhnall mac Eachainn Oig, was Lieutenant-Colonel under him. General David Leslie and Argyll invaded Mull with a force of 5,000 men in 1647, and ravaged a great part of the island. In the same year Argyll bought up all the debts, both public and private, that he could find against Sir Lachlan, seized himself and imprisoned him in the castle of Carrick. He was in prison about a year. He lived only a few months after his liberation. He died at Duart Castle, April 18th, 1648. He was buried at Iona. By his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, he left two sons, Hector Roy and Allan.

Oran

DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

'S ann Diciadain, a shàir,
'Ghabh mi cead dhiot air tràigh;
'Rìgh, gum faiceam thu slàn neo-air snealach.

A Shir Lachainn nam bàrc,
'Chuireadh luingeas air sàil',
Leis an togar an cabhlach acuinneach.

Gur tu oighr' Eachainn Oig,
Leis an eireadh na sloigh;
Nuair a leumadh do shron cha b' aircleach
thu.

Clann-Ghilleain cha tlàth
'Dhol an cogadh nan arm;
'S tric a bhuannaich sibh blar, 's e b' fhasan
duibh.

'S fada 'chluinnteadh bhur foirm
Agus faum bhur gleois
'Togail chreach o na chrò 's a ghlasanach.

Nuair a spreigeadh sibh piob,
'S fuaim bhur creich' ga 'cur sìos,
Gum biodh crith air an tìr 'san tachradh
sibh.

Nuair a nochdadh sibh srol
Ris na caol chrannaibh stoir,
'S mairg a thachradh ga 'dheoin roimh 'r
lasraichean.

An dùirn laochraidh gun leon
Bhiodh caol chuibheirean gorm,
Agus sradaig nan ord 'toirt lasain daibh.

Fhad 's a bhitheas tu beo
 Cum an stiuir ann ad dhorn,
 Is na mealladh fear-sgoid no beirte thu.

Chluinnt' ad thalla fuaim theud
 An am laighe do 'n ghrein,
 'S mnathan grinne 'cur gréis air fasanan.

'S mi bhiodh cinnteach a t' fheum
 Ann am beanntaibh na seilg',
 'S do choim earbsach air éill roimh 'n chamh-
 anaich.

Namhaid eilid nan gleann,
 Agus bradain nan allt;
 Sgiobair fairg' thu 's muir ard 's an lang-
 anaich

Slàn gun till thu a rithisd,
 Air reothart an lionaidh,
 Gu Lubhairt 'bu rioghail, aigeannach.

Ochain, ochain, mo chràdh!
 'Chloinn-'Illeain nam bàrc,
 'S e mo chreach mar 'tha 'n tràghadh seachad
 oribh.

A Chno Shamhna :

MARBHRANN DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GIL-
LEAIN, TRIATH DHUBHAIRT, A CHAOCHAIL
'SA BHLIADHNA, 1648.

Thriall ar bunadb gu Pàras;
Co a b'urrainn a sheanachas
Ach Mac-Mhuirich mac Fhearghais,
Craobh a thuicich re aimsir',
'Fhriamhaich bun ann an Albainn;
Chuidich fear dhiu Cath Ghairbheich;
Fhuair sinn ulaidh fear-ainm' a theachd beo.
Fhuair sinn ulaidh, etc.

Cha chraobh chura, cha phlannta,
Cha chno 'n uiridh o'n d'fhas thu,
Cha bhlàth chuirteadh mu bhealltainn,
Ach fas duilich is mheanglan,
Am meur mullaich so 'dh' fhag sinn:
Criosd 'chur tuilleadh an aite na dh' fhalbh.

Is mor puthar an raidhe s',
'S trom an dubhadh so 'dh' fhas oirn,
Gur a cumhann leinn t' fhardach,
Leaba lùthaidh nan claran;—
'S fad is cuimhne leinn càradh nam bord.

Cha do bhrisd thu 'chno shamhna,
Chaidh do chist' an taigh-geamhraidh,
Misneach fir Innse-Gall thu;
'S mor a 's misde do ranntaibh
Nach clisg thu roimh armait;
'Righ, bu mheasail thu 'n campa Mhontròis.

'Fhir 'bu rioghaile cleachdadh,
'S tu 'bu bhioganta faicinn;
A dol 'sios ann am machair
Bhiodh leat mìle mu d' bhrataich,
'Chuid 'bu phriseil' de 'n eachraidh;
Luchd do mhioruin nan caist' ort,

'S ann a dh' innsteadh leo t' fhasan
Nuair 'bu sgith leo cur sgapaiddh 'nam feoil.

Cha bu bhuannachd do d' namhaid
'Thigh'nn a dh' fhuasgladh uait làmhain;
Bha thu buadhach 's gach aite;
Cha b' e fuath mhic a mhàile
Fear do shnàidh 'thigh'nn do dh-fhardaich;
Cha dath uaine 'bu bhlath dhuit
Nuair a bhuailleadh an t-ardan do phor.

Cha b' e sin mo luan-caisge
Nuair a bhuail do ghath bàis thu;
'S truagh a dh' fhag thu do chairdean;
Mar ghàir sheillean an gàradh,
'N deidh am mealannan fhagail,
No uain earraich gun mhathair,
'S fad a chluinnear an gàirich mu 'n chro.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ùr ros,
Fear ar taighe 's ar crun-fhear;
Ghabh e 'n rathad air thus uainn;
'S iomad latba r'a chùntas,
A bh' aig maithibh do dhuthcha,
Meud an aighir 's am mùirne;
Bha mi tathaich do chuirte
Seal mu'm b'urrainn mi 'n t-urlaraic' fhalbh.

Gum b' aithriseach t' fheum-s' dha,
'N am na crannan a bheumadh,
'Chum an deannal a sheideadh;
Bhiodh lann thana, chruaidh, gheur ort,
'S tu fad la air an t-seirm sin,
'S cha bhiodh lag bhuillemhèirbh o de dhorn.

Till ri t' fhochal, a Dhébbi,
Tha I nis 'na clàr reidh dhuit,
O nach maireann t' fhear-streupa;
Dh' imich Alasdair fhein bhuainn,
'Thuit le baran an Eirinn,

'S cha b'e mala na reit' e;
Do dh-fhearabh Dhuneideann,
No 'Mhac-Caillein cha gheilleadh r' a bheo.

Nàile chunnaic mi aimsir,
'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,
Nach bu chuith ort an garbhlach;
Pic de 'n iubhar cha d' fhas i;
'Chuireadh pudhar nò spairn ort;
Cha bhiodh fuidheal nach tairnteadh,
Nam biodh lùthadh 'na crann-ghail
'Chuireadh siubhal fo èarr-it' an eoin.

Glac chomhnard an càradh
Am bian ròineach na h-earba,
Cinn storach o 'n cheardaich;
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar smeoirn agus gàine,
Le neart corcaich a Flànras;
Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad
Air an seoladh tu 'n crann sin ad dheoin.

B' eol dhomh innseadh na bh' aca;—
B' ann de bheusaibh Shir Lachainn
'Bhith 'g ol fion an taigh farsuinn,
Mnathan riomhach ri fasain
A cur siod' agus pasmuinn,
Glòir bhinn agus macnas,
Anns an am 'sam bu chleachd leibh 'bhith
pòit.

Gum bu mhath do dhiol freasdail,
An taigh mór am bial feasgair
Uisge beatha nam feadan
Bhiodh am piosan ga leigeil;
Sin 's a chlarsach ga spreigeadh ri ceol.

'N am do 'n fhàire bhi 'glasadh
Bhiodh a chlarsach ga creachadh;
Cha bhiodh ceol innt' an tasgaidh

Ach na meoir ga thoirt aiste,
 Gun leon laimhe, gun laigse,
 Gus 'm bu mhiannach leibh cadal gu fòil.

Cnaip na h-àraich ri braise,
 Iomairt tailisg mu seach orr',
 Fir feirne ri tartraich,
 Toirm is màthadh air chairtean;
 Dolair Spainteach is tasdain;
 Bhiodh gan dioladh gun lasan 'nan iorg.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan
 Nach robh ceist ort mar threun fhear;
 Bha aoidh deiseachd is deilbh ort,
 Bha fàth seirc' aig do chéil' ort,
 Bha gradh is eagal Mhic Dé ort;
 Bhiodh an sgrìobtair ga leughadh
 Ann ad thalla mun eireadh do bhòrd.

Ged bu lionmhor ort frasachd,
 Chum thu dìreach do d' mhac e,
 Breid dìonach gun sracadh,
 Cha do dhiobair ceann-slaith' thu,
 On 's e Crìosd a b' fhear-beirt dhuit;
 Sin an Ti a leig leat an taod-sgoid.

'Mhic, ma ghlacas tu 'n stiuir so,
 Cha bu fhathas gun dùthchas
 Dhuit bhith grathunn air t-urnigh,
 Cuir ga caitheamh an triuir so;
 Cuir an t-Athair air thus ann,
 Biodh am Mac mar fhear-iuil oirr',
 'S an Spìorad Naomha ga stiùireadh gu nòs.

Mac-Mhuirich mac Fhearghuis, the registrar of the monastery of Iona. Fear-ainme; Hector Roy of Duart fought at Harlaw in 1411. Sir Lachlan's heir was also called Hector Roy. Débhi; General David Leslie. Alasdair, the

famous Alasdair Mac Cholla, fear tholladh nan taighean.

Bunadh, the stock of a tree; applied here to a chief as the stock which supported the branches of the clan. Uladh, a treasure. Pudhar, loss, damage, hurt. Fuath, a spectre, a scarecrow. Luan-caisge, Easter Monday. Cuith, a snow bank. Lùthadh, strength. Crann-ghail, a bow. Smeoirn, the end of the arrow next the bow-string. Gaine, an arrow, a dart. Fèchall, dirt. Cnaip na h-araich ri braise is in Ranald Macdonald's version, Bhiodh na ceararich ri braise. Fear-fecirne, a chessman. Flathas, dominion, the position of a chief. Nòs, custom, correct habit; nos luings, a ship-dock.

Blar Inbhircheitein.

LUINNEAG.

Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
 Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
 Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
 Fail il an o, ho 's och nan och mar tha sin.

Gur a h-oil leam an sgeula so
 A dh-eisd mi Di-domhnaich;
 Gun bhith tuilledh ga fhaighneachd,
 Gur h-e 'n fhoill so 'chaith Hòbron,
 Dh' fhag iad shios Mac-Gilleain,
 'Cur a chatha 'na onar,
 'S theich iad fhein troimh a cheile,
 'S bha ratreut ann mar ordagh.

'S mor bha 'dh-uireasbhuidh lamh ort,
 Ged thug ardan ort fuireach,
 Agus tuilleadh 's an t-anabarr
 'Theachd an nall air an luingeas.
 'S mise 'chuireadh an geall sin

Mur biodh ann ach na h-urad,
Nach buaileadh iad banga
Anns a champa le sulas

Chuir thu grabhailte cruadhach ort,
Air ghruag nan ciabh amlach,
Claidheabh tan' air a liobhadh,
Is e dìreach gu 'bharr-dheis,
Sgiath dháingeann nan cruaidh shnaim,
Agus dual nam breac meanmnach,
'S paidhir dhagachan sgriosail
Air chrìos nam ball airgid.

Cha bu shlachdan aig òinid
Culaidh chomhraig a ghaigich;
'Dòl an coinnimh do nambad,
Cha chrith-mhanntain a ghlac thu.
Nuair a bhuail thu beum-sgeithe
Dh iarraidh ceile co-chath' riut,
Is a thug thu 'nan comhail,
Theich Hòbron 's a mharc-shluagh.

'S ann a thug thu do dhualchas
O 'n fhear 'bhuaileadh an Gruinneart;
Cha robh'n iomairt gun fhuathas,
Cha robh 'bhuannachd gun chunnart.
Gun robh torrunn an lamhaich
Agus tairneanach ghunna, !
Ri deas laimh mo ghraidh-sa
'Cur a chairdean gu fulang.

Cha b' i ruaig ud fir Mhuile
Gu traigh Ghruinneirt a chreach sinn;
Gur h-e mheudaich mo mhulad,
Sar mhac urrant Shir Lachainn
'Bhith fo bhinn aig luchd-Beurla,
'S nach do dh-fheud e dol as orr'.
B' e sin connspunn na troide
'Chuir an cogadh an cleachdadh.

Nuair a thogteadh leat bratach
 Gheibht' fir ghasd air a mharg leat;
 'Mhoire, 's iomad bean baile
 Dh'fhag sud tamull 'na banntraich,
 Agus leanabh beag cìche
 'Na dhilleachdan anfhann.
 Ach ge duilich do mhuinntir,
 Cha 'n ann ump' 'tha ar dearmail.

Gur a h-iomadh laoch dorn-gheal
 'Chaidh an ordagh mu d' bhrataich,
 Agus ògachach sgiamhach
 'Bha ga riasladh fo eachaibh.
 Agus spailp de dh-fhear taighe
 Nach dug athadh dha phearsa,
 'Toirt a chlaidhibh a duille
 Cheart cho guineach ri ealtuinn.

Nuair a thogamaid feachdan,
 Gum bu ghasd ar ceann-armailt;
 Ge b'e thigeadh air eachdraidh,
 Ghabh iad tlachd dhiot air 'Ghalltachd.
 Bha thu 'd charaid do 'n Mharcus
 A bha 'n Sasunn gun cheann air;
 'S bu tu co-ainm Eachainn
 Leis 'n do ghlacadh an cabhlach.

Nuair a thug e 'nan cinnseal
 Leag e dinneir an Iarla;
 Ghlacadh luingeas an rìgh leis,
 'S rinn e diobhail air bianaidh.
 Air teachd dha an deidh sin
 Chuir e crìoch air na dh' iarr e;
 'S thug e turas a 'rioghachd
 Gus 'n do strìochd Baile-Cliath dha.

'S fad on dh' imich am fear ud,
 'S cha 'n ann ga ghearan a tha sinn;
 Ach ma dh' fhagadh gun sealladh
 Suil mheallach an àrmuinn.

Och,—gum maith an t-aon Dia dhuinn,—
 Gur h-e 'fargain a chraidh sinn;
 Gun robh aoidh fir an domhain
 'Na co-shéis a fas riut.

Ge b' i 'thug an cion falaich,
 'Cur gu h-ealanta litreach,
 Ged b' i nighean Mhic-Caillein,
 Bu diol mairiste dh' is' thu.
 Gur a mairg i 'thug gaol dhuit
 Ma chaochlas i 'nis e,
 Is nach faic i air thalamh
 Do mhac samhailt am misnich.

Mu dheireadh an t-samhraidh
 Cha robh meanmn no deagh sgeul oirnn;
 'S beag an t-ionghnadh do ranntachd
 'Bhith fo champar as t' éugmhais,
 Agus muinntir do dhuthcha
 'Bhith fo churam mu d' dheibhinn;
 Gun robh 'n t-aobhar sud aca
 Gu ruige leas agus creubhag.

Tha ionndraichinn bhuainne
 'S cha bu shuarach an call e;
 Gum bu mhor an luach-taisgeil,
 Ma tha 'n taisgealadh dearbhte,
 A bheireadh daoine uaisle
 As an uachdaran ainmeil,
 As ar tighearna smachdail,—
 'S cha bu lapach an ceanntard.

Cait an robh e air thalamh
 Boinne fala a b' aille,
 Na oighre sin Dhubhairt,
 D' am bu chubhaidh bhí stàtail?
 Gur a h iomad bean bheul-dearg
 A bha 'breid air dhroch càradh,
 Nuair a fhuair iad beachd sgeula
 Gun do chreuchdadh 'sa bhlair thu.

Tha do phàirc air a dùnadh,
 Ionad-luchairt nan Gaidheal.
 Gur a deacair sud innseadh,
 Aig ro dhillseachd do phairtidh;
 Tha a chraobh a b' fhearr ùbhlán
 Air a rusgadh an drast diu.
 Och, a Mhoire, mo dhiubhail,
 Chaidh am fùr bharr a ghàraidh !

Ach ma 's duine 'chaidh dbinn e,
 Guidhibh Crìosd leis na th' agaibh;
 Thoiribh aire mar 's coir dhuibh
 Do chainnt Iob mu na macaibh
 Agus liubhraibh e 'n Aon-fhear,
 Ma 's e chuibhreach an caisteal;
 No ma ghearradh a laithean,
 'S ann fo 'ràidh-san a thachair.

This poem was composed immediately after the news of the sad result of the battle of Inverkeithing had reached Mull. It is evident from several expressions in it, especially from the last verse, that the author had a faint hope that Sir Hector, though severely wounded and a prisoner, was not dead.

The chief referred to in the tenth verse is Eachann Ruadh nan Cath, who was killed at the battle of Harlaw in 1411. The saying by Job about his sons, to which reference is made in the last verse, is this: "Naked came I out of my

mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The sixth and tenth verses are now published for the first time. In a note in his collection John Maclean says:—
 "Tha an t-oran so ann an co-chruinneachadh Raonaill Dhomhnallaich, agus 's e 'thug dhomhsa, 'chur san fhear so gun d' fhuair mi da rann deth nach h-'eil anns an leabhar sin."

The Marquis referred to in the ninth verse is James, third Marquis, and first Duke, of Hamilton. His mother, Anne Cunningham, was a daughter of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn. Sir Lachlan Mor's mother was a daughter of William, sixth Earl of Glencairn. Thus Sir Lachlan Mor and Anne Cunningham were first cousins. Hector Roy was the great-grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. The Duke of Hamilton was beheaded in London on Friday, March 9th, 1649.

The battle of Inverkeithing was fought on Sunday, July 20th, 1651. Lambert, Cromwell's general, had 4,000 men, and his opponent, Holburn of Menstrie, about 3,500. Holburn's force consisted

of 1,000 horse under his own immediate command, 1,500 Highland infantry under Sir Hector Maclean of Duart, and about 1,000 Lowland infantry under Sir John Brown of Fordel. Of the Highland infantry 800 were followers of Sir Hector, and 700 followers of Sir George Buchanan, chief of his clan. The followers of Sir Hector were nearly all Macleans. They were all killed except forty. We have no admiration for Sir Hector. He simply acted the part of a mad man. It is true that he was brave, but it is just as true that he lacked common sense. By foolishly continuing the unequal fight, he nearly ruined his clan.

A few of the 800 men who followed Sir Hector must have been Macquarries. Donald Macquarrie, twelfth of Ulva, married Christy, daughter of Lachlan Og, first of Torloisk, and had Allan, his successor, Hector of Ormaig, Lachlan of Laggan, and John of Baile-ghartain. Allan was killed at Inverkeithing.

Holborn fled at the beginning of the battle. He was evidently a traitor.

Gur Bochd Naidheachd Ar Duthcha ;

ORAN DO SHIR EACHANN MAC-GILLEAIN, A
MHARBHADH ANN AN INBHIR-
CHEITEIN.

Gur bochd naidheachd ar duthcha
'S cha 'n e taighean gan spuinneadh;
Ach Mac-Gilleain, mo chùradh, gun eirigh.
Gur bochd, etc.

Gu bheil maithean do thìre
Anns a mhachair 'nan sineadh
Fo chasan nam miltean each eitidh.

B' fhiu a ghibht a bha bhuatha,
Cha b' e delreadh na cuaine,
Ach an t-ailleagan uasal, ard, euchdach.

Bu tu 'n t-oighre 's an t-armunn,
Is a marcaich' deas, daicheil,
Is an t-ailleagan alainn, ur, eibhinn.

Bu tu sgàthan na glaine,
'N alrde 'n Iar riut gun teannadh
An am cruinneachadh gu carraid nan geur-
iann.

Bu tu seabhag na h-uaisle,
'S ceann-seanachais gach duanachd,
'Bheireadh trusgan is duais do luchd-
theudan.

Moch 'sa mhaduinn 'sna ghluais thu,
Rinn thu iomrall bu chruaidh leam,
Nach do chuimhnich thu uaislean na Feinne.

Thainig Cromwel ad choinnimh,
Dh' at do chridhe le corruich,
'S leum thu 'staigh le d' lann sholuis do'n
teugmhall.

Mac-Mhic-Eoghain na h- Airde,
 Agus Tighearn Chinn-Ghearrloch,
 Rinn iad fuireach 'san nadar 'bu bheus
 daibh.

Bha Mac-Caillein fo aiteas
 Nach do thill thu gu d' dhachaidh;
 Gun robh uileann 'sa mhacan gheal, threubh-
 ach.

Gun robh taigh is leith Ile,
 Am bann daingeann dhuit sgriobhte,
 'S bha na fearainn sin striochdte gu reidh
 dhuit.

Bho thir-unga sin Bhreatail
 Thun na Carragh 's cha bheag i,
 Bha na fearainn sin eagnaigh fo d'
 staoileadh.

Eagnaigh is explained in a note as "cinnteach
 no dearbhte." Tir-unga, literally ounce-land,
 unga being from the Latin word unxia.

Is Beag Aobhar Mo Shugraidh.

Is beag aobhar mo shugraidh,
 'S cha 'n fheil sunnd orm ri macnas,

'N diu cha tadhail mi 'n Fhadhail,
 Ged 's i mheadhail a chleachd mi.

Tha mi sealltainn air Dubhairt,
 Leam is dubhach a faicinn.

Gur a minig a bha mi
'Na taighibh ard' anns a mhaduinn,

'S mi ri sealltainn Earraghaidheal
'S barr dearg air a h-aitreabh

Cait am faic mi ri m' shaoghal
Fear aogaisg Shir Lachainn?

'Dol an coinnimh do namhad
Bu neo-ràtanach, bras thu.

'Togail suas am bragàda
Bu neo-sgàthach air each thu.

Ge b' e chitheadh do dhaoine,
'Righ, bu ghreadhnach am faicinn.

Le 'm musgaidean dubh-ghorm,
'S iad gun suidh orr, gun deatach.

De na ghrabhailte shoilleir.
Nach bu doilleir r'a fhaicinn.

Thug sibh flathas na h-eireann
Leibh air éiginn le tapachd.

Ged a dh-fhag mi mo bhraithrean
Anns an araich gan casgairt,

Cha 'n e sud 'tha mi 'g aireamh,
Ach sar mhac Shir Lachainn,

A bhith 'n laimh aig luchd-Beurla,
Is nach d' fheud e dhol as orr';

Sàr chonspunn nan coigreach,
'Chuir an cogadh an cleachdadh.

Catriona Nic-Gilleain.

Catherine Maclean lived in Coll. She was known as Catriona nighean Eoghain mhic Lachainn. It is probable that she belonged to the Coll branch of the Macleans. Her poems show much tenderness of feeling.

Cumha

DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN, TRIATH CHOLA,
A CHAIDH A BHATHADH AN ABHAINN
LOCHAIDH 'SA BHLIADHNA 1687.

'S ann Di-sathuirn a chualas
Sgeul an fhuathais nach gann;
Gun robh mnathan gam buaireadh
'S fir gan gualadh gu teann;
Bu bheag an t-ionghnadh dhaibh fein sud,
B' ur an eudail a bh 'ann;
Lamh a ghlacadh na mìltean
An am rùsgadh nan lann.

'S moch a chuala mi 'n t-eigheach,
'S cha b e teirìm mu 'n mhàl;
Ach m' aiteas is m' eibhneas
A thigh'nn 'na eidedh gu bagh.
Tha mi cinnteach a m' sgeula,
Gun robh do cheile ga cradh,
'Dol a dh-amharc na gibhte
'Bh' ann an ciste nan clar.

Ach a Lachainn mhic Eachainn,
Nam bratach 's nam piob,
Gur a trom leam do shac-sa,
Is nach h-acain thu sgios

Thainig iuchair a ghaigich
 Fo ghlasaibh do 'n tìr;
 Crann gun tiomadh, gun tais' thu,
 'S tu gun caisgeadh gach sgios.

Gu bheil maithean do dhuthcha
 Fo throm churam an drasd,
 Mu 'n nachdaran chliuteach,
 Marcaich' ùr nan steud ard;
 Chaidh thu tamull do dh-Eirinn,
 Do 'n Eipheit 's do 'n Spain;
 'S nuair a chaidh thu do Lunnainn,
 Fhuair thu 'n t-urram thar chaich.

Cait an robh ann an Albainn
 Beachd-meanmna mo ruin?
 Laoch gasda, deas, dealbhach,
 'S tric a dhearbhaigh thu do chliu.
 Corp bu ghile na maghar
 Bha fo 'n aghaidh gun smur;
 'S e dh-fhag mise fo leatrom
 Am ball-seirce 'bha 'd ghnuis.

Cait an robh e r' a innseadh
 'N taobh so 'chrich Innse-Gall,
 Aon oighre 'bu phriseile?
 Gur dìth leinn do chall.
 Bu tu 'n ceannachadair fìor ghlic
 De 'n fhion-fhuil gun mheang,
 Leis an deant' an t-ol farsuinn
 Ann am bailtean nan Gall.

Bu tu 'n ceannachadair sar mhath,
 'S tric a phaigh thu na buinn,
 'S bu tu sgiobair a bhàta
 'S tric a sharaich na croinn.
 Bu leat raga gach ardraich
 'Chur a h-earrlainn air tuinn,

Ged a rinneadh do b'athadh
Leis an ràdh air a bhùrn.

Tha an t-òighre s' 'th' air Dubhairt
Fo phudhar gu leoir;
Tha Clann-Domhnail fo athall
Agus maithean Mhic-Leoid.
Bu leat cairdeas Mhic-Caillein
Bho charraig nan seol.
Gur a h-ìomad fuil phriseil
A bha dìreadh mu d' shroin.

Gur h-e mis' tha gun aighèar,
Tha do thaighean gun aird,
Bhon a fhroiseadh an t-abhall,
Is a chrathadh a bharr,
'Chraobh a b' uire de 'n fhion-fhuil,
'Bha 'cumail dìon' oirnn is blàiths.
Gur a bron leis gach tighearn
Thu bhi tighinn gu bàgh.

'Dheagh Mhic- ain o 'n Chorpaich,
Gur a fad 'tha thu bhuainn.
Do dhream sheasadh mo làrach
Ann an aite gle chruaidh.
'S ann diu Iain is Domhnall,
'Tha 'n diugh bròrach, bochd, truagh.
'Rìgh nan dul is nan aingeal,
Cum am persannan 'suas.

Mac-Iain o 'n chorpaich, or Mac-Iain-
Abraich is a term frequently applied to
the laird of Coll. Lachlan was succeeded
by his only son, John. The next heir
was Donald, Lachlan's brother. Hence
the earnest wish expressed for the pre-
servation of John and Donald.

Ged a Dh'fhag thu ri Port mi.

Dh'fhag Domhnall Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna Chola, a bhana-bhard ri port an ann Tirithe. Nuair a rainig e-fein a null chuir e a bhàta agus a ghillean ga h-iarraidh-se Mun do thill am bàta bha 'n t-oran so aice air a dheanamh.

Ged a dh' fhag thu ri port mi,
 Cha 'n fheil mi dheth socrach no slàn;
 'S cha 'n e curam an aisig so
 A chum mi gun chadal, gun tamh;
 Ach nach grunnaich mo chasan,
 Is nach d' fhoghlum mi 'n toiseach an
 snamh,
 Gus an ruiginn an talla
 Far an tric am biodh caithream nam bard.

A Thighearn Oig, tha mo run ort,
 Crìosd gad choimhead bho thuirling nan
 stuadh;
 Ged a dh' fhag thu ri port mi,
 Cha'n fheil mi dha d' chorp ann am fuath.
 Bha mo chridhe ga thàladh
 Nuair a chunnaic mi 'm bàta 'dol 'suas,
 Fo a h-uidhim gu socrach,
 Is mi guidhe dhuit fortain is buaidh.

Gu bheil lànain na feile
 Nan laighe le cheil' anns an tur;
 Gun d' fhuair sibh gu 'r n-iarrtas,
 Cuid de dh-aighear 's de mhiannaibh ur sul.
 Gar h-e chobhartach aghmhor
 Air a bhliadhna so thainig nar lùib,
 Mac-Gilleain 's a cheile
 A bhith caitheamh na feusda le mùirn.

Ged a b' fhad' as an t-eilein
 Cha 'n fhaca mi gainn' air ur cul;
 Gum faight' ann a t' fhardaich
 Fion dathte na Spain' air na buird,

Aran cruinneachd geal, sòghar,
 Ga chàradh an ordagh gu dluth;—
 Sar bhiadhannan gasda
 Mar gun tarladh tu 'n taice ri buth.

Is a Thighearn oig Chola,
 'S tu m' eudail, is m' anam, 's mo run;
 Cuim' nach bi mi gad mholadh,
 'S gum bu mhiann leat mu d' choinnimh
 luchd-ciuil?

Bu tu 'n curaidh sar ghasda,
 Air mo laimh-sa gun sgapadh tu crùn.
 B' i do cheile 'n seud ainmeil
 Is a bhean dha 'm bu toirbheartach cliu.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh mor cheutachd
 Bhith air ogha Shìr Seumas o 'n tur;
 I bhith furbhailteach, fialaidh,
 'Sin a b' fhasan d' i riamh is bu dù.
 Fhuair i urram nan Leodach,
 Ann am misuich, am morchuis, 's an cliu,
 Chaidh an naidheachd sin fad' ort
 Aig gach aon a ghabh beachd air do ghnuis.

Nighean Ruairidh nam bratach,
 Gur a maiseach r'a faicinn 'measg mhna.
 'Bhean dha'n robh i mar asaid,
 Aice fhein a bha 'n t-achlasan aigh.
 Gur h-i baintighearna Chola
 Ris am faca mi 'n sonas a fas;
 'S fhuair i mairiste priseil
 Lels am buannaichteadh sith agus baigh.

A Dhomhraill Mhic-Eachainn,
 Gun guidhinn-sa leatsa deagh bhuaidh,
 A mhic dalta mo sheanar,
 A fhuair urram, 's tu 'd leanabh, air
 sluagh.

Latha buadhach sin Lochaidh,
 'S e a b' urrainn an tòrachd a ruag;

Le a luaidhe 's le 'lannaibh
 Gum biodh aireamh air chennaibh gu
 uaigh.

Tha mi guidh' air an Ard-Rìgh
 Gun cumadh e 'n t-àlach so 'suas,
 Do mhac oighre 'bhith 't aite,
 Mar bu chubhaidh, 'na àilleagan sluaigh,
 'Bhith 'na shuidh ann a t' ionad
 Rì toirt suidheachaidh inich d' a thuath,
 Gu socrach 'na theaghlach,
 Is e 'freasdal nam feomach 's nan truagh.

Is tric aobhar mo mhulaid,
 Is cha 'n fheil mi dheth ullamh an drasd,
 Bhon a dhealaich ruinn Lachainn
 Bheireadh dhomhsa feum fearainn gun
 mhaì;
 An sar churaidh 'bha 'n Lochaidh
 'Chaidh le aighear nam bord airant-snamh;
 Is da Lachainn 'san Innis,
 Is air leam nach robh 'n iomairt-san cearr.

Deanaibh fuireach beag fhathast
 Agus bitheadh ur faigidinn ciuin,
 'S gun ag gheibh sibh deagh latha,
 Ge nach biodh dhibh air fhaighinn ach
 triuir.

O gun deanadh sibh eirigh
 Mar chaoin aiteal na grein' air an driuchd
 'S nuair a bhruchdas bhur snodhach,
 Gun grad chuir sibh sluagh coimheach an
 cuil.

Donald of Coll was born shortly before
 the battle of Inverlochy in 1645. Da
 Lachainn; Lachlan of Brolas and Lach-
 lan of Torloisk.

Oran

DO DH-DHOMHNALL MAC-GILLEAIN,

Tighearna Chola, agus na Caimbeulaich a suidh-
eachadh fearainn Mhic Gilleain
Dhubhairt.

'N sgeul a thaing do 'n duthaich
'S e a dhuraich dhomh mulad,
Gun robh uachdaran Iùra,
'Cumail cuirt ann am Muile,
'S iad ri ropainn 's ri eigheach
Co a's gleusda 'ni buidhinn,
'S na fir dhligheach air fogradh,
'S iad gun choir, gun chead fuireach.

Cha 'n e duthchas bhur n-athar
'Tha sibh a labhairt 'san am air,
No oighreachd bhur seanar
'Tha sibh a ceangal mu Chaingis,
Ach staid dheagh Mhic-Gilleain
A tha grathunn air chall bhuainn;—
'S sinne chrean air bhi rioghall
'N nis bhon strìochd sinn gar n-antoll.

Cha 'n e cumha fear Ile
'Tha mi-fhìn a siór acainn;
No chuir smal air mo shugradh
No ehuir mo shuilean gu frasachd;
Ach an naidheachd so 'fhuair mi
'N am dhuit gluasad air mharcachd,
Nach do dh-iarr iad nan cuirt thu,—
'S cha b' e 'n cùbaire 'bh' aca.

Cha bu sgrubaire clàir thu
'N tus paighidh no iomairt,
Ach fear misneachail suairce,
A bha uasal ri shireadh.
Is fear ceannsgalach, dàn, thu,
Is tu laidir an spionnadh;

'Dol an coinnimh do namhad
Cha bu tlath thu ri d' thilleadh.

Taing do Dhia mar a tha thu,
Nach do tharl thu 'nam freasdal,
Gu bheil Col' agus Cuimhnis
Fo do chuimse gu beagnaich,
Is Rum riabhach na sìthne
Ri a dìreadh 'bu chreagach;
'S gur a tric air a h-ard chnoic,
'Dh' fhag thu 'n lan-damh fo leatrom.

Is gum b' airidh air tuilleadh
An duin' 'tha mi 'g raitinn,
D' a bheil morchuis is misneach,
Moran gliocais is ardain.
Gu bheil seirc ad ghnuis aobhaidh,
'S moran gaol air do chairdean;
'S b' fhearr dhaibh falbh na bhith fuireach,
Seal mu 'm buidhinn am bas thu.

A dheagh Thighearna Chola,
Fhuair thu onair 's bu dùal dhuit,
'S tu a shliochd nam fear gasda,
Nach bu tais an am cruadail.
Cha dug òr òrt no eagal
Gun thu sheasamh ri d' dhualchas;
Gloir do Chrìosd mar a thachair,
Nach h-fheil smachd aig luchd-fuath' ort.

Gur tu 'n t-uachdaran cliuiteach,
Cha b' fhearr spùinnidh air tuath thu;
Tha thu faighidneach, iochdmhor,
'S tha thu measail aig uaislean.
'S tu ceann-uidhe nan deoraidh
'Thoir an lòn air bheag duais dhaibh;
'S ann an comunn nan aingeal
Bidh aig t'anam-sa suaimhneas.

'S i mo cheist do ghnuis shìobhalt
A 's glan flamhachd is falcinn;

Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
 Suil air aogasg na dearcaig;
 Deud air chuma na disne,
 'S beul o'n cinntiche facal;
 Nuair a bhiodh tu 's taigh-bhinne,
 'S tu gun innseadh an ceartas.

Gur a mor a chuis uallaich
 'Th' air mo luaidh-sa mar churam;
 'S ann d'i clann Mhic-Gilleain,
 'Chaill an aighear 's an sugradh;
 Clann an t-saoidh sin, Fear Bhròlais
 'Tha fo 'n fhoid gun chead tionndadh;
 Is clann Mhurchaidh na Maighe,
 Cuis gun aighear sud dhuinne.

'S iomad aon 'tha fo aimheal
 'S Mac-Gilleas as aite;
 'S ann diu oighre na Cùile,
 'S iad bhith 'n tùs de shliochd bhraithrean.
 Chaidh an saoghal air chuibhlibh,
 Bonn os-cionn a nis tha e;
 Ach, a Rìgh 'th' anns a chathair,
 Cuir caoin dhreach ann ad ghradh air.

'N dreach 'bu mhiann leam air fhaicinn
 Seal mu'n glacadh am bàs mí,
 Mo mhuinntir a thilleadh
 As gach ionad 'sna thamh iad,
 Na h-oganaich ghasda
 Chul-chleachdach, dheas, dhàicheil,
 'S iad a thabhairt ruaig mhanaidh
 Far an ainid le càch e.

Aimheal, grief. Manadh, chance, luck. Ainid,
 vexing, galling.

Oran

DO CHATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN,

Nighean Fhìr Bhrolais, a bha pòsda aig
 Lachainn Mac Thighearna Chola, air
 dh' i a bhi 'na laighe 'san
 Innis am Muile.

Tha mi 'falbh an cois tuinne,
 'S tha mò shuìl air na grunnaibh
 'Dh-fheuch an faicear leam culaidh fo sheol,
 Tha mi falbh, etc.

'Bheir dhomh sgeul air mo leanabh,
 Bean chiuin nan rosg malla,
 Suil dhubh-ghorm a 's glan sealladh gun
 sgleo.

Beul min-dearg an fhosaidh
 Fo 'n inntinn 'tha socrach;
 Chà bu duthchas dhuit brosgal no bosd.

Gruaidh mar ròs air a tharruinn
 Tha fo chaoile na mala;
 Deud dluth a 's math gearradh gun sгод.

Thu bhith 'd laighe 'san Innis,
 Ged is duthchasach t' ionad,
 'Chuir mo shuilean a shileadh nan deoir.

Nighean Dhomhnaill mhic Lachainn,
 A tha mise 'n diu 'g acainn,
 'S ogha Dhomhnaill mhic Eachainn nan srol.

Nighean athair mo ruin-sa
 Craobh dhion' d'a luchd-muinntir,
 'S e nach leigeadh an cuis dheth gun toir.

Chuala mis' iad ag raitinn,
 Nuair a bha thu 'sna blaraidh,
 Gum b' fhear misneachail, dan thu, le foirm.

Ged bha comharr ad shiubhal,
 Rinn thu gnìomh bu mho pudhar,
 'S dh' fhag thu luchd nan ad dubha fo leon.

Dhuinne dh-eirich an diombuaidh,
 Gun do dh-fhalbh ar ceann-cinnidh,
 Gun do thaoitear 'bhith 't ionad 'nad lèrg.

Tha do mhuinntir fo imcheist,
 'S do mhac fhathast og leanabail,
 Bho dhubh sheachdain na Caingis so 'dh'-
 fhalbh.

The wife of Lachlan, son and heir of Maclean of Coll, was a daughter of Donald Maclean, third of Brolas. Donald received two severe wounds on the head in the battle of Sheriffmuir. It is to his wounds that the expression, "Ged bha 'n comharr' ad shiubhal," refers. His grandfather, Domhnall Mac Eachainn Oig, was a son of Hector Og of Duart, and a grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. He died in 1725.

Cumha

DO SHEUMAS MAC-GILLEAIN, A FEAR.

Gur h-e mise 'tha pràmhail
 'S fhuair mi fàth air 'bhi dubhach.
 Tha mi 'feitheamh an àite
 Far 'm bu ghnàs dhuit 'bhith 'd shuidhe,
 'S gun do ghunn' ann air ealachainn,
 'Chuireadh earba bho shiubhal.—
 Mo chreach dhuilich gun d'eug thu,
 Nàmhaid féidh anns a bhruthach.

Nuair a bha mi gad chàradh,
 Ged bu shàr-mhath mo mhisneach,
 Gun robh saighead am airnean,
 'S i gam shàthadh gu 'h-itich,
 Mu 'n fhear churanta, làidir,
 Nach robh fàilinn 'na ghliocas.
 Cha robh 'n saoghal mar chàs ort
 Nam biodh t' àilleas fo t' iochd dheth.

Cha do rinn mi riut fàilte
 Ged a thainig thu, Sheumais.
 Gur h-e mise 'tha cràiteach,
 Is cha slanaich an léigh mi.
 Bho nach fheil thusa maireann,
 'Fhir 'bu cheanalt' 's bu bheusaich';
 Gur h-e mise nach sòradh
 Ni bu deonach le d' bheul-sa.

Ormsa thainig am fuathas
 O 'n Di-luain so 'chaidh tharam;
 Bhon a chunnaic mo shùilean
 Thu gad ghiulan aig fearaibh,
 Gun robh mnai air bheag céille,
 'S fìr gu deurach gad ghearan.
 Bhon a dh' fhag iad 'sa chìll thu,
 Och, mo dhiobhail, 's trom m' eallach.

Nuair a thug iad gu tilleadh.
 Gun robh 'n iomairt ud cruaidh leam,
 'S tus', a ruin, air do chàradh
 Ann an càrnaich na fuarachd.
 Com cho geal ris a chanach
 Fo chul clannach, cas, dualach;
 'S truagh nach robh mise mar-riut,
 'S mi gun anam, 's an fhuar leab'!

Nuair a rainig mi 'n clachan
 Chaidh am braisid mo dheuraibh;
 Bho nach d' leigeadh a steach mi
 'Dh-ionn-' na leap' an robh m' eudail.
 Ach nam bitheadh tu maireann,
 Chaoidh cha dhealaicheadh tu-fhéir sinn.
 Ochain, ochain, mo sgaradh!
 'S i mo bharail a threig mi.

Air Ìi-domhnaich 'sa chlachan,
 Och! cha 'n fhaic mi mo ghradh ann.
 Bidh gach aon té gu h-eibhinn.
 Is a céile fhein lamh-r' i;
 Ach bidh mise gad ghearan-s',
 'Fhir 'bu cheanalta nàdar.
 Mo theinn thruagh 'bhith gad chumhadh,
 'S tu 'n leab' chumhainn nan claran.

Tha mi 'm ònrachd 's an fheasgar,
 'Ghaoil, cha deasaich mi t' àite.
 'S gun mo dhùil ri thu 'thighinn;
 'S e, 'fhir cridhe, so 'chraidh mi.
 Do chorp gle gheal th' air dubhadh,
 'S do chul buidh' th' air dhroch càradh.
 Ged a dh' fhàg mi thu 'm dheoghainn,
 B' e mo roghainn bhith lamh-riut.

Nam biodh fios air mo smaointinn
 Aig gach aon dha bheil céile,
 'S fad mun deanadh iad gearan,
 Fhad 's a dh' fhanadh iad-fhein daibh.

Ged a gheibhinn de dh-òig'
 Air achd 's gum pòsadh dha-dheug mi,
 'S dearbh noch faicinn bho thoiseach
 Aon bu docha na 'n ceud fhear.

Nan do ghabhadh leat fògar,
 'S barail bheo bhith aig càch ort,
 'S grad a rachainn an tòir ort;
 B' e sin sòlas mo shlainte,
 'N dùil gun deanadh tu tilleadh
 'Dh-ionns' an ìnaid a dh' fhag thu —
 'S fheudar fhulang mar thachair;
 'S ann a ghlaïs iad fo 'n chlàr thu.

Och a Rìgh, ghleidh mo chiall dhomh,
 'S mi ga t' iargainn-s', a ghràidhein.
 'Fhir 'bu tuigsich' 's bu chiallaich',
 'S mor 'bha 'chiatabh 'co-fhàs riut.—
 Tha mi 'nis mar mhaolciaran,
 Gad ghnàth-iarraidh 's mi craiteach.
 Math mo laigsinn, à Dhia, dhomh;
 Gur h-e t' iasad a chraidh mi.

LACHAINN MAC - MHIC - IAIN.

Lachlan Maclean, known as Lachainn Mac-Mhic-Iain, was of the family of Coll. He was probably a grandson of John Garve, 8th of Coll, and apparently a son of John of Totaranald.

Cumha

DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN,
Triath Cholla, a bhathadh 'sa bhliadhna 1687.

Marbhphaisg air an t-saoghal chruaidh,
'S laidir buan an caraich' e;
Cha 'n fheil mionaid anns an uair
Nach bi 'ghluasad mearachdach;
Aig fheabhas 's a bhios a sgeimh
Bheir luchd-bleid an aire dha;
'S gun d' aithnich mis' orm fein
Gum bu bhreug a gheallaidhnean.

'N ni sin shaoileas tu bhith 'd laimh,
'S e gun dàil, gun mhearachd ann,
Ma 's ni glaiste 'san taigh stòir,
Ge b'e or no eallach e,
No duine masgulach og
'San cuir thu dochas barantais;
Sud e seachad mar am feur,
'S ochain! threig me bharail mi.

Tha fear 'sa chaibeal so shuas
'D' fhag mo shnuadh-sa malartach.
A righ, bu dreachmhor do ghruaidh

'N am bhith 'bualadh chrannanan.
 Bu ghlan do rughadh 's do ghris
 Ri ol fion' an tallachan;
 Gheibhinn do chaidreamh 's do run,
 'S gun d'fhalbh mo shunnd bho'n
 chailleadh thu.

Cha bhi mi tigheachd air do bheus,
 Bho nach gnìomhan balaich iad;
 Cha robh thu taisgeil air seud,
 'S thug luchd-teud an aire dhuit.
 Bha thu macanta ri mnaoi,
 'S ri aos-dana carthannach;
 'S ged bu chruadalach do lamh,
 'Rìgh, bu tlath ri leanabh thu.

Bu mhath laimhsicheadh tu pìc,
 Ceannard piob' is brataich thu;
 Bha thu 'd mharbhadair air feidh,
 'S b' fhear dha 'n geilleadh bradan thu:
 Bha thu 'd mharcaich' anns a chuir
 Air each cruith each, aigeannach,
 'S bha thu 'd sgiobair onfhaidh fhuair,
 Bu tric 'sa chuan Shas'nach thu.

Ni mi do shloinneadh gu fòil,
 Cha bhi strò no barrachd ann;
 Thainig thu bho Lachainn Mor,
 Mac-Gilleoin a b' allaile;
 'S do shloinneadh dìreach r'a lorg
 Gu Sir Eoin Mac Ailein so;
 'S an am comhairle no gleois
 Gun thu bhith beo gum fairich iad.

Thainig thu air sliochd Iain Mhoir,
 'S bho Mheubh oig 'bu bhanaile;
 An t-Iarla sin a bh' air an Rut'
 Bha e dluth 'na charaid dhuit.
 Car tha Dhomhnall Gorm bho 'n tur,
 'Chosgadh cruin gu sgaireapach,

'S do dh- Iain Muideartach nan ceud,
A thug ceile clannail dhuit.

'S car thu Dhùghall og nan steud,
A dhiult beum luchd-ealanta,
'Rinn do phairt ri Morair Mar
'Thaobh na mna bha 'n ceangal ris.
Seonaid mathair Lachainn Mhoir,
'S nigh'n Mhic-Leoid na Hearradh ud;
Bhon thainig thus' as an cre
Chur sin an céilith Mhic-Cailein thu.

Mac-Leoid 's a chinneadh gu léir
Tha gu geur gad ghearan-sa;
Chaill iad iteach as an sgéith
Bho 'n la threig an anail thu.
Bho 'n Chaisteal Tioram 'san Aird
Thoisich am pairt barantail,
'S bha 'n cairdeas sin druim air dhruim
'Tigh 'nn air linn gun charachadh.

Nan tuiteadh tus' ann am blar,
No'n comhrag garbh ri fear-eiginn,
Le Mac- Coinnich is Mac-Neill
Dheanteadh eirigh bhearraideach;
Mac-Mhic-Alasdair bho 'n Troim
Dheanadh torachd ealamh ort;
'S bhiodh Mac-an-Toisich 's a rann
'Bualadh lann gu faruach.

A Thì 'chruthaich e bho thùs
'S a thug dhuinn an sealladh s' dheth,
Dean sinn umhal dha d' thoil fhein
Anns gach gleus 'am bean Thu ruinn,
Bhon thig am bas air gach feoil,
'S theid an fhoid 'chur thairis orr',
'S an spiorad a dh-ionnsaidh Dhe,
Bhon 's E-fein a chennaich e.

Eallach, cattle of any kind, a burden. Malar-
tach, variable, changeable. Gris, reddish look.

Lachlan, ninth Maclean of Coll, was a brave soldier, and a kind man. He served several years under General Mackay in Holland. He was married to Marion, daughter of John Macdonald, Captain of the Clanranald. He was drowned in the water of Lochy in Lochaber, in August, 1687.

Hector, fifth Maclean of Coll, married Meve, daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Islay and the Glens, and sister of Somhairle Buidhe, father of the first Earl of Antrim. She was descended from Iain Mor Tanaistear, son of the first Lord of the Isles. Hector's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector Og of Duart, and granddaughter of the Earl of Argyll. Hector Roy's son, Lachlan, married Florence, daughter of Norman Macleod of Harris, and granddaughter of the Earl of Argyll. Lachlan's son, John Garbh, married Florence, daughter of Sir Dugall Campbell of Achanambrec by his wife, Mary Erskine, granddaughter of the Earl of Mar. John Garbh's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector of Torloisk, son of Lachainn Og, of Torloisk, son of the celebrated Lachainn Mor Dhubhairt,

son of Hector Og of Duart, by his wife, Seonaid nighean Mhic-Cailein. Hector Roy died before his father. Lachlan, the subject of the lament, was his son.

Diomoladh na Pioba.

'Ghilleasbuig, mo mhallachd ri m' bheo
 'Dh-fhear aithris do ghnìomh',
 'Chionn de na chual thu de cheol
 Gun dug thu 'n t-urram do 'n phiob.
 Mur cuala luchd-teud sgainneal do bheoil,
 'S tu 'bu dona gu'n diol;
 Gum b' fhearr thu 'dh-ith arain is mharag is
 fheol',
 A bhalaich nach b' fhiach.

'S iomadh iarl' ann an Albainn an nochd
 'Na leaba, tha fios,
 An deidh a bhrù 'lionadh le cabhruich a
 poit,
 'S e 'tionndadh gu tric,
 Nan digeadh i teann orra anmoch no moch,
 A ghlagaid gun mheas,
 A bheireadh mar dhuais do 'n fhear 'bhiodh
 'na cois
 Na coin a chur ris.

Ge b' e glagaire 'thoisich an toiseach ri ceol
 A thoirt as a bian.
 'S dearbh gun robh brúadar is breisleach
 ro mhor

'Na chlaigeann re cian;
 Cha dig ceol ioraltach, drithleannach, luath
 A tollaibh a miar;
 'S ann a bhios i ri stadail 's ri glagail gun
 fhonn,
 Mar ghagail nan giadh.

A cliu air glagarsaich mhoir
 Is fad on a chual,
 Ga tarruinn am mach a t' achlais gun dolgh,
 A mhaidearlach thruagh.
 Cuiridh i smaointinnean taiseachd is gealt-
 achd gu leoir
 An aigheadh 'g a chruas;
 Gum b' fhearr i mar chlach-bhalg 'chur
 nan each bharr an fheoir
 Na bhrosnachadh sluaigh.

Gur h-e 's beus d'i na breugan le 'neart,
 'S breun i 'n a t' uchd;
 Ged bhiodh tu ga seideadh gus am b' eiginn
 dhuit stad
 Cha seian i dhuit puirt;
 Bu cho math 'bhith cur salain is t' anail a
 steach
 An goile na muic'.
 'S mi nach h-iarradh gu brath a dhol faisg
 Air earradh a cuirp.

'S fad on a fhuair sinn taisbeanadh sul'
 Gum bu ghealtach a gnàths;
 Ri am dol 'nam braise gu tapadh do shluagh,
 'S ann a dheanadh i tamh.
 Aig Sliabh-an-t-Siorra beag dona so shuas,
 An cuala sibh e?
 Thug i leum air muin gille bhig ruaidh,
 Gu teicheadh o 'n bhlar.

An t-urram de na chunnaic mo shuil,
 Gu cur fras cail,
 Do Chonnduili 'bha 'm Muile ann an cùil,
 'S gu aire 'thoirt da.
 Aig Mac-Leoid a bha'n duine, Mac-Crulmein
 a chiuil,
 Bha ainm air 's gach ait;
 Ach Padruig is Iain mac Uilleim na muisg,
 Da sglimeach nan càrt!

When the firing began at the battle of
 Sheriffmuir the boy that carried Conduli's
 pipe got frightened and ran away. He
 took the pipe with him.

Anndra Mac-an-Easbuig.

Bishop Hector Maclean was born in 1605. He graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1628. He was for a long time Minister of Morvern. He became minister of Eastwood in 1679. He was appointed Bishop of Argyll, June 29th, 1680. He died in 1687. He belonged to the Lochbuie branch of the Macleans. He was probably a son of Mr. Angus Maclean, first minister of Morvern. He was married to Jean, daughter of Mr. Thomas Boyd, minister of Eaglesham, eldest son of Andrew Boyd, Bishop of Argyll. He had four sons, Andrew, Angus, Alexander and John. He had two daughters. Janet, the elder, was married to Lachan Og, seventh son of Lachlan Maclean of Ardgour. The younger was married to William Campbell of Wester Kames. Angus, the second son of Bishop Hector, graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1661, and became minister of Kilfinchan in 1666. Alexander, the third son, is known in history as Sir Alexander Maclean of Otter. He fought at the battle of Killiecrankie. He entered the French service some time afterwards, and was a Lieu-

tenant-Colonel. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle. John, the fourth son of Bishop Hector, was a Lieutenant in the Earl of Portmore's regiment of Foot. He was killed at Kaizerswerth, probably in 1702. Bishop Hector's widow died in 1704.

Andrew, Bishop Hector's eldest son, Anndra Mac-an-Easbuig, was born about the year 1635. He was a captain in the army. He resided at Knock, in Morvern. Owing to the depredations of the Camerons he had to sell Knock and leave Morvern. He seems to have spent his latter days in Mull. He married Florence, daughter of Charles Maclean of Ardnacross, Tearlach Mac Ailein, and had one son by her, Sir Angus, a Major in the Spanish army. Sir Angus had a son named Andrew, who died without issue in 1780. Captain Andrew was an excellent poet. The year of his death is not known.

Oran

DO BHARBARA NIGHEAN AN EASBUIG
FULARTON.

Gun dug mi gaol nach fàilinneach
Do ribhinn nan cuach fainneagach;
Gur boidheach, dualach, àrbhuidh iad
Mar aiteal dearrsadh theud.

A ghruaidh a chruthaich nàdar dh'i
 'S tuis ratha 's ragha dealbha sin,
 'S gach buaidh oirr' mar a b' fhearr a bh'
 air

Diana a chaidh eug.

Gur maiseach, min-gheal, tàbhachdach,
 Gur cuimir, dìreach, daicheil i,
 Le aigheadh seimh, neo-ardanach,
 Gun fhailinn 'tha fo 'n ghrein.

Is sùgach an am manrain i,
 'S i cuirteil mar a's abhaist dh'i;
 Is math thig fàite gaire dh'i
 Bho chlaragaibh a béil.

Gur mills' a pog na mealannan,
 'S i 's cinntich' gloir gun amaideachd;
 Bheir brìgh a beoil 's a h-analach
 Neach anacrach bho 'n eug.

Air uchd nach crìon ri 'thaisbeanadh
 Tha an da chich a's tlachdmhoire;
 Bhuin i gach crìdh le 'taitneasaibh
 Fo ghlasaibh aice fein.

Is caoin fo 'gùn a seang chorpan,
 'S i 's maoile glun is calbannan;
 Troigh chuimir bheag gun gharacalachd,
 Nach saltair garbh air feur.

Chaidh cliu na té s' a Albainn uainn,
 Aig glainead bheus 's aig leanabanachd;
 Cha d'fhan e anns a Ghearmailte,
 Gun dèl gu dearbh do 'n Ghreig.

O, b' fhearr gur mis' a bhuadhaicheadh
 Mìn fhàil le 'n cuirteadh cruaidh shnaim
 ort;
 Cha b' fhear gun àgh 'san uair sin mi,
 Nuair bhuannaichinn thu-fein.

Ach 's cruaidh an càs ma 's fuatharachd
 A gheibh mi 'n aite truacantachd;
 Gum b' fhearr dhomh mur a buannaich mi
 A bhith 'san uaigh a péin.

Co 'chuala riamh no 'chunnaic e,
 No 'fhuair 'san nadar duine-sa,
 Gach uaisl' 'tha 'm Bàbi Fularton
 An cruinneachadh 'na cre?

Ge b' e do thoil-sa diultadh rium
 Cha'n onair dhomh bhi diubhaltach;
 Mo shoraidh-sa ùrachdach
 Do d' bhroilleach cubhraidh fein.

Marbhrann

DO DH-ALASDAIR MAC-AN-EASBUIG,

'S bochd an sgeula so 'thainig,
 'S olc a chreuchdadh ar n-armuinn,
 Osna dheurach an drasd a rug oirnn.
 'S bochd, etc.

'S trom mo cheum, gun fàth gaire,
 'S trom neo-eibhinn a tha mi,
 'S gur h-e cumha do bhàis 'rinn mo leon.

'S bochd a chraidh thu mi 'm chridhe,
 Sprochd do bhàis th' air mo ruighinn,
 Spot nach slanaich aon lighich' tha beo.

Tha mo ghruaidhean air siaradh
 Agus m' oisnean air liathadh;
 'S deacair dhomhsa 'nis strìan chur ri m'
 fheoil.

'S mi mar choltas maolciarain,
 No mar Oisein ga t' iarraidh;
 'S gum bi mise ga t' iargainn ri m' bheo.

'S mór m' ànradh is m' allaban
 On a threig thu mi Alasdair,
 'S i so 'bhairlinn a chreanaich mi 'm fheoil.

Is nam faighinn leam m' inntinn
 Dheannainn soilleir ort innseadh,
 Nach robh 'd chinneadh ri m' linn-sa na's
 mo.

Fear cruaidh, curant', gun ghiorag,
 'N am na tuasaid nach tilleadh,
 'S tu buidhinn urram gach spionnaidh le
 seol.

Nuair a bhiodh tu 'sna blaralbh
 'Bhith air thus 's e bu ghnaths leat;
 'S i do shuil nach biodh sgàthach roimh
 ghleos

'N am dhuit dol do 'n taigh-thàirne,
 Bhiodh a chuideachd a b' fhearr leat,
 'S cha bu sgrubaire clair thu mu 'n bhòrd.

Cha b' fhear fuath' thu no fabhair,
 'S tu gum fuasg'leadh gach ceangal,
 'S tu bhi shuas ann an cathair a mhòid.

Cha dean uisge na fairge,
 No maoidheadh na h-armailte,
 Mo mhuinntir-sa mharbhadh na's mo.

Ann an campa sin Ludhainn,
 Cha robh meang ann ad ghiulan,
 'S cha robh failinn an uirghioll do bheoil.

Dh' fhag mi thu anns a bhothaig,
 'S do chorp min-gheal air breothadh,
 Is gun sùgh ann ad chnamhan, ach còs.

Iorram

Le ANNDRA MAC-AN-EASBUIG, an uair a shiubhail a bhean agus a fhuair e naidheachd bàis a dhithisd bhràithrean, Sir Alasdair a chaochaial ann am Aix la Chapell, agus Caiptein Iain a mharbhadh ann an Keyzerwerts.

Gur a cràiteach an othail
'Tha an dràs d a tigh'nn fotham
Ann an damhair an fhoghair 's na buana.

Gur a tùrsach mi 'g éirigh
'S mi gun fhurán o m' chéile,
'S cha 'n e 'cumha gu léir tha gam
bhuaireadh.

Gur h i 'n naidheachd so leugh mi
'Tha gam chaitheadh fo m' léine,
'S a chuir snaidheadh gu geur orm mu 'n
cuairt domh.

Dhòirt orm tonn mu mo mhullach
Dh' fhàs 'na throm-bhuille muineil,
'S a dh' thàg lom mi gun lunnach, gun
suanach.

Cha b' i lochdair an t-saoir
A rinn mo lèt air gach taobh dhìom;
Ach a chros-tuagh bu daoire gun d' fhuaras

Bidh m' fhear-fuatha 'sior-thàir orm,
'S gur beart bhuan dha mo thàmailt
'S e a bagradh gu dàna mo bhualadh.

Nàile chunnaic mi maduinn
Nach bu chunnarach cladaich
Do dh' fhear eile 'bhi bagradh no chluaise.

Fhad 's bu bheò iad le chéile
Na ghabh fògradh le Seumas,
Na fìr oga bu tréine ri m' ghualainn.

B' iad mo ghradh na fir chridhe
 'Bha dha 'n càirdean gun slighe,
 'S nach robh tàireil air dlighe dhaoin' uaisle.

Gum bu tais ris na dàimh sibh,
 Gum bu mhacant' ri mnaoi sibh,
 'S gum bu sgaiteach le 'r naimhdean 'ur
 cruadal.

Gum b' airidh luchd-theud sibh
 Ann an argiod no 'n éideadh;
 Is aois-dàna cha 'n euradh sibh duais dhaibh.

'S mi craobh choimheach na coire,
 A bha roimhe so 'n coille,
 'S cha bu doimhtheamh an doire as na
 bhuaineadh.

Is truagh duine mar tha mi
 A sior fhulang gach sàraich;
 Mo chruas duilich, gun bhràthair, gun
 ghual-fhear.

Ach ma rinn sibh bhuam imeachd
 'S gun 'ur n-oighre 'nur n-ionad,
 'S e mo roinn-sa de 'n iomairt a's cruaidhe.

Suanach, a coarse covering. Slighe, craft.
 Cha'n euradh sibh, you would not refuse.

Oran

Le ANNDRA MAC-AN-EASBUIG, an uair a reic e
an Cnec Morairneach, a dh' fheum e fhagail a
chionn 's gun robh na Camaranaich a goid a
chuid cruidh is each, agus nach d' fhag iad ni
aige.

Bhuam-s' tha 'n ràitinn
Ri tuar m' fhaillinn,
'S buan dhomh amhghar,
'S fuar tha m' aite còmhnuidh.

'N drasd, mar aisling
A bha 'n cadal,
Tha na bh' againn;
Gun d'tharladh fad' air falbh e.

Maghan farsuinn
'Bu shar ghasd aitreabh,
Gun dion, gun fhasgadh,
Gun sparr, gun at, gun chòmhla;

Gun cheol pioba,
Gun ol fiona;
Cor an gnìomha,
'S leoir dhomh 'mhiad de 'dhoruinn;

'Chùirt 'n do chleachd mi
'N tus bhi 'faicinn
Muirn is macnais,
Gun smùid deatach sheombar;

'N luchairt laghach
'M bu dluth tathaich,
Cùirt Mhic-Gilleain,
Cùis gun aighear dhomh-s' e;

'N t-aite 'm faighteadh
Baigh is pailteas,
'S gradh ga sgapadh,
Gu nàrach, taitneach, ordail;

Gach ni 'b' aill leat,
 Dinneir àraidh
 Gun sion dàlach,
 'S bu chinnt do 'n dalbhear comhdach.

Am preas cubhraidh
 'Bu deas cumhdach
 Gun chleas ùmbaidh,
 Maiseach, ubhlach, boidheach;

Craobh an abhaill
 Ga sior-sgathadh
 'Sios gun athadh
 Le fìor chaitheadh foirneirt;

Fo mhèin mhèirleach
 Nach seimh céirdean,
 Gun dàimh cairdis;
 Saobhaidh Dhatain 's Chora;

'Bha riamh bristeach,
 Gun sion 'ghibhtean,
 Ach ciall gliocais;
 B'e 'n ceann-shift do m' sheors' iad.

'S e bàigh Ailein
 Air gradh caraid
 'S a bhàs ealamh
 'Dh 'fhag fas ar fearann mor duinn.

Nach beart fhollais
 An staid shoilleir s'
 A ghrad thoinneamh
 'N ar ceart choinnimh òirne.

Bhuaìn sinn fein i
 Le uaisle eifeachd,
 'S le cruas meine;
 Bhuail i geur 's an t-sroin sinn.

Ged tha ar fearann
 An drasd fo'r gearradh,
 Cha 'n e bhur ceannas
 Bhuin dhinn le lannaibh còir' e.

Bu bhuan strì dhuinn
 Rì sluagh rìoghachd;
 Cha tuath chrìon
 A fhuair dhinn strìochdadh comhla.

Mur biodh ach uiread
 'Toirt dhinn le buillibh
 Cìs ar muineil
 Sgrìobht' am full ar fogradh.

A Rìgh fhìlathais,
 Dhe d' shaor mhathas,
 Sìth-thaimh tabhair;
 Brìgh ar n-achain deonaich.

On gheall Thu fein
 Gum biodh Tu 'd leigh
 A thoirt a pein
 A bhrathar fheumaich bhrònach,

Thoir dhuinn fhathast,
 Mac-Gilleain
 'N aite 'n athar,
 Mar cheannard rath 'san Dreallainn.

Spàrr, a joist, a beam. At, atuin, a rafter.
 Daibhear, needy, destitute. Saobhaidh, a litter,
 a den. Dreallainn, a name applied to the island
 of Mull.

IAIN MAC AILEIN.

John McLean, commonly called Iain Mac Ailein, and sometimes Iain Mac Ailein Mhic Iain Mhic Eoghain, belonged to the Ardgour branch of the Macleans. Ewen, 6th Maclean of Ardgour, Eoghan na h- Iteige, married a daughter of Stewart of Appin, and had two sons by her, Allan, his successor, and John. He was living in 1587. John, his second son, had a son named Allan. This Allan was the poet's father. Iain Mac Ailein was thus a great-grandaon of Eoghan na h- Iteige.

Iain Mac Ailein lived in Mull. His place of residence seems to have been near Aros. He was a young man in the time of Sir Allan Maclean of Duart. We may assume then that he was born at least as early as the year 1665. He was married, and lived to be an old man. Dr. Johnson, who visited the Western Islands in 1773, speaks of him as a famous Mull bard, who had died only a few years before that date. He also says that he could neither read nor write. We are inclined to think that the poet must have died before the stirring events

of 1745. At any rate there is no reference in any of his poems to those events. Besides, he would be at least ninety years of age in 1745. The latest event to which he refers in his poems occurred in 1738. All that we can confidently assert then regarding the time of his death is that it took place some time after 1738.

Iain Mac Ailein was evidently an intelligent, good-natured and well-informed man. He was intimately acquainted with the history of his own clan, and possessed a good knowledge of the history of the Highland clans in general. He was an ardent Jacobite, and was thoroughly familiar with the political events of his own day. He was well versed in the Bible. He seems to have been a man of genuine piety. He was a true poet, a man who described in poetic language men and things just as he saw them. He is fairly entitled to a high rank among the bards of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

Oran Gaoil.

Bha dithisid nighean a labhairt mu 'n Bhard.
 Bha te dhiu ga dhiomoladh 's ag radh nach robh
 ard-fhoghlum aige. Bha 'n te eile ga mholadh,
 's ag radh gun robh ni a b' fhearr aige, moran
 de thuigse nadair.

LUINNEG.

Faill il o ro, fail il o,
 Faill il o ro, fail il o,
 Faill il o ro, hul il o ro,
 Faill il o ro, fail il o.

Is ged nach d' fhaodadh mo thogail suas,
 Ach teagasg nadair 'thoirt dhomh le buaidh;
 An té 'tha 'graitinn gu bheil mi trailleil
 Cha'n fheil mi 'g aicheadh nach faigh i m'
 fhuath.

Is mor an caochladh a rinn a cridh'
 Mur h-e 's gun d' thoill mise bhuaip' an
 gnìomh;
 An caoin daonta d' an robh mo shaor-ghradh
 Gum faic an saoghal mur toil leam i.

Och, och, a dhaoine nach creid sibh bhuam,
 'S mi 'toirt mar fhaosaid dhuibh anns gach
 uair,
 Nach mo mo ghaol air a chailin shaor so
 Na gaol an fhaol-choin air fuil an uain.

Ged theireadh each gum bu toil leam thu,
 Is fada tha sud o bhith 'nam run:
 Tha mi cho seachantach air thus' fhaicinn
 Is a tha 'm bradan air linge bhuirn.

Nuair a bhios càch ann an cadal seimh
 Gur tric le m' aigneadh 'bhith rium ag radh
 Nach mo mo thlachd air a dhol na fasgadh
 Na th' aig an lach air a dhol air snamh.

A chailin mhodhar a's moiteil dealbh,
 Ged tha do ghruaidh mar an corcur dearg.
 Tha mi cho suarach mu d' ghaol 's cho fnathach
 'S tha cat na luatha air luch a shealg.

A chailin bhaindidh a labhradh ciuin,
 Ge fada cam-bhuidhe reidh do chul,
 Cha'n fheil mo gheall-sa air t' uaigneas cainnte
 Ach mar tha n dall air a leirsinn shul.

Ma their mi 'n fhirinn am brigh mo sgeoil,
 'Thaobh t' eol is t' uaisle 's do shuairceas beoil,
 Cha'n fheil mi 'n trom-chion, a ghruagach
 dhonn ort,
 Ach mar tha 'n drongair air bhith ag ol.

'S ann 'bha mo chairdean am barail diom
 Gum b' e do ghradh-sa mo namhaid chlaoidh:
 Do phog le failte cha dean i stàth dhomh
 Ach mar ni 'n t-slaiente do 'n duine thinn.

Comhradh,

Mar gum b' ann eadar dithisd nighean Dhomh-
 naill, mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill Dùibh.

MAIREARAD.

Thuart Mairearad nigh'n Domhnaill,
 'S i tòiseachadh gu cinin,
 A phinthaar cìod an t-ordagh,
 An nis mu'n deonach thu?
 Ma 's ionnan duit is dhòmhsa,
 Bi 't oigh is gheibh thu cliu;
 'S na iarr dhuit féin de shòlas
 Ach bhith pòsda ris an ùir.

MARSAILI.

'Sin nuair labhair Marsaili,
 'S bu taitneach leam a gloir;

A phiuthar, 's beag mo chiatadh
 De bhriathraibh sin do bheoil.
 Gum b' fhearr leam seal de mhacnas
 Ri mac mhic Eachainn Oig,
 Na bhith cràbhadh mar-ri sagairt
 Agus paidearan 'nam dhorn.

MAIREARAD.

Ochoin! 's truagh an fhaosaid sin,
 A phiuthar ghaolach og,
 Meud do thoirt do 'n t-saoghaltachd,
 'S nach bi sinn daonnan beo.
 Bu ghnìomh bu mhò gu cobhair riut
 Do leabhar a bhith 'd dhorn,
 Na bhith falbh air ghleanntan fasaich
 Gun sailm ach gàirich bhò.

MARSAILI.

Mun gabh thu fearg le ardan rium,
 Bidh m' aicheadh dhuit gu mall;
 Ach 's-truagh an beachd a dh' fhàs annad,
 'S gun t' àrach am measg Ghall.
 Gabh fein sgeul an easbuig
 'Th' air ar creideamh-ne mar cheann,
 Dh' fheuch an sinne 'n t-ordagh so
 Na 'm pòsadh a bhith ann.

MAIREARAD.

Taa iomad ni ga chleachdadh
 Le lagh eaglais anns gach àit,
 Nach faigh thu anns a Bhiobull,
 Ged 's e freum gach firinn' e.
 'S fearr posadh, ge b' e thogras e,
 Na losgadh is cuis bhàis;
 Ach ge b'e 'thig gun aon diu,
 Bi cinnteach gur h-e 's fearr.

MARSAILI.

B' fhearr leam bhith gu càtanach

Le tàintibh is le stòr;
 A bhith gu taisgeach, tairbheartach,
 Le airgiod le is or;
 Bhith gu rìomhach, fasanta
 Le pasmunn is le srol,
 Na bhith seargadh ri claich chrabhaidh
 Gun fìu a ghàir', ach bron.

MAIREARAD.

'S àite-gléidhte diomain
 'San do chuir thu t' uile stor,
 'S gun ann ach seorsa phigeachan,
 'S gum brisdear iad gu fòil.
 'N t-àit 'sa bheil mo thasgaidh-sa
 Tha glasan air do-leoint';
 On tha mo stiubhart saibhir
 Bheir e làthail domh mo lòn.

MARSAILI.

B' fhearr leam bhith gu daonnachdach
 Ri feomaichibh gach la
 A bhith gu feusdach, furanach,
 Mar bhuineadh roimh luch-dàimh',
 On 's e sin doigh bu trice
 Bh' aig gach mnaoi bu ghlice gnaths,
 Na bhith air an gluin ag eadarghuidh'
 Ri Peadar no ri Pàl.

MAIREARAD.

A bharail a th' aig càch ort,
 'S e aobhar nair' a 's mo,
 Gur h-e a chum o 'n chràbhadh thu
 Ro mheud do ghraidh air poig.
 Nam biodh tu ùirnceach, mosguineach,
 'Cumail troid ris an fheoil,
 Bu deimhinn duit gun coisneadh tu
 An rioghachd 's momha gloir.

MARSAILI.

'N rud nach creid mo chairdean,
 Cha'n fheil fàth dhomh bhith ga run,
 'S gur math le mnaoi ga beusaichead
 A ceile fein ri 'glun.
 'N neach nach ith an solus rud,
 An conaltradh no 'n cuirt,
 Cha chreid na daoine glìce
 Nach ith e rud 'sa chuil.

MAIREARAD.

'S olc an smuaintinn aignidh
 'Th' aig mnaoi aigeallaidh do bhéil,
 'S a liuthad neach 'tha 'n cairdeas
 Do nach ionnàn nadar bheus.
 Bidh barail aig a phòitear,
 'Bhios ag òl gach uair ga 'm féud,
 Gum bi gach ti an gradh air
 An dibh mar tha e-fein.

MARSAILI.

Bha gach neach o'n dàinig sinn
 Gle stàthail 'nan am fein;
 Cha bu luchd thoirt d'àlach iad,
 A bhàrd, no dhàimh, no dh-eisg,
 Bu mheasail ri am nàistinn iad,
 An nàire riamh do ghléidh.
 Cha 'n iarrainn fein a dh-àilgheas
 Ach bhith san àit 'sam bi iad fein.

MAIREARAD.

'S deacair dhòmh-s' a raitinn riut
 Nach nàdarra do bheus,
 'S far am bi na càirdean
 Gur a stàthail 'bhith d' an reir.
 Gluais thusa mar a th' agad
 Dh' fheuch an taitinn e riut fein,

'S cha toill mise mòran diumba.
Airson dol ri ùin' ad dhéidh.

The foregoing poem was translated to Dr. Johnson by Mary Maclean in her father's house. It was published in Ranald Macdonald's collection.

Moladh,

DO GHILLEASBUIG NA CEAPAICH 'S DO 'N
PHIOB.

'Ghilleasbuig mo bheannachd ri m' bheò,
Do dh-fhear aithris do ghnìomh',
'Bhrìgh os cionn na chual' thu de cheòl
Gun dug thu 'n t-urram do 'n phìob.
Cha chuala luchd-teud sgainneal do bheoil,
'S tu bu ro mnath gu 'n dìol,
Ach b' fhearr leat culaidh a bhrosnaicheadh
toir
Na sochair gach sìth'.

'S iomad iarl' ann an Albainn an nochd,
'S dearbhte leam sud,
Ri am togail armailt air chois,
Na oircheas, tha fios,
A chionn a cluinntinn anmoch is moch,
Bean chaidreach am meas,
'Bheireadh mar dhuais do dhararaich a dos
Airgid gun fhios.

Is dearbh gun robh stuidear gu trom,
Is susbainte ghiar,
'Sa chiad fhear 'rinn pìob nan dos lom

Gus fhortan do dhean,
 'S gach lanphort gan cumail fo fhonn,
 Gun smid as a bhial,
 Ach gan gearradh, gach siolladh is pong,
 Le buillibh a mhiar.

A cliu airson abuchadh gleois
 Is fada do chuaidh;
 Sar ionnsramaid mhaidean nach mor,
 Is coitchionta buaidh!
 Cuiridh i smaointinnean gaisge gu leoir
 An gealtair ga thruas;
 Thogadh a crunluath le bras bhuillibh
 mheoir.
 Aigneadh gach sluaigh.

Gur h-e 's beus d' i éirigh le ceart,
 Is eibhinn a stuirt,
 An tus teugmhail éighidh i sgairt,
 Nach breugaich a puirt.
 Le séideig de dh-anail a steach
 An èarrach a cuirp,
 Cuirear ceol binn, iorallach, ait,
 An ribheid a stuic.

'S fada bhon fhuair sinn taisbeanadh shul
 Nach gealtach a gnaths;
 Gu bheil mi dearbh nach rachadh i 'n cuil
 Ga falach gu bràth.
 'N tus gach cath' bidh fear brath' air a cul,
 'Deanamh fabhair do chach;
 Laoch borb agus gaisge 'na run,
 Is bratach na laimh.

'N t-urram de na chunnaic mo shuil
 Tha 'm Muile dhiu 'n drast;
 Ach airson Mhic-Cruimein on bhuidhinn e
 cliu,
 Leig do 'n dùinne sin tàmh;

De 'n aireamh Connduili air thus,
 Iain Mac Uilleim a dha,
 Agus Padruig an treas duin' an triuir,
 Nach uireasach làmh.

Niall Mor Mac-Mhuirich composed a poem against the bag-pipe. Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich composed a poem in praise of it. Iain Mac Ailein composed the foregoing poem in praise of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich and the pipe. Lachainn Mac Mhic-Iain composed a poem in reply, which will be found on page 69. It is not to be supposed that he had any unpleasant recollection of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich or any unkind feelings towards Iain Mac Ailein; he was merely exercising his power of satirizing. Iain Mac Ailein and himself seem to have been on very friendly terms.

Oran

A rinneadh an uair a bha Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain, triath Dhubhairt, ann an Cearnaburg.

Beir fios leat bhuam do Chearnaburg
 Gu triath nan gaisgach sàr-ghasda,
 Ged rinn mi caochladh maighistir,
 Nach feairrde mi mu m' mhiadh e.

Ge tric a dol a dh-Aros mi
 A dh'ol gach boinne 'tharas mi,
 Cha 'n ionnan's mar a b'abhaist domh,
 Cha bhi mo ghair' air m' fhiacail.

Na mionnan 'thug sinn thalla-sin,
 Nuair a bha camp Mhic Caillein ann,
 'Dheoin De cha mhisd' ar n-anam iad,
 Ach b' aindeonach an ghnìomh e.

Nan cluinninn fhin am Bacach
 'Thigh 'nn le chabhlach laidir acuinneach,
 Cha dearbhadh neach thar fasdaidh orm
 Gum b'fhear protection riamh mi.

Nam faicinn duine firinneach
 A chomhdaicheadh na dh' innseadh dhomh
 Gheibh'teadh 's au Leth Iochdraich mi
 'S mi comhdach mo phios iarunn.

Ged nach robh mi riamh cho tapaidh
 'S gun deanainn sealg no tacar leis,
 Is leoir leam fhad 's a chaidil e
 Fo 'n leabaidh far 'n do liath e.

Tacar, provision, plenty.

Shortly after the battle of Killiecrankie the Earl of Argyll obtained a commission of fire and sword against the Macleans, and invaded Mull with a force of 2,500 men. Sir John Maclean retired to the fortified island of Cainburgh, and advised his followers to take the oath of allegiance to the new government, and accept protection from Argyll. He remained in Cainburgh until 1692.

Coille-Chragaidh.

'N àm 'dhol 'sios, 'n àm dhol 'sios,
 'N àm 'dhol 'sios bu deònach,
 Luchd nam breacan, luchd nam breacan
 A leathad le mòintich;
 A falbh gu dian, a falbh gu dian,
 Gun stad ri prìs an ordaigh;
 An deagh ghunna, 'n claidheabh ullamh,
 Gun dad tuilleadh mòisean.

Mhaighstir Caillein ta mi deimhinn
 Gun d' fhuair thu barrachd fòghluim:
 'S fìor gun bheum do neach fo 'n ghréin
 A dh' fhàg do bheul an t-òran.
 Cha b' fheàrr do bheus na tràill no béisd
 Mur b' oil leat Seumas f'ògar
 'S a thricead 's 'dh' òrdaich e gun dearmad
 Airgiod agus òr dhuit.

'S iomadh neach dha 'n robh e ceart
 Nach d' rinn a bheart bu chòir daibh:
 Ri àm fheuma Sasunn thréig e,
 Albainn 's Eirinn còmhla.
 Armait rioghail, laidir, lionmhor,
 Dha 'n robh na cisean mòra,
 Cho luath 's a chunnaic iad Rìgh Uilleam
 Cha d' rinn iad tuilleadh còmhraig.

Cha b' e 'ghealtachd 'thug dhaibh snasadh,
 'S cha b' e neart Phrionns' Orains'
 Ach dearmad dìreach thigh'nn nan inntinn
 O'n do chinn iad deònach
 An rìgh dùthcha fhéin a dhiuchradh
 Airson Prionns' na h-Olaind.—
 Ach facal soltheamh 'thuirteach roimhe,
 Gum bi gach nodha ro-gheal.

Ma theid an Act s' an leud no 'm farsuinn,
 Cha 'n fheàrr gach neach na òglach:

Coir aig lag cha diong i dad
 Mur faigh e neart ga chomhnadh.
 Am mac 'bhith gabhail brath air athair
 Leis a chlaidheabh chòmhraig,
 Chualas riamh gum b' arn de 'n ghniomh sin
 Nach robh Dia ag òrd'chadh.

Ge b' e aca, nighean no mac,
 Leugh gum bu cheart an seòl daibh
 Crùn an athar fein 's a chathair
 A ghabhail le fòirneart,
 Is sgainneal bhreug a chur an géill
 A chaoidh nach feudt' a chòmhdach,
 Tha Ti ga 'n léir; ma 's i so 'n eucoir,
 'S soirbh dha féin a tòireachd.

Gu m' bharail féin, ge beag mo reusan
 Gheibh mi ceud ga chòmhdach
 Ge b' e ti dhe 'n dean Dia rìgh
 Gur coir 'bhith strìochdte dhòsan;
 'S ged theid e ceum de làn-toil féin
 'S gun e 'cur eiginn òirnne,
 'N saoil sibh féin an lagh no reusan
 Dol a leum 'na sgròban!

Sgeula bhuamsa mu Raon-Ruairidh,
 An robh na sluaigh a comhrag;
 Chuid bu luaithe ghabh an ruaig dhiubh,
 'S bu daoin' uaisle còir iad:
 Nan cumteadh suas riuth' tein' is luaidhe
 Ris an d' fhuair iad foghlum,
 'S tearc a chruinnich riamh an urrad
 'Gheibheadh urram beò dhiubh.

Ach luchd a chunnairt 'chleachd na buillean
 'S nach d' fhuair tuilleadh foghlum,
 Cha d' leugh air achd mar dhion do 'm pearsa
 Gum b'e stad bu chòir daibh.
 Gach ti nach tuit bhith shios 'nan uchd
 An còmhrag uile bu nòs daibh.—

Mun d' thill na gillea 's iomadh pinne
'Thug sgeanan biorach Thómais.

Air each gle-mhor, cruidheach, ceumach,
Fuaimneach, steudmhor, mòdhar,
Cha bu lapach an aois macaibh
Ceannard feachd na Dreallainn.
Le bhuidhinn threunfhear nach tais éirigh
Ga 'n robh cridh' treun mar leòghann :—
'S iad a dh' eibh a chiad ratreut
An déidh luchd Beurla 's chleòca.

Bha ri 'n sgéith-san buidheann éiginn,
'Dh 'fhalbh a Eirinn còmhla,
Ri mionaid eile phàigh an éirig
Féin le gleusdachd còmhraig :
Bu bhinn an sgeul 'bhith seal gan éisdeachd
'S iad ri éigheach crònain,
'S a liuthad fear air bheagan ceannaich
A fhuair malairt còta.

Cha bu ghealtachd 'bhith gan seachnadh,
Cha robh 'm faicinn boidheach;
An léintean paisgte fo 'n da achlais
'S an casan gun bhrogan;
Boineid dhathte 'dion an claiginn
'S an gruag 'na pasgan fòithe.
Bu chosmhuile 'n gleus ri trotan bhéistean
Na ri luchd-céille còire.

Mòisean, motion. Sasunn threig e; airson
Threig Sasunn e.

Freagairt Eoin Ghairnealair do dh-Eoin Balbhan.

Mu 'n sgeul so a chualas ac'
Ga luaidh air Eoin Manntach,
Is mu 'n fhreagairt a fhuair e
Ann am bruadar a bhalbhain,
Ged nach digeadh le m' gheire-s'
'N tuigse threun sin a leanmhuinn,
'S feairrde sgeula ga threisead
Moran teistis is dearbhaidh.

Chi mi 'n saoghal air chuibhlibh
'S gun e aig aon chor a fuireach;
Ach a dìreadh 's a tearnadh
Nar roth amhuilteach muilinn,
Am fear a thachair 'na airde
'S e 's mo àbhar gu mulad;
'S gum faod mise 'th' air tearnadh
'Bhith 'na aite mun sguir e.

Gu de 'n gliocas no 'n tàbhachd
'Th' ann do ghairnealair eolach
Craobh thorach a ghàraidh,
'Dhol le ailgheas ga fogradh,
Gu craobh ur chur 'na h-aite,
'S gun e mu 'nadar leth-eolach,
'S a mheud 's a gheibh e ga h-àrach
Seal mun tàr e deagh phòr dh' i?

Ach an crann s' bho chionn tamuill
'Bha fo thoradh gun easbhuidh,
'S cian bhon chraobh-sgaoil a chomain
Air gach comunn am Breatunn.
Ged a rachadh càil dhuathair
Air a chruasachd re treise,
'S maig a loisgeadh a thiomban
his a mhuinntir a chreic e.

Is beag m' ionghnadh an dream sin
'Bha gun daimh ris ga threigsinn;

'S gum b' e 'n àbhar thun fhogradh
 'Thaobh nach b'ann de 'm por fein e;
 Ach Alba bheag dhona
 Bha gun onair fo 'n ghrein aic',
 Nuair a chaidh i ga fhagail,
 'S gum b'e àrach a geig e.

B'e bhur gliocas 'san àbhar s'
 Anns na càsanaibh ceudna,
 A bhith carthannach. cairdeil,
 Is mar bhràithrean d'a cheile;
 An rìgh sin 'bh' air mhaireann
 'Chumail slàn mar a dh' fàeudteadh,
 'S gun do dh-ordaich ar Slanaighear
 Dhuinn a chàin 'thoirt do Cheusar.

Ach 's e 'n ni 'tha mi 'raghainn
 Gun dol air m' aghaidh na 's daíne,
 Bhon tha 'n t-àth so cho domhain
 Is nach tomhais cas ghearr e.
 Ach an Rìgh dha bheil feartan,
 'S a ni gach beart mar a's aill leis,
 'Chur na còrach 'na suidhe
 Mar a's cubhaidh 's gach aite.

This poem is a reply to a poem by the Rev. John Beaton. The poet himself is Eoin Gairnealair, or John the Gardener, and Mr. Beaton, Eoin Balbhan, or John the Dumb. Mr. Beaton is called by this name owing to the fact that he had been silenced or deposed. A chraobh thorach is King James, and a chraobh ur, King William.

Sgeul an Eibhneis.

Oran a rinn am Bard nuair a chual e gun robh
Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain beo.

LUINNEAG.

B'e m' aighear gum b'fhior,
B'e m' aighear gum b'fhior,
B'e m' aighear gum b'fhior,
Sgeul dearbhte sin.

Bu mhíre mi-fhìn
Na caitean beag mios'
Nan digeadh gu crìch
An tairgineachd,

An neach so 'chaidh eug
Am barail gach léigh
'Thigh'nn ugainn
'Na threun-fhear Albanach;

Mar thaice ri 'r cùl,
'Sa chath mar cheann-iuil;
'N sin thogamaid sùil
Bho 'r plangaidean;

Gun eireadh deagh fhonn
'S gach cridhe 'tha trom,
'S cha 'n fhaicteadh cinn chrom
Neo-mheanmnach oirnn.

Gun tilgeamaid clach
Ri 'r nàbaidh cho ceart,
Gus an ruigeamaid stap
An t-seann duine;

Gun cuireamaid baile
Air oiribh ar cas;
Cha leanadh aon drap
De 'r dranndan ruinn.

'S gun tilleamaid breug
 Air ar coimpire fein,
 Nuair 'chuireadh e 'n eucoir
 Dhalmarr' oirnn.

Le fabhar a chruin,
 'S le rathad an Diuc,
 Nam faighinn do chùis
 A dhainghneachadh,

'Sa chinneadh so fòs
 Chit' iongantas mor,
 Gum bu mhacanaibh og'
 Na seann daoine,

'S na sgrìotachain mhios'
 'Dol 'n airdeadh 's am miad.
 'S bhiodh iad aithghearr aig linn
 An leanabalachd;

'S gach bean dha'm bu tric
 Clann nighean mar shlioc,
 Gum biodh aca mic
 Gu toirbheartach.

Mar nach d'fhas e 'nad dheidh
 An airdeadh no 'm meud,
 'S ro mhath chinneadh am fear
 'S na garbh-chrìochaibh.

'S bu lionamhor na feidh
 Nam frìtheanaibh fein
 'Dh-a'indheoin tapachd is tréinid
 Shealgairean.

Dheanadh machair is coill
 Gair lachainn ri d' chloinn,
 'S tu 'thigh'nn dachaidh fo staoileadh
 Ainmealachd

Tha mi guidhe gu dur
 Air an Ti 'th' air an stiuir

'Ur cur sabhailt' o'n chunnart
Chailteach so,

Gu cala gun ghuais,
Gun bhairlinn, gun stuadh,
Gun trioblaid, gun luasgan
Laimhrige,

Gu tearuinteachd nòis
Gun uireasbhuidh gleois,
Far nach tuairg'neadh an ròd
No 'n t-anfhadh sibh.

'N sin bu mhire mi-fhin
Na caitean beag mios',
Nam faicinn gum b'fhior sgeul
Dearbhte sin.

Tairgineachd, prediction. Guais, danger.
Laimhrig, a landing-place, a wharf. Stap, a
step. Drap, a drop. Ròd, sea-weed.

Nan Digeadh Sir Iain.

Oran a rinn am Bard nuair a chual e gun
robh Sir Iain MacGilleain an Sasunn,

LUINNEAG.

Nan digeadh, nan digeadh,
Nan digeadh do sgeul,
'S gum faodainn 'bhith cinnteach
As na dh'innseadh dhomh 'n de,
Gun tilginn as m' fhochair
An cochull gun fheum,
'S gum faicteadh mi fhathast
Air atharrach gleus'.

Nan digeadh Sir Iain
Mo chridhe 's mo chleibh,
Gum b'eibhinn ar n-aigneadh,

Mar bhradan a leum.
 Thogadh cridhe do mhulnntreach
 'Tha 'n cunnart dol eug,
 'S gun digeadh do m' ionnsuidh-s'
 Mo shugradh beag fein.

Do chinneadh 's do dhualchas
 'Bha cruadalach treun,
 'S bu mhath an Raon-Ruairidh
 Mu d'ghuailnibh 's an fheum,
 Tha 'nis 'nam fàth truaighe,
 Mar chuagair' tha 'm beus;
 Ged gheibh iad am bualadh
 Cha ghluais iad am beul.

Ged tha sinn fo dhochair,
 Mar mholtaibh mu chrò,
 Aig naimhdean fo bhaoghal
 'Toirt duinn faobhar ar beòin,
 'S luchd-spuillidh ri tair oirnn
 Mar thraill na spàin bhrog,
 Cha'n aithnicht' an teas la sinn
 Aig airdead ar croic'.

An ealta ro ghleusd'
 An robh eifeachd gu leoir,
 'Bhuidh'neadh geall air gach tulaich.
 Far an cruinnicheadh eoin,
 Le'n itean còrr sgeithe,
 Le'n treine 's le 'n treoir,
 Cha 'n fhearr iad air coinnimh
 Na croman-an-lòin.

Nan tilleadh a chuibhle
 S gun iompadh i deiseil
 'N taobh deas mar bu choir,
 'S iomadh neach tha fo mhùiseag,
 'S a cheann lùbte 'na sgròb,
 'Chuireadh bailc air a chasaibh
 An taisbeanadh shron.



Nam biodh iad dhomh fagusg
 Na bheil fad o laimh,
 Sir Iain nan caisteal
 Is Bacach a bhlair,
 'N neach do 'n d' fhuiling mi m' fhaobhach,
 Mar chaora mhaoil bhair,
 Bheirinn tionndadh mar leoghann air,
 'S m' ordag 'na shàil.

'S leoir truimead bhur cadail,
 Ma thachair sibh slan?
 Mur suidhich sibh cairtean
 A ghlasas cuid chàich,
 Bidh sinne fo gheur sgrios
 Le feileadh a chlair;
 Mur faic sibh fo dhion sinn,
 Bidh dith oirnn ri 'r la.

Tha sinn tamull an iargainn
 Le fiabhras ro ard;
 'S faide la leinn gar pianadh
 Na bliadhna 's sinn slàn.
 Am bruadar an fhaochaidh,
 Tha daoine ag radh,
 Gur tearc leigh a ni aithn' air
 Seach teannair a bhàis.

'S mor am farmad a th' agam-s'
 Ri t' aid is ri d' chleoc;
 'S iad 'th' air grianan na maise
 Ri glacadh an sòigh.
 Nam b'e m' fhortan-sa tuiteam
 'N riochd bucla do bhròg,
 'S e 'b' fhearr mar shògh inntinn
 Na crìochan rìgh mhoir.

Tha mi 'guidhe le m' run
 Is le m' dhurachd do ghnath
 Air 'n Ti 'chruthaich air thùs thu
 'S thug dhuinn thu mar bhlath,

'Cur muinighin mo dhochais
 'Na throcair ro ard,
 Nach d' fhuair sinn ach leasan
 Thun ar teagasg na's fhearr.

Cuagaire, an awkward, slovenly man. Baoghal, peril, danger. Corr, excellent. Faobhaich, despoil. Faochadh, the point in sickness at which one is beginning to get well, relief. Teannair, any instrument to squeeze with.

Naidheachd an Aitis.

Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain air do 'n Bhard a chluinntinn gun robh e a tighinn dachaidh.

An sgeula so 'th' aca
 Ga innse le aiteas,
 Nam faighinn fear-ceartais
 A dhearbhadh am mach e,
 B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigneadh
 'S mar gun leumadh am bradan
 Bho dhèabhadh an aigeil le lùth-chleas;

Sir Iain nan caisteal
 Thar fograidh 'thigh'nn dachaidh
 Gu mor bhaile Shasuinn,
 'S a bhanruinn ga ghlacadh
 Le caoimhneas bu cheart d'i;
 'S cha bu traoiteir air aiteam
 Do dh-oighre no 'fhaction a crûin-s' e.

'S ann 'chaill iad na bh' aca
 De dh-earasaid fharsuing
 Leis gach tionndadh 'bha tachairt;
 'N Inbhircheitein thuit Eachann,

Agus mìle mu 'bhrataich,
 Gun tioma, gun taise;
 Foill Hòbrun 's nam marcach 'thug cùis diu.

'N ti so dh' fhalbh bhuainn air bhadhal
 'S nach d' fhag brathair no athair,
 'S daor a cheannaich e 'm fabhar
 Thug rìgh Seumas da grathunn.
 Threig e 'chinneadh mor flathail
 Dha 'n robh oighreachd is taighean,
 Ragh e 'm fògar seach aighear a dhuthcha.

An Raon-Ruairidh air brughach
 Bha do reiseimeid subhach
 'S tu-fein maille riutha;
 'S iomadh gruaidh 'bu ghlan rughadh
 'Dol 'nan n-armaibh 's 'nan n-uidhim
 Ann an toiseach do shiubhail,
 'Thoir fìos fuathais gu buidhinn an diumba.

Ged a b' og thu 'n Dun-Chaillinn
 'S e do ghnìomh nach robh clannail;
 'S ann a dhearbhu thu 'bhi fearail,
 Chuir thu geard a chuill chlannaich
 Rì aodann a bhaile;
 Ged thuit pairt diu gun anam,
 Chuir iad aitreabh nan Gallaibh 'na smùdan.

Cha chualas gu minic
 Ann an seanachas no 'm flidh
 Gun robh duthaich no cinneadh
 Riamh 's a chàs 's a bheil sinne,
 Gun fhear pairte no spionnaidh
 Ann an aite no 'n ionad;
 Sinn gun rìgh, gun cheann-cinnidh, gun
 duthaich.

'S fad o cheil' iad air bhadhal
 Gach fear treun a chur catha,
 A b' fhearr feum leis a chlaidheabh.—

Dh' fhalbh am buachaille ra mhath,
 Dha 'n robh caoimhneas is ceannas,
 'S dh' fhag e 'threud fo throm eallach,
 Gun fhear gleidhidh, no faire, no stiuridh

Dh' fhalbh ar n-aighear air fad bhuainn,
 'S sinn mar luirich a bhaigeir,
 Air a tilgeadh air cladach,
 'Na cuis bhùirt agus mhagaidh,
 Is gun chlàd d' i, ga pailtead,
 Gun làn cheud de luchd-tagraidh,
 'S iad ga reubadh, 's ga sgapadh, 's ga
 spùinneadh.

Ged is trom leinn an stràc sin,
 Thoill ar peacannan barr air.
 Gun robh pobull 's an Eipheit,
 'Bha fo bhruid aig rìgh Fàro,
 'S nuair a chaidh iad do' n fhasach
 Is a chaochail iad gnàthan
 Fhuair iad comhfhurtachd aghmhor bho'n
 sgiursadh.

Nam pilleamaid fhathast,
 Le cridheachan matha,
 Bharr iomrall an rathaid
 Bu shoirbh do Rìgh Fhlaithis
 Gach smal a th' air laigh' oirnn
 Gu tur dhinn a chrathadh,
 'S gum b' ionmhuinn le'r n-athair ar n-umh-
 lachd.

Ged tha sinne fo aimheal
 An déidh Mhic-Gilleain,
 'S beag an t-ainm e ri 'labhairt
 Seach fògradh nam flaithean
 Dha 'n robh crun agus cathair,
 Beirt a's uamharr' ri amharc,
 'S gur a seirbhe e na 'n gabhann ri 'iomradh.

Ma 's a firinn ri 'labhairt
 Gur h-e Seumas a's athair
 Do na Phrionns' a th' air faighian,
 Ge b'e thionnsgainn ri daithean
 'Chur air og anns a chreathail,
 Tha mi 'n duil gun dig latha
 A bheir luchd a ghnìomh' ghrathail gu
 cunntas.

'S mairg am Breatunn a thàrlas
 Nuair thig diogh'ltas a phaigheadh
 Luchd na foille 's an ardain;
 Ghearr iad muineal rìgh Tearlach
 Air fìor bheagan de dh-àbhar
 Chuir iad Seumas air ànradh,
 'S ghabh iad Uilleam is Mairi d'an ionnsuidh.

Gu bheil Britheamh 'sna neamhan
 'Tha 'toirt teisteanais araid
 Gur h-e fein dha'n robh càs dhiu;—
 Chaochail sìantan is laithean,
 Bhrùchd gach torran gu saibhir,
 'S tha gach duine na's fhearr dheth
 Bho na thachair do'n Bhanruinn so'crunadh.

Earasaid, a square of tartan cloth worn over the shoulders. Badhal, wandering. Clannach, hanging in locks. Aimheal, vexation. Gabhann, gall.

It was commonly but erroneously supposed that Prince James was not the son of James II. and his wife. The Prince was born in 1688, a few months before his father's abdication. Queen Anne was crowned in 1702. Sir John Maclean

returned from France in 1703. Queen Anne conferred a pension of £500 sterling a year upon him. This pension he enjoyed during the remainder of his life.

An Sugradh.

Thoir fìos bhuam gu Anndra,
 'S na dearmaid 'innseadh tràth,
 Mo chompanach uasal
 Ro shuaire, is bu chubhaidh dha,
 Ma's fath leis gu gruaman
 An suairceas a dhol mu làr,
 Gu bheil leannan 'bu ghaol leis
 Air caochladh 's air faotuinn bàis.

Bha uair ann 's bu ehliuiteach
 'S an duthaich so anns gach àit,
 Macnas gun droch dhùrachd,
 An sugradh 's an fheala-dha,
 A mheadhail is a mhuirn,
 O 'm bu shunndach an duine slan;
 'N diugh tha gach aon 'bheir ùidh dhaibh
 Air a chunntas mar dhuine-bàth.

An Aros laghach shuas ud,
 Bha uair a chunnaic mi e,
 Bhiodh comh-theanal uaislean,
 'S cha b' shuarach mo chuid-s' de'n tràth.
 Bhiodh Sir Ailein 'sa chluain sin
 'S a shluagh fein am fagus da,
 'S bhiodh an oidhch' a b' fhuaire
 'S a chuantal sinn leinn ro ghearr.

Nuair 'thigeadh an luchd-sugraidh,
 An cuil cha chuireadh siad iad;

'S ann 'bhitheadh iad gle mhuirneach
 Fagus d' an seomraichean ard.
 Bhiodh meas ac' air na h-orain,
 S bu sholasach deth na baird;
 Is bhiodh luchd-falbh na h-Eireann
 Gle ghleidhte le féil' an làmh.

Nuair 'dh'fhalbhadh an geamhradh
 'S 'thigeadh an samhradh oirnn blath,
 Rachamaid thar chuantan
 Dh'amharc air ar cairdean graidh.
 Ruigeadh iad Sir Seumas
 An Slèit on 's e 'b' fhaisg' air laimh,
 'S bheireadh iad greis eibhinn
 Air sgeulachdan 's ol mu'n chlar.

B' e a shamhailt ceudna
 Aige fein 'gheibhteadh mar ghnaths,
 Còmhlain is long ghleusda
 Leis an reubt' sruthan is sail.
 Bhiodh a bhràthair fein ann,
 Gilleasbuig 'bu gheir' na cach;
 'S ged thigeadh na ceudan,
 'S e-fein fear-cuideachd a b' fhearr.

Cha 'n fhanadh an luchd-sugraidh
 An aon aite fad an tamh
 Gum b' i 'n imrich uaibhreach e
 Gluasad an uin' cho gearr:
 Ruigeadh iad mac Ruiridh
 Nan cuach 's nan cupachan lan,
 'S b' i mhala gun ghruaman e,
 Uachdaran an deagh ghnaiths.

Nuair 'chruinnicheadh siol Olaghair
 Bu stoirmealach meadhail an ghnaiths;
 Gheibheadh luchd an fhalbhain
 Gu soirbh bhuath gean math is daimh.
 Cha 'n fnaicteadh iad air chorra-ghleus
 Le doilgheas 's biodag nan laimh;

'S ann 'bhiodh iad subhach sò-ghradhach
Le moran comuinn is graidh

Gur deacair air an t-saoghal
Luchd-baoiridh a dhol mu lar;
Gach neach le neart a ghairdein
Tha saothreachadh arain do ghnath
Tha da thrìan de'n t-saoghal
A saòilsinn gur h-e rud a 's fearr;
Ach Caiptin Chlann Raonail,
Cha d' chaochail e 'bharail ard.

Tha iorghnadh air na ceudan
Cia 'n reusan mu'n d'ug e 'ghradh
Do na leannain bheusach-s'
'Tha déidheil trioblaideach dha,
An nair' agus an fhelle
Le cheile 's am pailteas laimh';
Ban-seirbhisich neo-ghleidhteach
An teirm bhith 'togail a mhàil.

Chi mi mar cheum trocair
D' Mhac-Dhomhnaill an aignidh aird
Na dilleachdain 's na deoiridh
A chomhnadh 's a dhion le baigh,
Bhon tha Sir Iain air fogradh,
Sir Domhnall an Glaschu 'na thàmh,
'S gun oighre Mhic-Leoid
Ach ag ol a bhrochain a spàin.

'S dream dhligheil dha fhein iad
Nach feud e leigeadh mu lar,
'S bha iad fo mheas glé mhor
Aig geugaibh gineil a fhreumh'.
Dh 'fhag cach e 'na onrachd
'S na seoid so 'nan dileab dha,
Mar bha Oisein 's na cleirich
'N deidh Fheinn an tìr Innis Fàil.

The Gilleasbuig referred to was the Ciaran Mabach. Ailein Muideartach. Caiptin Chlann-Raonaill, was one of the most popular chiefs in the Highlands. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins. Norman Macleod, chief of the Macleods, Siol Olaghair, died in 1706. His son and heir, who was also named Norman, was born a few months after his death. This is the oighre Mhic-Leoid referred to.

Sir Allan Maclean of Duart died in 1674. It is evident from the third verse that the poet must have been then at least twenty years of age.

Oran

A rinn am Bard air dha a chluinntinn gun
robh Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain ri fuireach anns an
Fhraing.

Fonn.—'Fhir a bhàta ne ho ro éile.

Tha mi am chadal 's gur tim dhomh dusgadh
Mu Shìr Iain nan lann 's nan luireach;
Gu bheil do chairdean fo mhoran curaim
Nach faic iad sabhailt air lar do dhuthch' thu.

Faill ill o ro, tha sinn fo mhulad,
Tha ar cridhe mar luaidh air truimid;
Fàth ar call' is ar campalr uile
An stad s' tha thall bhuainn air ceann nam
Mulleach.

'S truagh an sgeul so tha daoine 'g ràitinn,
'S a bhrùchd a nall oirnn le peann is paipeir,—
Gun dainig finid air gnìomh ro araid,
Air cinnèdh rioghail, fìor-ghlic stàtail.

A Chlann-Chilleain gun robh sibh ainmeil;
Fine fiachail nam piosan airgid:
Gur h- iomadh Dùbh-Ghall nach b' fhiu a shean-
achas
A chaidh gu uir leibh le luths 'ur geala-ghlac.

Craobh ur sinnsribh cha chrìon a thainig;
Bha fiosan sgeil sin aig geur luchd-seanachais;—
Gum b' fhòlachd rìgh sibh bho chrìch na Spàine,
De sliochd Ghatélis nan éuchdan dana.

Ghin deth-san uaislean 'bha buadhach, ainmeil;
B' ann diu mic Mhìli nan gnìomh ro chalma;
Chog iad ri Eirinn le treine 'n laimhe,
Is thug iad puice de thriuir mhac Earmuin.

Cha-n fhógnadh baothachd no draoidheachd
sheana chleas
Gu 'n cur air chul bhuath', cha b' fhiu leo 'n
dealbh sin;
Ach cogadh dian, cruaidh, gun sìth, gun tear-
mad,
Gu onair gnìomha, no dìth an anama.

Air sliochd Erimhain euchdaich, ainmeil,
Bha uaislean gleusda, fìr threuna, calma;
B' ionnan duibh-se 's do 'n linn 'tha'n seanachas,
'S lean ruibh de'n dualchas 'bhith cruaidh air
armaibh.

Air teachd an déidh sin duibh 'n iar do dh-
Albain
Bu mhor 'ur fòirneart le 'r dòidibh garbha,
Gus 'n duc Mac-Dhomhnaill duibh còir bu
daigne

Air rioghachd na Dreallainn 's air mor nì 'dh-
anbharr.

Bu cheannard buadhach, uasal, ainmeil,
Eachann ruatharach ruadh nan garbh chath :
Airson a ghluasaid bha fuath nan Gall ris,
'S gun dug e àr orra 'm blar Chath Ghairbhich.

Am mac a dh' fhag e bha 'ghnaths mar leogh-
ann,
Aig Iarla Màr bha freumh an sgeoil sin ;
Thug e comhdhail da -san air lar Strath-
Lòchaidh,
'S rinn e sìth bhreugach gun eudach còmhdaich.

Lean 'ruibh deagh bheusan, 's gur h-e 'chuir
sios sibh
'Bhith leis a chrun, is gach cuis gur diobradh.
Thuit Eachann Ruadh ann an Inbhir-Chìtein
Agus seachd ceud fear de threun fhuil dirich.

Ged bha 'n sgeula sin trom le doruinn,
Cha-n e an drasda a 's àbhar broin duinn ;
Ach 'n ti a dh' fhag sinn 's a chaidh air fogradh,
'S a leth rìgh Séumas a threig an Dreallainn.

Rug froiseadh garbh oirnn le gailbheinn shian-
tan ;
Aig meud a chall duinn cha b' arbhar shiol e ;
Bu chruinneachd poir e gun fhotus sgiamhachd,
Ar cuirm, ar sògh e, ar ceol 's ar fion e.

Tha sinn mar threud 'bhiodh fo thearmunn
mi-ghleidht',
Gun neach fo 'n ghrein duinn mar sgeith gar
dideann ;
Mar ealta sleibh sinn gan teum le liontaibh
'S nach fan aon te dhiu air ceud fear-spionaidh.

Is truagh gach la dheth ar càs r'a innse;
 Mar bhall de dh-arcas air traigh ga shior-ruith,
 Gun neach 'toirt baigh dha bho ard gu iosal,
 Ach buille bhàrach o laimh gach aon fhir.

A Rìgh nan dul 'tha gun tus, gun fhinid,
 A nì 'reir t' ailleis neach ard no iosal;
 Ge clann gun umhlachd bho thus ar linn' sinn
 Na leag do lamh oirnn le stràc na's dìne.

Mar choillged tha sinn 's a barr air crìonadh,
 Gun mheas, gun bhlath oirnn, ach tair is
 diobradh,
 Thoir caochladh bheus duinn fo shéul do shio-
 chaint,
 'S na sgath dhìot fein sinn mar gheugan crìona.

Le tuigse mhàthrail do'n gnath 'bhith fìor lag,
 Cha dù do Ghall airde bheann a dhìreadh:—
 Ach, och, ma rainig sinn ceann ar crìche,
 Gur h-àbhar broin agus doruinn crìdh' e.

According to the poet, Lachlan Bron-
 nach commanded the Macleans at the
 battle of Inverlochy in 1431. According
 to the Ardgour MS. they were com-
 manded by John Dubh, his brother.

Oran

A rinneadh an uair a dh' fhalbh Sir Iain Mac Gilleain a Muile mu dheireadh.

'S an Dreallainn thà air iomad fàth
N fir 's na mnai fo thursa,
Mu'n ti so chuaidh do Shasunn bhuainn
D'a bheil an uaisle ghiulain.
Tha sinn ad dheidh mar ian air gheig,
Air cridh' am pein fo churam ; !
'S cha-n fhaicear deud le gair air beul
'S an dig do sgeul as ur oirnn-

Gur truagh 'nad dheidh 'tha gruaime nan speur,
Gun teas 's a ghrein bu dù dh'i;
Gun samhradh fein no curs' a bheus'
Ach mar aimsir gheir na dulachd;
Gun mheas air crann, gun fheur ach gann,
Gun chubhag ann, gun smùdan;
Gun sealg nam beann ri 'faotuin ann,
Gun damh 's a ghleann ri buirein.

Gur moch Di-mairt a chaidh thu t' ardraich
'Falbh bharr lair do dhùthcha;
Bu truagh a bha gach tonn 's gach tràigh
Is coslas craidh is turs' orr'.
Chaidh 'ghaoth air ghleus an sin gu d' theum
Gu h-ealamh, eutrom, sunndach,
Gun fheum air neart nan loach bhith leat,
Ach aon fhear-beirt gu stiùireadh.

Ged chaidh air thuras fir Alb' uile
'S ged dh' fhag iad Lunnainn dùmhail,
'S e fàth ar mulaid ceann nam Muileach,
Dha'n robh a chulaidh dhiubhail.
Gum facas uair thu, ri Raon-Ruairidh,
Nach d' fhuair luchd t' fhuatha pùic dhiot;
Bu treur do gheard a dol 's a t'hlair
Ged dh' fhalbh thu 'n drasd le aon fhear.

Cha b' dual do d' bhànuinn air aon àbhar
 'Bhith 'na namhàid diomb' dhuit,
 'S gun seanachas dhaoine riamh r'a fhaotuinn
 Gur dream 'chlaon air crùin sibh:
 Gun aon aobhar dhuit ri 'fhaotuinn
 Aig luchd-gaoil no diomba,
 Ach falbh le h-athair do'n Fhraing air bhadhal,
 'S b' e sud an athais shùghail.

Bu mhor an luigheachd thug thu bhuaite
 Airson na fhuair thu chuirte air,
 Cinneadh greadhnach, feachdail, daonnach,
 Fearann saor is duthaich:
 An t'anam féin 'bha staigh ad chre,
 Chaidh sud 's na ceudan cunnart;
 D'a shlochd bhith 'm fuath cha 'n fhaighear
 bhuaite,
 Cha robh e 'n dual no dù dhuite.

Rinn coill' is machair caoimh ri Eachann
 'Chionn gum bu ghasd am flur e,
 Mar umhlachd dhò fo bhonn a bhrog
 Bha fear na foid a lubadh;
 'S 'n ar fianais fein gu grad ag eirigh
 'Suas gu h-eutrom, driuchdmhor,
 'S b' i barail threun gach duine gheir
 Gur falbh 'na dheidh 'bu run leis.

An talla comhnuidh 'n robh do sheorsa
 Riamh gu ceolmhor, muirneach,
 Tha 'n eideadh broin gun aoibhneas dhò
 Fo fhuaim nan stòp aig Dubh-Ghail:
 Nuair fhuair e steach e leum e 'dh-aiteas
 Air leis gum b' chaisteal ur e;
 Bha chlachan snaidht air caochladh snais,
 Cho bàn ri caille ri aon trath.

An Ti rinn ceann duibh air bhur rann,
 'S sibh tric fo ainneart spuinidh,
 Nuair chi e 'n t-am g' ur cur a nall

Gum bheud, gun chall, gun chunnart!
 Bu sibh ar sogh, ar cuirm, ar ceol,
 Ar blaths, ar n-ol 's ar n-ur rës;
 Bu sibh gu deimhinn ar miann 's ar leannan
 'S ar dion 's gach aindheoin cuise.

Nan abradh neach nach fheil so ceart,
 Cha'n iarrainn dad bu mhù dha
 Na tigh'nn fo chall mar tha sinn ann,
 Gun rìgh, gun cheann, gun duthaich.
 Ach chi mi 'glanath gur fìor ri ràdh,
 Ge bristeadh aithn' bho thus e,
 Gur beag a's cradh le neach tha slàn
 Mar chneidh d'a nàbaidh 'mhùire.

Marbhrann

Do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain, a chaochail 'sa
 bhliadhna 1716.

Iomchair mo bheannachd
 Gu baintighearna Hamara,
 Bean 's a bheil barrachd
 De charantachd nadair.
 Chunnaic mise gu dligheach
 A suilean ri snighe,
 Si 'g aireamb mar mhi-agh,
 Sir Iain gar fagail.
 Bha doruinn a cridhe
 Cho mora ga ruighinn,
 'S mar gum biodh e air tighinn
 Bho dhearbh nighinn a mhathar.
 Gu cuimhneachan sgeula
 'Bhith tamull 'na dheidh air,
 Thug Mairearad na féile
 Spor gheur do 'n fhear-dhana.

Nach ionghnadh ri chlaistinn
 Gu bheil mise o chionn fada
 Ri turraclairnich cadail
 Is m' acaid ro chraiteach.
 Tha cneidh air mò ghiulan,
 Tha mi leisg air a dusgadh,
 Air eagal le 'burach
 Gun ùraich i 'm bàs dhomh.
 Gidheadh cha sgeul ruin e,
 Ach sgeul a 's mor curam,
 Sir Iain gun dusgadh
 An dluth chiste chlaran.
 B'e sin ar fras dhumhail
 'Mhill arn-abhall 's ar n-ubhlan;
 Rinn e dosgainn 'bu mhu dhuinn,
 Chuir e 'm flùr bharr a ghàraidh.

B' e-fein ar crann dosrach
 A chomhdaich le 'choslas
 Gur coilltichean solta
 'N d' fhas toiseach a fhreumbachd;
 Gun droigheann, gun chrionach,
 Gun chritheann, gun chrion-fhas,
 Ach geugan ro phriseil
 De dh-fhion-fhuil na Spaine.
 Bha fios aig luchd-leughaidh
 'S aig seanachaidhean geur'
 Air bhur teachd o Ghatélus,
 As an Eipheit a thainig;
 Sliochd mhilidhean treuna,
 'Fhuair ceannas na h-Eireann,
 Mar bha Eber na feile
 Agus Eremon dàna.

Bhon ghin sibh o Scòta,
 Bha buadhan bhur còrdais
 A dearbhadh 's a comhdach
 Am pòr as an d' fhas sibh.
 Far an gabhadh sibh comhnuidh,

Bu leibh ceannas na foid sin
 Le iomracain còrach,
 'S le moralachd stàta.
 Air bhur teachd air an t-seol sin
 A crìochaibh na Fòdhla
 Fhuair sibh ceannas na Dreallainn
 Is moran a bharr air;
 Ciad nigheann Mhic-Dhomhnaill
 Aig Lachainn bha pòsda,
 'S b'e a sheanaileir comhraig,
 'Chiad tòiseach is 'armunn.

Bhon shuidhich sibh luchairt,
 Bha dh' ailleachd 'nur n-ur-fhras
 'S gur h-ìomdach duthaich
 'Bh' air a cuinneadh le pairt dheth.
 Bha dh' airde 'nur giubhsaich
 'S nach dugadh each puic dhibh,
 'S nach bu tric le luchd-diumba
 A lùbadh le taire.
 'S e 'n rud a thug sgiurs oirbh
 Gum bu dileas do n' chrùn sibh,
 'S gum b'e dlighe bhur duthchais
 Bhith 'san iul dhe 'm biodh iadsan.
 Ged bha sin anns an tim sin
 'Na mhìos 's na mhor mhìsean,
 Tha e 'nis gu truagh, lionte,
 Daor, tri-fillte paighte.

Tha sean-fhacal eil' ann
 'Tha cho fìor 's mar a their iad,
 Ge b'e neach air am beir i,
 Tha chreach dheireannach craiteach.
 Ged tha sinne 'geur-acain
 Na dh' fhalbh o chionn fad oirnn,
 Bhiodh ar duil ri bhith beirteach
 Nam biodh againn na dh' fhag sinn.
 Ach tha ar nadar cho truagh
 Is nach faic sinn ar buannachd,

'S nach leir math an fhuarain
 Gus an uair sin an traigh e.
 Tha e 'nis na ni soilleir
 D'ar nàbaidhnean comuinn,
 Gùn d' bhristeadh mar phronnaig
 Gàradh-droma nan Gaidheal.

'Fhir ghasda gun chrìne,
 'Bha ainmeil 's gach rioghachd,
 'S cha bu tric do luchd-mìoruin
 Ann an innseadh no 'n aireamh;
 Bu chompanach rìgh thu,
 Fear meannach mor priseil,
 'S cha bhiodh tu fo dhiobradh,
 Ach am prìsealachd stàta.
 An cogadh luchd-strìthe
 Cha robh masl' ort ri 'innseadh,
 Ghleidh thu onair do shinnsre,
 'S ann a mhiadaich thu 'n aird i.
 Cha robh thu, cha b' fhiach leat,
 A falbh fo bhrat fillte,
 Fàdar am bhith 'nad mhionar
 Is fìnid do laithean.

Bu mhor air gach achd thu,
 Bu mhor thu ri t' fhaicinn,
 Bu mhor thu 'nad phearsa,
 'Nad ghasdachd 's na t' ailleachd;
 Bha thu mor anns gach miadachd,
 Bha thu mor gu bhith rioghail,
 Bha thu mor airson ionnracais
 Firinn is cairdis.
 Bha thu mor airson diulnais,
 'S bha thu mor gu bhith sùgach,
 Bha thu mor an deagh ghiulan
 An cuirteanaibh arda;
 Bha thu mor ann am misnich,
 Bha thu mor ann an gliocas,
 'S bha thu mor gun cheist idir
 'N sar ghibhtean do nadair

Nam b' aithne dhomh innseadh,
 Bha e mor anns an rioghachd,
 Ann am fòlachd gun islid
 'S an lionmhorachd chairdean.
 Le seanachas na firinn
 Bho thoiseach a linne,
 B'e-fein 's Iarla Seaforth
 Slìochd dìreach 'n da bhrathar;
 Is triath Ghlinne-Garadh
 An dluth-cheangal fala,
 'S e cho dian air a cheangal
 'S nache sgaradh a b' aill leo;
 Air leantuinn o 'n tìm sin,
 Gun mhiosguinn, gun mhiorun,
 Mar gun deanadh fear-innleachd
 A sgriobhadh air paipeir.

Nam biodh e r 'a fhuasgladh
 O'n bhas a thug buaidh air,
 Gur h-iomad fear cruadail
 A ghluaiseadh 'na àbhar;
 'N t-ainm coitcheanta mor sin,
 Ris an abrar Clann-Domhnaill
 Bho thoiseach an còrdais,
 'S iad bu phor d'a cheud mhathair;
 Agus uaislean nan Leodach.
 'Thaobh fala agus feola,
 Mar lànain ur phòsda
 Leis 'm bu deonach bhith gradhach;
 Chunna mise, mo phuthar!
 An gruaidhean air dubhadh,
 Mar gun deanadh sar phiuthar
 Geur chumha m' a brathair.

Cuim am fagainn an di-chuimhn'
 Dream eile de 'dhislibh?
 Bha na cinn 'bu mho prìs dhiu
 Ro dhileas am pairt dha;
 Fir ghasda gun chhrine

'Bha measail 'san rioghachd,
 Mar bha 'n cinneadh mor lionmhor sin
 'Shiolaich o Bhàncho.
 O thoiseach an dualchais
 Cha robh smal air an cruadal,
 Ach 'm beagan beag suarach
 So 'fhuaradh an drasd dhaibh.
 'S e 'n t-àbhar a's olc leam
 Nach'e 'n gnìomh-san 'bha lochdach,
 Ach an dearbhadh mi-fhortain
 'Bha o thoiseach 'san àbhar.

Bu cheart sheanachas 's cha tagradh,
 'Thaobh folachd is caidrimh,
 Gun innsinn gun mhearachd
 Dhuit Caiptin Chlann-Ra'ill;
 Do chos-nàbaidh taitneach,
 'S do chompanach leapa,
 'N am marcachd is astair,
 'S nuair 'stadadh am mearsal;
 Bha thu 't fhianuis air sìleadh
 A chreuchdan chò mire
 Rì bras easraich pinne,
 'S a spiorad ga fhagail;
 Is uaislean a dhuthcha
 Rì caoidhearan tursach,
 'S an cridh' air a chiurradh
 Mu mhuirnein nan Gaidheal.

'Thaobh dlighe agus dualchais
 Bu dìleas mu d' ghuailibh
 Mac-Neill o na cuantaibh
 'S 'dhaoin' uaisle gun taire.
 Nu air 'dh' eireadh bhur trioblaid
 'S ann gu t' ionnsuidh-sa thigeadh e
 Le iarrras cho bige
 Rì litir do laimhe.
 Chunnaic mise gu soilleir,
 Gun tarcuais air comunn,

Iad le 'n càbhlaichibh troma
 Teachd 'nad choinnimh a dh-Aros.
 'Nuair a tharladh tu riutha,
 Mar thriath 's mar cheann-uibhe,
 Dheanadh fiontan iad subhach,
 'S bhiodh iad buidheach ga t' fhagail.

Mar fhrideam d'a fhlaithneas,
 B' ann de ranntanaibh matha
 Mac-Fhionghain an t-Sratha,
 Cha ghabhadh e fàth air.
 Ann an almsir na ruagail
 Nuair a thigeadh luchd fuatha,
 B' e chompanach sluaigh e
 Nuair a ghluasteadh leis armuinn.
 Bha iadsan 'san tim sin
 Gun mhasla, gun mhi-chliu,
 Ann am fochair a shinnsre
 Le gnìomharan dana.
 Ach on chaochail iad cleachdadh
 As an aite bu cheart daibh,
 Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair
 Dhaibh am batailte Mhàra.

Ach 's e raghainn a ni mi,
 Bheir mi 'ghloir so gu finid,
 'S nach gliocas no crìonachd
 Dhomb 'mhiad 's 'tha mi 'g raitinn;
 Gur a fionn-fheachd 'san tim s' sibh
 Ann an aireamh, nan innsinn
 Nuair a bha sibh gun dìobradh
 'Nur miad is 'nur n-airde.
 Eadar Sgalpa 's Caol Ile,
 Ged a b' fharsuinn na crìochan,
 Bha roinn de gach tìr dhiu
 Fo chis dhuibh a paigheadh.
 'Nis on thuit na stuic fhion-fhuil,
 Ris an abairteadh rìghrean,

Tha na geugan 'bu dillse dhaibh
Air crionadh nan àbhar.

Spor, excitement, stirring up. Solta, sult-mhor, fat, fertile, comely. Cordas, agreement. Fodhla, an ancient name of Ireland. Dreallainn, a name applied by the poets to the island of Mull. Tòiseach, a leader. Giusach, a pine forest, a flag-pole. Pàic, tribute, bribe. Mionar, the English word minor, a youth under twenty-one. Fòlachd, extraction, origin by blood. Miosguinn, malice, grudge. Easraich or esaraich, the boiling of a pool where a cascade falls; the rushing of liquid through a hole made in a cask or churn. Muirnean, a dearly beloved person. Frideam, support. Flaitheas, chiefship, rule, dominion. Milsean, anything sweet. Fionn-fheachd, a small body of men.

Margaret, eldest daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich, was married to William Macleod, third of Hamar. She is the Baintigherna Hamara and Meararad nafeile of the poem. She had strongly urged the poet to compose the elegy: thug i “spor gheur do’n fhear-dhana.” Gatelus, Gathelus the fabulous ancestor of the Gaidels. Milidh, Milesius, a descendant of Gathelus. Eber and Eremon, sons of Milesius, who conquered Ireland and divided the country between them. The Macleans, Macdonalds, and other Argyleshire clans were looked upon as descendants of these imaginary heroes. Lachlan

Lubanach Maclean of Duart, married Mary, daughter of John Macdonald, first Lord of the Isles, in the year 1366. The Lord of the Isles gave him the next place to himself in point of honor and appointed him his lieutenant-general in time of war. Mary Macdonald is the person referred to in the expression: 'S iad bu phor d'a chiad mhathair. Sir John's mother was a daughter of Macleod of Dunvegan. Bancho, the Banquo of Shakespeare's Macbeth. It was held at one time that the Stewarts are descended from him through his son Fleance. As a matter of fact they are descended from a Norman named Alan who came over to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and settled in Shropshire, England. Walter, Alan's second son, settled in Renfrew, Scotland, and was appointed Steward of Scotland, an office which became hereditary in his family. The correct form of the name is Stewart, not Steuart or Stuart. It was firmly believed in Iain Mac Ailein's day that the Macleans and the Mackenzies are descended from two brothers, Gilleain and Caillein. It is now well known that they are not. Ailein Muideratach, "muirnein nan Gaidheal," was killed at Sheriff-

muir. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins and intimate companions. The Macneils of Barra, the Macquarries of Ulva, and the Mackinnons as a general rule, followed Maclean of Duart. At Sheriffmuir the Mackinnons were with the Macdonalds of Sleat. The poet complains of the change they had made. He tells them that they were “gun mhasladh gun mhiachliu” whilst they followed the ancestors of Sir John.

Air Fogradh Nan Cocups.

Beir an t-soraidh so bhuamsa
 Gu bard ruadh Thota-Raonail;
 Nuair bha 'n aimsir an tus aig
 'S ro mhath dhuisgeadh e aoireadh.
 'N rud nach taitneadh ri 'shuilean
 Dheanteadh bùrdan beag faoin deth;
 'S nuair a chreict' e ri uaislibh
 Bhiodh a dhuais na 's leoir daoraid.

Ach mu'n rud s' chuir ort miotlachd,
 Mar tha 'n cirein s' th' air mnathaibh,
 B' fhearr e thall an Duneideann,
 'S ro bheag 'fheum 'Chlann-Ghilleain.
 'S ann air leamsa bu choir dhaibh
 Aodach broin b' i ga chaitheamh,
 'S gur a minig tha foirneart
 Aig an seòrsa ga fhaighinn.

'S ann tha fearg air na dùilibh
 Ris 'n fhasan ur ud gu dearbha;

Tha na siontan air caochladh
 Ri linn daoine ga leanmhuinn.
 Cha'n fheil meas air na crannaibh,
 'S cha'n fheil toradh 'san arbhar,
 Cha d' fhan iasg air a chladach,
 'S cha'n fheil tacar 'san fhairge.

Cha'n ionghnadh leam sroiltean
 Air mnathaibh coir' agus pearluinn,
 Agus musalìn riomhach,
 Ge daor r'a dhiol sin air feilltean;
 Ach na broileinean anairt
 'Bhith air cailinn na spreidhe,
 'Dol do bhuaile no mhainnir,
 'S culaidh fhanaid gu léir e.

Nuair bha aimsir an aigh ann
 Cha'n e 'n riomhadh bu bheus daibh,
 Ach mnai uaisle nan Gaidheal,
 A plaide bhan is a breidibh,
 'Sgapadh arain is caise
 Air ceann ard uirigh-séise,
 'S cupa ròsach math laidir
 Ga thoirt d' an cairdibh mar fheusda.

'Righ, bu taitneach bhith làmh riu
 Mu thim taimh agus eirigh!
 Bhiodh ac' meadhail is mánran
 Agus càrran air theudaibh.
 Ghabh iad toghaidh de 'n nàire,
 Chuir iad gnaths anns an fhéile;
 'S bhiodh am bonn aig luchd-siubhail,
 Eagal gutha no beuma.

'S e a chi mi an àite sin
 An drasd aca currackd,
 Agus semincleith gòrach
 'N dealbh cleoc' air a chumadh.
 Cha bhi chridh' aig an oglach
 Eideadh clòth' chur mu 'mhuineal,

No a bhoineid a phaigh e
 'Chur 'nan lathair mu 'mhullach.

Bidh iad-fein ann an seombar,
 Gun fhacal comhraidh ach Beurla,
 Gun aon dùile fo 'n chruinne
 Aig an duin' ach a chéile;
 Bidh an seipein beag leanna
 'N cois an aingil air eibhlibh;
 'S iad gun chomunn, gun choisir,
 Ach ga ol air a cheile.

Beiridh ise air an sgathan,
 'S theid i lamh-ris an uinneig,
 'S a cocup air a chàradh
 'Cheart cho ard 's a tha 'n Lunnainn.
 Beiridh e-san air leabhar,
 'S beag a thoghaidh d'a ghunna;
 'S nuair a thig air a namhaid,
 'S seirbh dhá 'lamb 'chur 'na mhuineal.

Nuair a bhios a luchd-fuatha
 A tigh'nn cruaidh air le eucoir,
 'S e gun duine n'a ghualainn
 Ach aon bhuachaille spreidhe,
 Their e, 's dorran ga chaitheamh,
 " Bu ghlic m'athair 's mo mhathair,
 Chuir iad ùida 'san luchde-taighe
 Seal mum faigheadh neach fàth orr'.

Ach a bhaintighearnan ùra,
 Bu mhath 'n cliu dhuibh sar ghliocas;
 'S gun 'chur air earball bhur còta
 'N rud bu choir dhuibh 'bhith 'g itheadh;
 Gun 'chur an satin, no 'n tàbi,
 No am faine, no 'n ribin
 'N rud a chuireadh bhur fearann
 Ann am barrachd de thrioblaid.

Na gabhaibh iomadaidh sannta
 Air 'bhith Gallta bhon dh' fheudas,

'S na biodh bhur dùil ris gach seorsa
 'Bhios air bhordaibh Dhuneideann.
 Ma bhios blas meal' air gach aon mhir,
 Is gach aon deoch d'a reir sin,
 'S gann nach faicear gun toghaidh
 Gum bi 'n t ogha air ann déiric.

It is almost certain that the poet meant by Bard Ruadh Thota-Raonail is Lachainn Mac-Mhic-Iain. This makes it probable that Lachainn Mac-Mhic-Iain was a son of John Roy of Totaranald, second son of John Garbh, eighth of Coll.

Oran

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.

Air sgéith na maidne 's luaithe,
 Gu tuath their mo bheannachd bhuam
 A dh-ionnsuidh 'n fhir nach fuath leam
 Gu 'uaisle, Fear Thalascgair,
 'S e mheudaich dhomh mo ghradh ort
 Do ghnaths 'dhol ri t' ath'realachd;
 'S gum faic do mhuinntir fein,
 Ann am dheidh-s', thu bhith maireannach,
 Gheibht' a t' fhardaich mùir is manran
 'S piob da laimh gu callanach;
 Flath is feusda 's ol d'a reir sin
 Aig luchd feum' is aithnichean.
 Bhiodh gleadhraich stòp ri lionadh chorn
 Is fion ga ol a searragaibh;
 Re seal duinn air a ghleus sin

Bhiodh dith ceill air fear-eiginn,
 Bhiomaid mar sud, bhiomaid mar sud,
 Bhionaid mar sud is deimhinn leam;
 Ag ol gu tric, ag ol gu tic
 Gun ol, gun mhisg, gun mhearaichinn
 Gun sgainneal bhreug ga chur an geill,
 Gun chomradh breun no balachail;
 'S bu tric a liubhairt phog iad
 Le ro ghradh 's le carthannachd.

Fhuair thu ragha céile
 Do d' reir fein 's gur math leam sin;
 Anns a bheil beachd is geire
 Le céill is le banalachd.
 Cha dean mi facal breige,
 B' e m' eudach is m' anart i;
 Is fhad 's a rinn mi cuairt leat
 A gruaman cha d' fhairich mi.
 Gu bheil thu glic air iomad beachd,
 Cha'n fhaod mi mheas gur amaid thu;
 Tha thu baigheil, caoimhneil, cairdeil,
 Thlasmhor, daimheil, carthannach.
 Beud no lochd cha'n aiream ort,
 'S gur airidh bhoich is bheannachd thu;
 'S gur cridheil ri am feum' thu
 Gu feusd' thoirt do dh-aithnichean.
 Bhiomaid mar sud, etc.

Tha mulad mor no dha orm,
 Tha fàth dhomh 'bhith gearanach;
 Tha mi gun long, gun bhàta,
 Gun ardraich bheir thairis mi.
 Nam biodh a chuis mar b' fhearr leam
 'S mo chur 'san àit 'bu mhath leam 'bhith,
 Gum faicinn bho thrath nòna
 An Domhnall sin 's leannan dhomh.
 Is ann san am 's an ruiginn thall
 Gun cuirinn geall 's cha chaillinn e,
 Nuair rachainn suas do 'n t-seombar uachd-
 rach

An deidh fuachd is allabain,
 Gun d' thoirteadh lamh air botull lan
 A dh' fhagadh blath gn h-ealamh mi;
 Cha'n fhaicteadh neach fo mhùig
 An taigh muirneach Fear Thalasgair.
 Bhiomaid mar sud, etc.

Dh' fhag mi anns an àite sin
 Plannta de leanabh beag;
 S gur tric a's smaointinn broin dhomh
 A ghloir an àm dealachadh.
 Mur h-fheil breug 'nam fhaistneachd
 Bidh pairtean a sheanar ann;
 'S ma 's a duine beo e
 Ni 'n seol sin fear ainneamh dheth.
 Tha uaisle 'bheus a cur an géill
 Gar cruineachd déise ro mhath e,
 Gun robh a sheors' fo mheas ro mhor
 'S gach aite coir 'am fanadh iad,
 Nuair 'bha iad thall an cùirt na Frainge
 Ann an am na carraide;
 'S dhearbhadh iad do rìgh Tearlach
 An gradh nuair a lean iad e.
 Bhiomaid mar sud, etc.

Airidh bhoich, a person worthy of a joyful
 welcome.

Sir Roderick Macleod, first of Talisker, fought in behalf of Charles II., at the battle of Worcester in 1651. He was succeeded by his son John, and John by his son Donald. Donald, third of Talisker, married Christina, second daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich. He is the Fear

Thal sgair of the poem. John, his eldest son and successor, was born in 1718, and is probably the leanabh beag referred to.

Siol Olaghair.

'Shìl Olaghair gun ainnis,
 B' ann d' ur cliu 's d' ur deagh alla
 'Bhith caoimhneil d' ur caraid
 'S bhith arrant' ri 'r fuathaibh.
 Thng na h-uaislean so 'dhealaich rium
 Aithn' agus earail dhomh
 Mi 'dh-iomchar am beannachd
 Gu'r bannal 's gu'r n-uaislibh.
 Gun robh e orr' aithnicht'
 Mheud 'sa fhuair iad de'r carthannachd,
 'Reir cleachdadh nan sean daoine
 Ceanalt' mu'n cualas.
 Ged tha na brait ùra
 Ro sgiamhach le suilibh,
 'S e 'm brat air a chlà ladh
 'Bheir dubhlan do'n fhuachd duinn.

Fhuair mise seol ainneamh
 Gu giulan am beannachd
 A dh-ionnsuidh an leannan,
 Ge tamull leo uath iad;
 Gu comunn gun aineolas,
 Caoimhneasach, carthannach,
 Gun fhochaid, gun fhanaid,
 Gun charraid, gun tuasaid.
 Tha sean-fhacal laghach
 'Thuirt na daoine gu seaghach,
 Nach facas riamh meadhail
 'Na deaghaidh gun ghruaman;
 Cainnt eile cho fìor ris,

Is dh'fhaithrich mi fhìn e,
 Nach b'e 'n rathad gu cinneachduinn
 An imric ro uaibhreach.

Nuair 'thainig mi dhachaidh,
 'S rinn mi caileiginn stada,
 B' fhàth ionndrainn do m' phearsa
 Gach cleachdadh a fhuair mi,
 Na bha mi a seachnadh
 De shaibhreas 'ur pailtis
 Bha mi 'g ordachadh agam
 Gach maduinn 'n am gluasad;
 'S mi ri cànrán gun chaidreamh
 Ri ceile mo leapa,
 'Cur an geill gur h-e staid-se
 Thug dhachaidh mi uatha,
 'S nam bithinn air fuireach
 Leis na fhuair mi de chuireadh
 Gum bithinn gun mhulad,
 Gun uireasbhuidh fhuathaich.

Nam biodh feum anns na beannachdan
 'S gum fuasg'leadh iad fearann
 'S ann a chuirinn gu deamhainn
 Le dealas gu tuath iad.
 Bheirinn àithn' agus earail daibh
 Tadhal an Talasgair
 Aig 'n fhear 'chomhnadh mi 'm ainnis
 Gu carthannach, uasal.
 'S an ceile tha maille ris
 'S beus d'i 'bhith mathasach,
 'S feile na mala,
 Cha 'n aithne dh'i gruaman.
 Gur h-alainn 'na bail' i,
 Le surd is le dealas,
 'Thoirt feusda gun ainnis
 Do luchd ealain is cuairte.

Siol Olaghair, the descendants of Olaf or
 Olave, the Macleods.

Eachdraidh Thuatha de Danann.

According to the legendary history of Ireland, the first people that settled in that country came from Greece. They were under a leader named Partholan. They had three druids among them : Fios, Eolas and Fochmarc, or Intelligence, Knowledge and Enquiry. The Partholanian colony was almost wholly destroyed by a pestilence. The second people that settled in Ireland came from Scythia. The name of their leader was Nemid or Nemidius. They were of the race of Magog, son of Japhet. They suffered terribly from the attacks of sea robbers, called Fomorians. The greater part of them left the country. Simeon Breac and his clan went to Thrace, Beothach and his clan went to Greece, and Britan Maol and his clan went to the Island of Mona or Anglesea. The third people that settled in Ireland were the Fir-Bolgs. They were descended from Simeon Breac and his followers. They ruled over the country thirty-six years. The fourth people that settled in Ireland were the Tuatha De Danann. They were descended from Beothach and his followers. They wandered from

(R)

Greece to Germany, from Germany to Scandinavia, from Scandinavia to Scotland, and from Scotland to Ireland. They were necromancers. They could raise storms, heal the sick and restore the dead to life. They had four talismanic articles of wondrous powers with them, namely, the Lia-fail or stone of Destiny, Lugaidh's sword and spear, and the caldron of their king, the Dagda Mor. They conquered the Fir-Bolgs, Fomorians and other inhabitants of Ireland without much difficulty. They ruled over the country about one hundred and ninety-seven years. The fifth and last people that settled in Ireland, previous to the beginning of the Christian era, were the Milesians or Gaidels. They are descended from Gaidheal Glas, or Gathelus. Fenius Farsa, King of Scythia, was an eminent patron of learning. His second son, Niul, was the most accomplished scholar of his day. This Niul, who was married to Scota, a daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, was the father of Gaidheal Glas. The descendants of Gaidheal Glas went from Egypt to Crete, and thence to Scythia. They finally settled in Spain. Their most renowned hero was Milidh or

Milesius, who ruled over the greater part of Spain. It was under the leadership of the sons of this Milidh that the Gaidels went to Ireland.

The following account of the landing of the Milesians in Ireland, of the manner in which they obtained possession of the country, and of the vengeance taken upon them by the Tuatha De Danann, is by Iain Mac Ailein, the poet :

Thainig Clanna Milidh as an Spain do dh-Eirinn, rioghachd a bha fo gheasaibh. Air do sgioba naoi longan diu teachd gu tir chruinnich sluagh na duthcha, do 'm b' ainm Tuatha De Danann, gu comhdhail a thabhairt daibh. Thubhairt iad ri Clanna Milidh nach robh anna ach gealtairean agus baoth-oglaichean a thaobh is gun dainig iad air tir gun fhios. Fhreagair Clanna Milidh, gun digeadh iad air tìr le fios daibh. Thubhairt Tuath De Danann iad a dhol 'nan loingeas, agus naoi tonnan a chur eadar iad agus tir, agus nan digeadh iad air tir an deidh sin gum faigheadh iad leth Eirinn gun tuilleadh cogaidh. An deidh do Chlanna Milidh so a dheanamh thugadh Eirinn as am fradharc le druidheachd Thuatha De Danainn air achd's nach robh iad a faicinn ach aon ghroban creige ann an dealbh

muice, ni a dh' aobharaich gun goirear de dh-Eirinn Muc-Innis. Bha am measg Clanna Milidh druidh, a bha na dheagh dhuine ealain. Thubhairt e-san riutha nach robh iad ach amaideach do bhrigh is nach robh iad a tabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha 'n gnothach ; gum b'i a chreag a bha iad a faicinn Eirinn, agus ge b'e a bhiodh an sin gum biodh e an Eirinn. Leig Clanna Milidh an sin uchd nan naoi longan ris a chreig, mu'n robh stuadhan anabarrach a bristeadh. Bhathadh seiseir de 'n ciunnuil, air chor is nach deachaidh air tir ach a triuir dhiu. B'e ainm nan triuir Eremhon, Eibher Fionn, agus Colpa 'Chlaidhibh. Thagair Clanna Milidh a nis an cumhnant air Tuath De Danann. Dh'aontaich Tuath De Danann leth Eirinn a thabhairt daibh, ach ceannas na duthcha uile a bhith aca fein. Cha doireadh Clanna Milidh so dhaibh, agus mar sin thoisich an cogadh. Thubhairt an druidh a bha maille ri Clann Milidh gum bu ghorach dhaibh a dhol a chogadh ri luchd-druidheachd ; gum b' i a chomhairle-san dhaibh iad a bhith oidhche 's an aon bhaile ri Tuath De Danann, agus iad a dh'fhaotuinn mar gheasaibh do-fhuasgladh orra, gun leigeadh iad breith

na cuise a dh-ionnsuidh a cheud fhir a thachradh orra an deidh dhaibh falbh le 'cheile as a bhaile sin. Rinneadh so. Air do Chlanna Milidh agns do Thuatha De Danann falbh as a bhaile, 's e a cheud duine a thachair orra an druidh. Thubhairt Aonghus Mac an Daogha, rìgh Thuatha De Danann, ris, "S mor a tha agadsa ri 'dheanamh an diugh, a dheagh fhir ealain." "Ciod a tha agam ri 'dheanamh an diugh?" ars an druidh, "ach falbh le m' chruit 'dh' fheuch co a 's fearr a bheir duais dhomh airson mo chiuil." "Tha barrachd is sin agad ri 'dheanamh" ars' Aonghus; "tha agad ri Eirinn a roinn na da leth." Nam biodh sibh air gach taobh toileach, ars' an druidh, dheanainn-sa an ni a tha sibh ag iarraidh a dh-aon fhacal. Dh'innis iad dha gun robh iad toileach. An sin thubhairt an druidh is e so mo bhreitheanas-sa: "Bhon a bha 'n leth os cionn talaimh de dh-Eirinn agaibh-se, a Thuatha De Danann, o chionn greise, agus gur luchd-druidheachd sibh, bithidh an nis an leth a tha fo'n talamh agaibh, agus an leth os cionn talaimh aig Clanna Milidh; agus dhuitsa, Aonghuis Mhic-an-Daogha, bhon is tu rìgh Thuatha De Danann, tha mi ag ordachadh a bhrugh a's fearr a tha 'n

Eirinn, brugh barragheal na Boinne, agus a thaobh chaich biodh gach neach a faighinn bruighne dha fein. An sin chruinnich Tuath De Danann a dh-fheuchainn ciamar a dhioladh iad iad-fein air Clanna Milidh. Thubhairt Aonghus Mac-an-Daogha gun dioladh mar a b' abhaist daibh, le druidheachd agus le eadar-mhanadh; gun rachadh iad an riochd dheochannan laidir a bhiodh a cur dith ceille agus call codach air Clanna Milidh anns gach aite 's an tachradh iad riutha; gun gabhadh e-san air fein a bhith 'n riochd fiona 's an Spain bhon is ann as a sin a thainig Clanna Milidh; agus gum biodh Cliodhna nighean Mhanannain, a bhanruinn, lamh ris ann an riochd branndaidh 's an Fhraing. Chaidh comhairle an righ a ghabhail. Thainig triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir do dh-Alba. Chuir an ceud fhear e-fein ann riochd uisge-beatha Ghlaschu; chuir an darna fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Rois Chlann Ghill-Anndrais; agus chuir an treas fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Fhioghabhaidh, ris an abrar a nis Tirithe.

Tha sliochd Earmuinn Mhoir an Albainn gus an latha an diugh. Sloinnear

na cinn-fheadhna a thainig bhuaithe mar so :—

Ghin Earmunn Mòr Ruaimle, Aodh, agus Fiachraidh. Ghin Ruaimle Glasrach, ghin Glasrach Siream-Suain, ghin Siream-Suain Bristeadh - Spuaice, ghin Bristeadh-Spuaice Streup-ri-Uaisle, ghin Streup-ri-Uaisle Milleadh-Bracha, ghin Milleadh-Bracha Casgairt, agus ghin Casgairt Lag-a-Uheobain. Ghin Aodh Aigneadh-Corrach, ghin Aigneadh-Corrach Sruladh - Sporan, ghin Sruladh - Sporan Milleadh-Tanach, agus ghin Milleadh-Tanach Cas air Braghad. Gain Fiachraidh Blialum - Blialum, ghin Blialum-Blialum Seasamh-Miapaidh, ghin Seasamh-Miapaidh Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh, ghin Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh Daor-ri-Cheannach, agus ghin Daor-ri-Cheannach Garbh-na-Nollaig.

Fogradh Thuatha De Danann.

Fògradh Thuatha De Danann
A crìch an ceannais, a Fòdhla;
'S ann de chruadhas an sgeula
A bhith a Eirinn gam fògradh.

Chaidh Aonghus og Mac-an-Daogha,
Na fhion braonach 'chum tàladh,
Gu oighreachd a bhuannachd
An crìch uasail na Spàine.

Do chaidh Manannain neartmhor
Do chrich bheairtich na Frainge,
'S rinn deoch bhrìghmhor do Chliodhna
Do'n ainm staoilidh a bhrannaidh,

Chaidh truir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir
A crìochaibh Fhòdhla do dh-Alba,
Gu 'bhith dioghailt a 'm fògradh
Air slìochd Scòta nan garbh-chath.

Toiseach suidhe do Ruaimle
An cois Chluaidhe aig Glaschu,
Air an dig slìochd ruatharach
Leis am buairear na claignean.

Do chaidh Aodh am measg thuathach
Do Ros shuas Chloinn Ghill'-Anndrais;
Leis an t-slìochd a thig bhuaithe
Fagar uaislean gle mheanmnach.

An deidh sin do chaidh Fiachraidh
Do 'n airde 'n iar a chrich Fhioghabhaidh;
'S tha 'shlìochd aig tobar Bafanaid
'Nan cuis chànrain is iorghuill.

Na trì fineachan lòghmhor s'
'S tearc 's an Eorpa 'tha 'n samhailt;
Ni iad bog an tì 's cruaidhe
'S ni iad cruaidh am fear sleamhuinn.

Ni iad cas am fear ciallach,
'S ni iad fiat am fear nàrach;
Ni iad neo-shanntach acrach,
'S ni iad lag am fear laidir.

Bheir iad cruadal do 'n ghealtair,
'S bheir iad beairteas do 'n daibhear;
Bheir iad fionnfhuachd gu sò-ghradh,
'S bheir iad comhradh 'n fhear shàmhach.

Bheir iad gruaim bharr a mhùigein,
 'S ni iad sunndach fear tosdach.
 'Sin na buadhannan falaich
 'Th' air Tuath De Danann mar choltas.

Geas, a charm, a spell. Fo gheasaibh, under spells. Fódhla, an ancient name of Ireland. Cluaiddh, the river Clyde. Ruatharach, making a sudden or violent attack. Eadar-mhanadh, enchantment.

Cath Alphuirt.

Sir Colin Campbell of Ardinglass, Sheriff-depute of Argyle, sent James Campbell of Stonefield, Sheriff substitute, to hold a court of justice at Aros in Mull. The court lasted about six weeks. All the neighboring gentlemen were present.

According to the poet, Sir Colin Campbell, as king and commander-in-chief of the fair Gaidels, sent James Campbell to Aros, the Alfort of the poem, to fight against the Tautha De Danann. General James had for his principal officers Cormac Saor-chridheach or Murdoch og Mac-laine of Lochbuy, An Donn Dochaisg or Donald Maclean of Coll, Iollain

Iomsgaoilteach or Maclean of Brolas, Eochaidh Amhuilteach or Cameron of Glendessary, Doidim Dana or Maclean of Ardgour, Laogh rìgh Lore or Macquarrie of Ulva, an sonn bho Dhun-Amhlaidh or Lachlan Maclean of Calgary, Domhnall Deonach, and Cailein Sochair. He destroyed all the Tuatha De Danann in Mull.

The following notes explain the origin of the battle of Alfort and the fight at Dun Dubh-linn :

“’S e ’s mathair-aobhair do chath Alphuirt gun dainig Seumas Caimbeul, fear Achanaclaiche, na fhear-ionaid Siorrain, a chumail moid an Aros am Muile. Bha a h-uile duine eadar ceann Loch-Iall agus Barradhubh h-Aidhnis an Tirithe ri freagairt aig a mhod so. Chumadh e re shia seachduinnean, agus rinneadh ol cho mor aige’s a bha ri cuimhne dhaoine anns na h-aiteachaibh so.”

“An deidh do dh - Fhear Achanaclaiche Aros fhagail thachair oifigich a ghearasdain air aig Dubhairt agus chum iad e comhla riutha. Thug e-fein ’s iad-fein trì lathan air an ol. ’S ann ri caisteal Dhubhairt a tha ’m bard ag radh Dun Dubhlunn.”

Air mothachadh do rìgh Fionn-Ghaidh-

eal do 'n chron 's do 'n chall a bha Tuath De Danann a deanamh air muinntir a rioghachd, chuire am mach aon de 'ridiribh do 'm b' ainm Seanailear Seumas, a dh'iarraidh air uaislean na h-airde 'n iar eirigh leis a chur as do Thuatha De Danann. Rinn iad aite coinnimh agus comhlachaidh an Alphort 'san Dreallainn. B'e Borb rìgh Bhioghabhaidh, aon de dh-uaislean na Dreallainn, bu riaghladair anns an aite sin. Ghabh e Tuath De Danann air iochd agus air ineach gu gleidheadh agus tearmad a dheanamh orra. Air do na h-uaislean cruinneachadh, thubhairt Seanailear Seumas riutha gum feumadh iad a thabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha an gnothach, agus gun leigeadh leotha am mealladh. Dh'aithn e dhaibh gearasdan a thogail eadar iadsan agus iad-fein. Thubhairt e cuideachd nach b' aithne dha co d'an digeadh e a dhol a chumail faire air a cheud oidhche. Fhreagair na h-uaislean a bha fotha e ag radh bho nach robh ard-rìgh na Dreallainn aig baile gur h-e Cormac Saor-chridheach na Maighe fear-ionaid a b'fhaisge dha, agus gun deanadh e deagh fhear-faire. Thugadh an sin aithne dha faire a chumail air an oidhche sin. Thubhairt Seanailear Seumas, tha

iad ag radh gu bheil iad-san ris a bheil ar gnothach nan luchd - cuideachd math ; ciod bu mhisde sinn caiptin agus bratach de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain 'fhaotuinn maille-ruinn ? Chomh-aontaich na h-uaislean uile leis. Chuireadh gu grad iarrtas gu riaghladair Alphuirt e a chur caiptin agus brataich de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain g'an ionnsuidh. Gheall iad dha gum paigheadh iad 's a mhaduinn eirig gach aoin nach rachadh dachaidh dhiu. Thainig na chuir iad a dh-iarraidh de Thuath De Danann, 's thug iad lan thoileachadh inntinn do na h-uaislean le feabhas am fearas-chuideachd. Nuair a chunnaic Seanailear Seumas so thubhairt e, cha mhath dhuinn Cormac Saor-chridheach a bhith bhuainn. Chuir e fios air agus dh' fhaighneachd e dheth an robh aon aige na bhrataich ris an earbadh e an fhaire fhad 's a bhiodh e-fein a gabhail greis de chuideachd Thuatha De Danann. Fhreagair e-san gun robh aon aige nach d' rinn mealladh riamh air, a Thoil Fein. Dh'-fhag e an toil ri faire, agus chaidh e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuath De Danann. Cha robh aon de dh-uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar nach robh bratach de dhilsean fein aige ga dhion 's ga theasruiginn bho Thuath De Danann; gi

dheadh fhuair Tuath De Danann a staigh orra. Nuair a dh'iarradh iad ciall 's e 'gheibheadh iad michiall, nuair a dh'iarradh iad cuimhne 's e 'gheibheadh iad di-chuimhne, nuair a dh' iarradh iad briathran glice 's e 'gheibheadh iad briathran amaideach, agus nuair a dh'iarradh iad neart 's e 'gheibheadh iad laigse. Mar so dh'aithnich iad nach h-i am muinntir fein a bha aca. Fhuair Tuath De Danann an gearasdan fopa fein an oidhche sin. Moch 'sa mahaduinn thainig fear de a bhrataich, d'am b'ainm Cuimhne, gu Cormac Saor-chridheach, agus thubhairt e ris gun do ghlacadh an gearasdan an raoir le droch fhurachras agus gun robh e gu beul an latha gu buileach fo chumhachd an naimhdean. Ach, ars' e-san, tha Tuath De Danann an drasd air tuiteam gu neo-ni ; tha iad gan nigheadh fein le 'n eadar-mhanadh ann am pigeachan creadha ; agus ma bhitheas sinn tapaidh faodaidh sinn an tilgeadh am mach thar baidealan a bhaile. Rinneadh so mar leasachadh air na thachair. Nuair a dh'innseadh gach ni do Sheanailear Seumas thug e maitheanas do Chormac Saor-chridheach 'na fhailinn airson a thapachd mu dheireadh.

Mhol Seanailear Seumas a n fhearaschuid-

eachd a rinn Tuath De Danann daibh air an oidhche a chaidh seachad. Thubhairt e gun robh dream eile dhiu, Sliochd Chois'-air Bhraghad a b'fhearr gu mor gu fearas-chuideachd na Sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain. Chomh-aontaich na h-uaislean gun cuirteadh fios air Caiptin agus brataich dhiu. 'S ann air an Donn Dochaisg, rìgh nan Colach, a thainig an dorsaireachd air an oidhche so. Chuir e-san na aite fein ris an dorsaireachd a Mhiannan, agus chaidh e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuatha De Danann. Ged a bha sliochd Lag-a-Uheobain math, cha robh cleasachd cheart ann gus an nis. Chuir sliochd Chois'-air Bhraghad cuid a ghal, cuid a ghaireachdainn, cuid a leum, 's cuid a chadal le 'n druidheachd 's le 'n eadar-mhanadh. Co a thainig a dh-ionnsuidh an doruis mu mheadhon oidhche ach Tuath De Danann! Leis an eolas a bha aca-fein agus Miannan an Donn Dochaisg air a cheile tuite arann an cudrom gaoil air gach taobh. Fhuair tuilleadh de Thuath De Danann a staigh na fhuair a staigh a cheud oidhche. Dh'fhaithrich an Seanailear agus na h-uaislean am brataichean fhein gan tabhairt bhuapa, agus Tuath De Danann a teachd 'nan aite. Nuair a bha an Seanailear a dol a thabh-

air achmhasain do 'n Donn Dochaisg thubhairt an Donn Dochaisg ris gun robh eolas aig Tuath De Danann air a mhiannaibh-san, agus gun robh gealladh aca orra nach biodh iad mu am fogradh bho aite 's am bith anns am bitheadh iad. Nuair a chual an Seanail-eear so thug e maitheanas da.

Air an treas oidhche thug Seanailear Seumas taing do na-h-uaislean airson mar bha iad a cur as do Thuath De Danann; ach, ars' e-san, tha dream ro bhorb ann diu fhathast Garbh-na-Nollaig. Chuir-eadh fios air caiptin agus air brataich dhiu. Thainig iad gun dail, agus rinn iad a chleasachd a b' aigeannaiche a chual-as riamh. Thubhairt an Seanailear gum bu choir an geard a dhublachadh. Chaidh Doidim Dan, righ na Foraise Bige, agus Eochaidh Amhuilteach o'n Iospairn a chumail faire an oidhche sin. Chuir Doidim Dan Misneach 'na aite fein, agus Eochaidh Gliocas, agus bha an dorsaireachd a dol leotha gu math. Nuair a chunnaic Cormac Saor-chridheach agus an Donn Dochaisg mar a bha iad a faighinn air aghaidh thubhairt iad gum bu mhas-ladh dhaibh-san an dorsaireachd a dhol leotha so 's gun i'dhol leotha fein, agus thigear agus cuirear ceangal nan tri chaol

air na dorsairibh 's leigear a staigh sliochd Gharbh-na-Nollaig mar a thogradh iad tighinn. Ann an uine ghoirid chuireadh an seanailear agus na h-uaislean gu h-iomlan air ruaig do 'n t-Suain. Nuair a fhuaradh air ais o'n t-Suain iad thainig Borb rìgh Bhioghabhaidh a thagairt eirig Thuatha De Danann bho nach robh a h-aon a lathair diu. Fhuair e sin. Chuir Seanailear Seumas air fhacal e nach robh a h-aon diu am falach aige. Thubhairt e nach robh innse-sgeoil no tuairisgeul ri 'fhaotuinn orra anns a bhaile. Ghabh Seanailear Seumas an nis cead de dh-uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar agus ghluais e gu dhol dachaidh. Air a thuras da thachair riaghladair Dhun Dubh-liunn ris agus dh'innis e dha gun robh bratach no dha de shliochd Thuatha De Danann a staigh aige-san, agus mur cuirteadh as daibh gum faodadh iad siolachadh 's an rioghachd. Chaidh e staigh gun chuideachadh ach a gheard, agus b'e sin latha cho teth 's a fhuair e re a thurais, ach bhuadh-aich e.

Nuair a chaidh Seanailear Seumas dachaidh thug e lan chunntas mu 'thuras agus mu 'shoirbheachadh do Shir Cailein, an t ard sheanailear. Gheibhear an cunntas sin anns na rannan a' leanas:—

SEUMAS.

Fàilt ort, a Shir Cailein reachdmhor,
 Saoidh na féile;
 Fear ionadais rìgh nan Gaidheal,
 Triath dha'n geilleam.

SIR CAILEIN.

An t-aon ceudna dhuit-sa, Sheumais,
 An deidh do chomhraig;
 Feuch gun robh do thuras buadhach
 An tìr na Dreallainn.

SEUMAS.

Buadhach mo thuras ri aithris,
 Ghlaodh mi sìochaint
 Eadar ard Thuath De Danana
 'S Clanna Mìlidh.

SIR CAILEIN.

Gach lamh 'bu chruaidhe 's an iorghuill,
 Dean dhomh aithris,
 Chum 's nach bi an duais a's mìosa
 Àig an t-sluagh bu bhraise.

SEUMAS.

Mar fhuaim chruit fo aon ghuth teud
 Le ceol labhar,
 Sin mar bhiodh an stoirm le 'cheil'
 Gu borb 'cur catha.

SIR CAILEIN.

Air gradh t' einich ianis, a Sheumais.
 Air snas firinn',
 Cia gach neach 'bu chruaidhe lamh
 An àr nam mìltean.

SEUMAS.

Cormac Saor-chridheach na Maighe,
 Le sar dhichìoll,

Mharbhadh leis-san de shliochd Ruaimle
Tuairmeas mìle.

An Donn Dochaisg anns an iorghuill
Bu gharbh doinionn;
Chuir e as do dh-fhine Fhiachraidh,
'S fiach e 'mholadh.

Iollain Iomsgaoilteach sin eile;
Mac rìgh Dreallainn,
Mharbh e ceud gach la catha,
S e-fein an comhlan.

Eochaidh Amhuilteach o'n Iospairn,
'S Doidim dana,
Chuir iad as do dh-fhine lionmhoir
Chois' air-Bhraghad.

Laogh rìgh Lorc, rìgh nan abhcaid
Fhuair e tàir ann;
Mharbhadh leis bratach no dha
Air Milleadh Tànach.

An sonn solta bho Dhùn Amhlaidh
Le 'lainn ullaimh,
'S tric a thug e 'Thuath De Danann
Cath no cumasg.

Mac-Aisgibhir, Domhnall Deonach,
Connspunn eile,
Gheibheadh 's gach cearn de'n chruaidh
chomhrag
Stoirm a lainne.

Cailein Sochair a Port Onaghail,
'B ann de'chleachdadh
'Bhith 'na namhaid do shliochd Ruaimle
Ri uair aisig.

Cha robh dhomhsa an Cath Alphuirt
Càs no cumnart

Seach an deannal a thug càch dhomh
Aif'lar Dun Dubhlinn.

'S deagh sheirbheisich Tuath De Danann,
Ealamh cùrteil,
Ach mar mhaighstirean tha iad suarach,
Buailteach, bruiteach.

Ma thogas iad, a Chailein reachdmhoir,
Ceann an déidh so,
So mo lamh gum faigh sinn seol
Gum fogradh 'dh-Eirinn.

Ineach, hospitality, generosity. Na tri caoil,
the neck, the wrist and the ankles. Eineach, a
good name, bounty, generosity. Comhlan, a
hero. Abhcaid, a jest.

Crosanachd Fhir nan Drimnean.

Tha bith ur an tìr na Dreallainn,
 'S coir dhuinn aisneis;
 Tha moran deth 'tigh 'nn am bitheant'.
 Rì gnaths Shasuinn.
 Nì bheil duin' uasal nò ìosal,
 Nò fear fearainn,
 Leis nach b'aill, gu moran buinig,
 Ceird a bharrachd.
 Tha ceird ur aig Fear nan Drimnean
 'Th' air leinn cronail;
 B'aill leis fein a dhol an àite
 Mhaighstir-sgoile;
 An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum
 Le gloir Laidinn,
 Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
 'Cheird a bh'aige.

'Se 'n t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire a thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, an uair a mhiannaich e a cheird a bha aig oide-foghlum, nach laimhsicheadh e i mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide-foghlum i; oir, an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine arsaidh; agus an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach is ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na neo-chiontaich. Is ann uaithe sin a dubhradh,—
 “Saoilidh am fear a bhios na thamh gur

h-e e-fein a's fhear lamh air an stiuir ; ”
ach cha mho gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann no leanabain,
Mar bu choir dha,
Gus am bi iad nan daoine' arsaidh
Fo 'n lan fheosaig.
Cha dugadh an Cill-ma-Cheallaig
Breith 'bu chlaoiné
Na 'n ni rinn an ceann a b' airde
'M màs ga dhioladh.
Gabhail le crios a' aois arsaidh
Air mas sean-duin',
'S fada mu'n ionnsaich an gnìomh sin
Ciall do theanga.
Ge b'e labhras ris an fhear ud
Còir no eucoir,
Gabhar air a ghiort le stràcaibh
De chrìos léiridh.

Agus b'fhior do'n duine sin. Cha d'
fhuaradh riamh rud, a dh'ionnsachadh
teanga droch mhuinte, 'bu mheasa na
gabhail air na masaidh ann an aobhar na
teanga, agus an teanga bhith tuigsinn gur
h-ann 'na h-aobhar-se e fhuair am mas am
mor ghleusadh sin. Mur deanadh sin a
ciall na bu mheasa cha dheanadh e idir
na b'fhearr e. Uaithe sin a dubhradh,—
“Am fear nach ionnsaich lamh-ri glun
cha 'n ionnsaich lamh-ri uileann.”

Crosanachd, a poem in which two or more
persons are represented as speaking. Bith,
custom habit. Aisneis, aithris, to relate, to
make known. Arsaidh, old. Giort, buttocks.
Léireadh, inflicting pain.

This poem is published in "The Highland Bards" by the Stewarts, where it is correctly ascribed to Iain Mac Ailein. It appears in *Sar-Obair nam Bard*, but is incorrectly ascribed to Iain Dubh Mac Iain mhic Ailein.

Bha Tearlach Mac-Gilleain, Fear nan Drimnean greis air luing-chogaidh ann an laithibh oige. Bha e 'na dhuine crosda. Chuir e am maighstir-sgoile a bha aige 'na theaghlach uair adh'iarraidh paidhir bhrog air a ghreusaiche. Thuirt an greusaiche ris nach deach a phaigheadh airson nam brogan mu dheireadh a rinn e dha. Dh'innis am maighstir-sgoile so dha. Thug e am maighstir-sgoile leis, agus dh'fhalbh e far an robh an greusaiche. Mhionnaich is bhoidich an greusaiche nach dubhairt e riamh an ni a bha am maighstir-sgoile a cur air. Chreid fear nan Drimnean e. Rug e air a mhaighstir-sgoile, thog e am feileadh-beag aige, agus ghabh e air le crios a ghreusaiche. Bha an "ciontach sabhailte, ach an neo-chiontach bu chraiteach e." Bhuail fear nan Drimnean uair eile dorn air Mac-Leoid air sraid Dhuneideann.

Ged a bha Tearlach nan Drimnean cho crosda agus a bha e, bha e na dhuine measail. Thuit e ann am blar Chuil-Fhodair

a cogadh air taobh Thearlaich. Anns an leabhar thaitneach sin, Eachdraidh a Phrionnsa le Iain Mac-Coinnich, tha an t-ìomradh a leanas againn air a bhas:—

“Nuair a bha fear nan Drimnean air ti teicheadh le 'bheatha as an araich chunn-aic e dithisd de a chuid mac air an leon agus chaidh innseadh dha gun robh an treas fear 'na laighe marbh air a bhlar.

“Cha bhi sin gun dioladh,” ars' e-san, agus ged a bha an t-uasal so cho aosda is nach robh roine fuilte air a cheann, ruith e air ais thun na h-araich, mharbh e aon trupair agus leon e fear eile, ach ann an tiotadh an deidh sin thuit e fein gun eirigh tuilleadh le lainn thri trupairean sathte 'na chorp.” S i nighean do Thearlach nan Drimnean 'bu mhathalr do dh-Ailein an Earrachd.

Cleirsinneachd Fhir nan Drim- nean.

Beir fios bhuam 'dh-ionnsuidh Thearlaich
 Gu tom tainh na da pheighinn deuga,
 Gu bheil mis' air mo nàrachadh
 Mar bhios e 'ghnath ri leumraich.
 Gun iomaireadh fear aosmhoireachd
 Tigh'nn an nis gu caochladh céille;
 'S gun bhith leanntuinn air na gnàthaichean
 'Rinn brathair do Mbac-Léig dheth.

'S iomadh ceird a'r 'n do thoisich e
 Bho 'n la a b' oighear gleusd e;
 Re treis' bu mhaighstir-sgoile e,
 'S cha robh onair dha 's a cheum sin.
 Bhiodh an ciontach sàbhailte
 Cha bheanadh càs no beud dha;
 Ach an neochiontach bu chraiteach e
 Le stràcaibh de chrios léiridh.

Cuid eile de'chuid ghnìomharan
 Cha deid mi fhìn a dh-eigheach,
 Mun gabh e fearg no miòthlachd rium
 'S mi tìtheach air bhith reidh ris,
 Gur sgeul nach d' fhan os 'n iosal air,
 Gun cuala mile ceud e
 'S gun d' theap e dhol 's na gàsaidibh,
 A gnìomh air sraid Dhuneideann.

Chluinn mi 'nis gun d' thionnsgainn e,
 Gun churam air mu dheibhinn,
 Air lamh a chur le danadas
 Am pairt de chuid na cleire
 Gun d' thog e a leoir dioghaltais
 An umhladh Mhic-a-Chleirich,
 'S gun bhith de chomhdach cuise ann
 Ach gun d' bhean a ghlun d'a h-eudach.

C'arson nach robh thu rùmail
 Gu ceartas cùirte eigheach,
 Is foirbhich ghlice shuil-bheachdach ann
 Gus a chuis a reiteach'.
 Thuirt parson na Leith Iochdaraich
 'Mò mhile beannachd fein air
 A chionn gun robh e dioghaltach
 Mu'n ghnìomh a bha 's an eucoir.
 Ma tha 'n sgeul so 'dh' innseadh air
 'Na fhirinn is nach breug e,
 Ge b'e 'bhios ann am miorun ris,
 Cha bhi mi-fhin 'an deidh air;
 Bheirian pairt de m' stiopuinn bhuam,
 Ge priseil mi mu'dheibhinn,
 'Chionn coslas fear a ghnìomharan
 'Bhith agam fhin 'na chleireach.'"

Umhladh or ùbhla, a fine, a penalty Foirbh-
 each or foirfeach, an elder.

Turragan Fhir Nan Drimnean.

Tha mi 'g innseadh do gach duine
 An turas a thug mi o'n bhaile,
 Dh' fhaotuinn aisig air Chaol Muile
 Thoirt freagairt a chuiridh do'n Bharan.
 'Thuirt òglach a thachair shìos rium
 Cha 'n fheil thu crìonnta 's tu'd sheanduin';
 'S dòcha dhuit amas ri turraig
 No buidhinn thoirt as a charaibh.

Thuirt mi ris gun robh e miomhail,
 'S nach robh bonn firinn' 'na bharai';

Gur mi fhin a b'eolaich'mu'nadar
 Eadar bhith arsaidh 's 'na leanabh;
 Gun dugainn-sa dheth le 'shliogadh
 Pairt de gach aon ni 'bu mhath leam;
 Gum faireadh e-san ri 'sgriobadh
 A cheart cho miomhail ri gearran.

So fein an t-aite 'n robh'shinnsreadh
 A falbh fò gnìomharan allail;
 Bhiodh iad caoimhneasach ri'n càirdibh
 Ach dh'fhaireadh an naimhdean iad fearail.
 Nam biodh e-san air an reir-san
 Dheanadh e 'n ceumanan na leanachd;
 'S b' fhearr leis na tamailte fhulang
 Dol an c'nnart 'na luath-dheannaibh.

Cha 'n fheil iad buidheach de 'ghiulan,
 Aon dùil tha de shliochd a sheanar,
 Nach biodh e faighidheach réimeil,
 'A reir 's mar a bha na sean daoine'.
 Ach thainig iomadh rud na lùib-san
 A bha ga dhusgadh gu carraid;
 Mur faireadh iad air bhith 'na dhuine,
 Mo mbionnaibh-sa chailleadh e 'fhearann

Tha e 'nis a tabhairt bairlinn,
 Eadar Ghaidhealaibh is Ghailaibh,
 Iad a sgar de bhith ga sgriobadh
 'S gur sìochaint an ni 'bu mhath leis.
 Mum faigheadh iad leud na h-àra
 De'n fhearann a dh'fhag a sheanair,
 Bu ni cho cinnteach 'sam bàs dhaibh
 Gum biodh a chàrnna-sa mar-ris.

Turrage, an accident, a mishap. Arsaidh, old.
 Allail, illustrious. Réimeil, even-tempered.
 Bàirlinn, warning, summons of removal. Ar
 or àra, a kidney. Carn, pile of stones raised
 over a man's grave.

Rann.

Bha tri leumannan Mhic-Léig
 Ann am shuilibh fein fìor olc,
 Ach dh'iomair fear na da pheighinn deug
 Air an doigh cheudna a phrop
 Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas
 Ga shabhaladh fein o spot;
 Bhual e bocsa air Mac-Leoid,
 S ruisg e màs an duine bhochd.

An Salachadh-Fuinn.

Chuireadh ni air chor-eiginn a chaidh a ghoid
 air fonn no talamh Mhic-Cuaire, an dochas gun
 rachadh a choire a chur airsan.

'S beag m' fhaoilt a tigh'nn daonnan
 Do'n chuid so de n' tìr;
 Cha tadhail mi 'n Aros
 Far 'm bu mhuirneanach mi;
 Cha chluinn 'mi 's cha 'n fhaic mi
 Na thaitneadh ri m' chridh';
 Mur falbh thu gu tèaraint'
 Bidh seàrsadh ad ni.

Ma 's e so an ceart milis
 'Thug an siorra do'n tìr,
 Cha mhor gur a fearr e
 Na'n gnaths 'bh' againn fhìn.
 Ma thogas e paigheadh
 'S na dh'aireamh e 'sios,
 Gur h-iomadh fear toice
 Air bhochdainn a bhios.

Tha lagh Chill-ma-Cheallaig
 Ga leanailt gu nuadh,

Nuair chroch iad an gearran
 Gu h-amaideach truagh,
 'S Mac-Cuaire 'bha 'n Ulbha.
 Gun chuilbheirt, gun ghuad,
 Dol 'dh-fhulang a chreachadh
 Le neartmhorachd sluaigh;

Is siochaint ga nasgadh
 'N fhear bhracairneach ruadh
 'Bha shios an Aird-Tuna
 Lan chuireid is chuag.
 'S a's tric a rinn innleachd
 'Cur liontan mu'n cuairt,
 Nuair 'mhathadh an ni dha,
 Bu bhinn sin bha cruaidh.

Faoilt, delight, cheerfulness. Toic, wealth,
 riches. Bracairneach, dusky, Cuireid, trick,
 wile.

Do dh-Anndra Mac an Easbuig.

Thoir an t-soraidh so bhuamsa
 Gu h-uaigneach do 'n lagan ud shios;
 Gu fear ionaid Mhic-Cuaire
 Rís na shuathadh am breamas tha 's tir;
 Gun am bardan beag, beadaidh,
 A bhith tilgeadh a cheapaig a nios;
 'S nach bu choir dha 'bhith 'tathaich
 Air an fheill air nach falgheadh e sion.

Cha b'i comhairle 'cheartais
 A chinn agaibh 's an lagan so shios;
 Nuair bha sionnach na foill' ann
 Dh'fhag e eòir an fhir eile 's an lion;
 Dh'fhag e t' aghaidh ri comhrag
 'S gun do chlaidheabh air doigh gu do dhion;

'S dh'fhag e sud air bun t' fheamain
Mar nòs mhadadh-alluidh mu'n im.

Mise tha fiosrach mar dh'fhàs thu;
Bha mi treis air do chàirdibh an rùn;
Cha b'i Sine do mhathair,
'S cha mhac Easbuig no sàr-dhuine thu;
Cheil a bhan-altrum dhàn orr'
An leanabh 'bha ailleachd na ghnuis;
'S thilg i thusa 'na aite
'S cha chomhnard a dh'fhag i do shùil.

Soraidh, compliments, a blessing, also a farewell. Ceapag, a verse or verses composed impromptu. Sine, Bishop Hector's wife.

Gearan Air Fear-Teagaisg.

Gabhaidh mi sgeula de 'm shagairt
Ged nach geill e dh'aidmheil a phàpa,
'Bheil moran cron' ann do dh-anam
An fhir fhalaimh dol air faighe;
Is cionnas is còir do'n fhear bheairteach
A chleachdadh ri staid an fhir dhaibhir,
A bheil e laghail da bhith na mhùigean
Is dorn dùinte 'dheanamh ri 'bhrathair.

'S ann a dh' fhairich mi 'm fear-teagaisg
'Na fhear-leatruim' orm 's gach àite;
'S cian bhon thòisich e ri m' thagar
Mu'n chulaidh aisig a thug càch dhomh,
'S eiginn dhomh 'n dochair so innseadh
Do sheanadh fìor ghlic Earaghaidheal,
Gun dug mo mhinistir sgìreachd
Dhiom mo chisean le laimh laidir.

Cha bhuin e do mhinistir pupait,
 Mur a glutair air bheag nàir' e,
 'Bhith 'g iarraidh gu biadhannan sultmhor,
 Mar tha mucan is buntàta,
 Feumaidh luchd-teagaisg 'bhith faicleach,
 'S iomadh neach dhaibh 'na fhior-namhaid;
 Cha'n fheil annt' ach daoine feolmhor,
 Ged tha 'm fòghlum na's leoir àirde.

Faighe, an asking of aid in corn, wool, and
 sometimes cattle. Pupait, pulpit. Glutair, a
 glutton.

Rann

A rinneadh leis a bhàrd air da cuach de cheud
 leann na bliadhna 'fhaotuinn.

Is còir dhuinn fàlte 'chur air an leann,
 Meanmna cridhe 'm fear a th'ann;
 Gun cuirinn gu h-ìnealt an suim
 Gur h-e s' ceann-cinnidh do 'n dram
 An t-oganach so 'thainig do 'n tir,
 'Tha còrr is bliadhna bhuainn air chall;
 'S math leam t' fhaicinn, an crann-coill',
 'S do scop geal maiseach mu d' cheann.

Rann

A rinneadh leis a bhard air da gloinne de
 dh-uisge beatha 'fhaotuinn agus siucar ann.

Nach innis sibh dhòmhsa, 'chairdean,
 Ciamar a ni mi so ceart
 Tha'n gloinne so luchdmhor liònte
 Ach 's ann 's a chuid a 's isle tha 'm blas.

Ma dh'olas mi 'chuid a's airde
 'S aobhar nàire sin air achd;
 'S mar faigh mi a chuid a's isle
 Cha'n fhaod mi mo mhiann a chasg.

Beannachadh Taighe.

Fàilt air taigh mor nan seachd uinneag
 'Rinneadh le ogha Thearlaich mhic Ailein;
 Mòr-thaigh a's fearr air a chumadh
 Eadar uinneag, stuadh, is bhalla;
 Far am faigh luchd falbhain cuireadh
 Fial gun chrìne, gun ainnis.
 Gheibh iad ol le ceol 's le furan
 Mar bu dual dha o bheus ath'reil.

Chum a chèird ris na chuir e
 'Dhol am buidhinn le gràdh caraid;
 Cha chuir e dorn dhiot air uilinn
 Thu thoirt dhuinne rud beag drama;
 Ach ma thionndas tu rium uile
 Is do lamh rium cruaidh an ceangal
 Cha deid mi na's fhaid' air m' aghaidh;
 'S ro mhath m' urrainn nighean Chailein.

Cha chuir mi a màthair an duileachd,
 B'fheairrd' i-fein a beus a leanailt;
 Cha dug i dram riamh do dhuine
 Gun a thuladh a bhith mar-ris.
 Sud mar a dh' iarras mi cuireadh
 Nuair a bhios mo phòca falamh;
 Gach aon ni'dh-fheumas mo mhuineal
 'Bhith ga bhuidhinn leis an teanga.

Tuladh, bread and cheese given with a dram.

John Maclean of Pennigoun, son of Allan of Grulin, son of Tearlach mac Ailein, married Isabel, daughter of Colin Campbell. John and his wife are evidently the persons referred to by the poet.

Imrich Fear Threisinnis.

Failte do bhur n-imrich Luain,
 Eadar fhearaibh, chuain, is chlann;
 Slainte dhaoine 's rath air buar
 Thugaibh sin mar bhuaidh a nall.
 Thig so gu 'r buidhinn ri uair,
 Cha'n imrich uaibhreach a th'ann;
 Ach fearann 'ur sinnsre 'thoirt bhuaibh;
 Le miorun, 's cha chruadal lann.

'S oil leam sgapadh 'dhol 's a bhuaín
 Do nach bu dual 'bhith meata mall;
 Cuid de 'n airde deas daibh bhuaínn,
 'S cuid de 'n airde tuath a nall.
 Ma's cead leat, a Bhrithimh an t-sluaigh,
 A chuidkticheas gach guais na am
 Cum slat ar smachdachaidh 'd laimh fein,
 'S na fag sinn am meinn muinntir feall.

Cuain, a litter. Buar, cattle. Oil, vexation, grief, pain.

John, 10th and last Maclean of Treisinnis, was dispossessed of his property by the Duke of Argyll in 1738. The

foregoing stanzas must have been composed about that time.

Rann.

Tha gach cnocan orm na chuith,
 'S tha gach uchdan orm na mhàm;
 Tha fuifean air mo cheann-tiar
 Le olcas diollaid an eich bhàin.
 Fhuair mi ròn an so mar bhiadh
 Is leighis e mo chliabh gu h-ard;
 'S gu de 'm fios nach deanadh am bian
 An ni ciadna ri mo mhà-

Fuifean, or fuithein, a galling, a blister.

Ealain an Eich Bhàin.

AM BARD.

Gu de bheir dhuit 'bhith 'falbh gàgach,
 Eich bhàin, 'nuair bhios sinn air choiseachd?
 Carson nach cùm thu mi sàmhach
 'S gun dean beagan spairn mo dhochann?
 'S mise gad bheathachadh sàsta,
 'Cumail a lom-lan ad chorpan,
 Nam foghnadh feur fada fasaich,
 'S gun aon duine 'chach ga dhoicheall.

AN T-EACH BAN.

'S ann ort fhein 'bu choir dhuit àrach,
 Aon sarachadh 'rinn mi ort-sa,
 Cha chum thu mar eachaibh chaich mi,
 (v)

'S gur, sar-mhath 'tha mi ga chosnadh;
 Cha chum thu rud fo m' dha spàgaig
 Gu m' shabhaladh bho na clachaibh,
 'S gum fòghnadh dhaibh leud a bhràisde,
 'Chitheadh tu aig paid' a bhrochain.

AM BARD.

Ma 's e sin do ghearan air m' fhailinn,
 Chaill thu do naire 'san droch-uair;
 Nach faic thu mo phòc' gun fhairdinn
 'Ghleidheadh dhomh m' fhardaich gun choich-
 eid!

'S e 'n ni tha mo thuath ag raitinn
 'Tha 'toirt làthail dhomh mo phortion,
 Nach bu dòchd leo mi-fhin àrach,
 Gun dragh an eich bhain mar ghocan.

AN T-EACH BAN.

Cha bhi sin aca ri raitinn,
 Air eagal naire 'chur ort-sa;
 Dealaichidh mise riut am màireach,
 'S cha-n fhag sin do chàs sa socrach.
 Ma gheibh thu each gealtach sgàthach
 Nach tuig an fhailinn a tha ort-sa,
 'S ro bheag a bhuille de spàgaibh
 Le 'm faod e t' fhagail ad thoitein.

AM BARD.

'Fhir chridhe, cha dealaichinn gu bràth riut,
 Mur bhith each bhi ' cur orm coicheid,
 'Graitinn gu bheil thusa dàna
 'S nach ball sar-mhath 'dhuine bochd thu,
 Gum brist thu cuith agus gàradh
 'G iarraidh gach ni 's fearr dha d' chorpan,
 'S air an rathad am measg nabaidh
 Nach h-aill leat gun bhith air thoiseach.

AN T-EACH BAN.

'S maìrg mis' 'tha fuireach 'san aite
 An deantar orm tair le fochaid,
 B' olc an urrainn fear mo chnamhan
 'Dho' roimh eachaibh chaich air thoiseach;
 Ach air eagal thus bhith trailleil,
 'S gun iadsan a gabbhail toirt dhìot,
 Dheanainn dhuit mo dhìchioll daonnan
 Dh' fheuch am faodainn bhith 'nam fochair.

Tha 'm ministir 'na dhuine sar mbath
 Gu la bhràth' cha'n iarr gu droch-bheirt;
 'S tric a 'thug e earail laidir
 Air pein a bhais gun mo dhochann.
 Nuair chuir' do 'n mhuileann le gràn mi
 Mur falbhainn gu sar mbath 'm throtan,
 Gheibhteadh do shlat air mo mhasaibh
 Le deanadas Iain Bhàin na poite.

AM BARD.

'Mhìe chridhe, fuirich mar tha thu
 Dhe mhiad 's gan dean cach de d' dhoichioll;
 Cha dìrich mis' uchd nè ardan
 Aig an fhailinn a tha 'm chaisein.
 Rinn sinn an so cheana 'dhànachd
 Na chuir ar nàire fo 'r casan;
 Chaidh dhuinn mar a chaidh do 'n sgeul sin,
 Mar a du'irt an tè mu 'n t-sopan.

Oran do Mhac-Lucais,

Air dha maoidheadh air a Bhard gun cumadh
e 'suas ceann an amuill ris.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghail,
'S mairg aon dha bheil thu mar leannan
Is ann dhe t' abhaist daonnan
'Bhith blaomannach, caochlach, carach.
Thug mise mo sheal fein as
Mar dhéideig a bhiodh aig leanabh,
Is chunnaic mi le m' shùilibh
Gun deachaidh mi dluth am mearachd.

Nan tuigeadh tu mo nadar,
'Fhir ghraidh cha 'n fheil thu na t' airidh;
Is coltach pairt de d' ghiulan
Ri stiubhart gun sùilbheachd ra mhath;
Gun toir thu cuibhrionn dhubailt
Do 'n umba'dh gun iul, gun aithne,
'S air leam gur h-olc ain seol sin
'S an duine coir a chumail falamh.

Nach seall thu air Mac-Lùcais,
Cha sùgair e mar mo bharail;
Cha robh e riamh cho gòrach
'S gun deanadh e oran no ealaidh.
Geò chumainn-sa le m' bhriathraibh
'Suas sgialachd air Tuath De Danann,
Nuair theannamaid gu cròilean
'S e san gu mor 'bu mho bonnach.

Gun robh mi latha 'm Blàth-bheinn
Mar-ri Iain saibhir na h-Earadh,
An comunn bhinn na clarsaich,
Far am biodh luchd-dàin ga leanachd.
Gun deanainn fhin is Ruairidh dhaibh
Duanagan beag' de rannaibh;
Is gheibheamaid deoch bhrioghmhor,
B'fhearr leam na miadachd do bhonnaich.

Is bha mi la na Sròine
 Mar-ri luchd eolais is aineoil;
 'Sa chuideachd bha na sàir sin,
 Na Gaidheil dha 'n geilleadh ceànnas,
 Sir Iain is Sir Domhnall
 'S an coirneal deagh Mhac-Mhic-Ailein,
 'S fear eile de m' luchd-iarraidh,
 Alasdair ciar Ghlinne-Garadh.

Nuair 'chruinnicheamaid gu campa
 Le 'r ceannardan meanmnach, meara,
 Air theicheadh rachadh bron bhuainn,
 'S bhiodh sòlas a comhnuidh mar-ruinn,
 Gum faighinn fhin le m' ràbhart
 Mo phairt de na bhiodh 'san t-searraig;
 'S cha chumadh tus' an uair sin
 A suas rium do cheann de'n amull,

Cha 'n innis mi mo chruadal
 Mu 'n gluais iad gun deach mi 'm mearachd;
 Och, gur h-e falbh nan uaislean
 A's buaine a tha mi 'gearan;
 Gun robh mi mar-ri daoine
 'Dheanadh faochadh dhomh anns a charraid,
 Nuair bha thus', a Neill, a laochainn,
 Ad bhuachaille chaorach aig baile.

Blaomannach, inconstant. Deidcag, a toy.
 Sùgair, a merry fellow.

The Ruairidh referred to is Roderick
 Morison, an Clarsair Dall.

An Sean Duine.

Air leam fein gur truagh do dhaoine
 'Bhith 'g iarraidh gu aois an-mhoir,
 'S a liuthad car agus caochladh
 A thig ri aois 's ri anmhuinn.
 'N neach a bhiodh ri neart a threine
 Iomad te ga 'leanmhuinn,
 'S eig'neach a bhein a bbean-phosd' da
 Blas a poig 'na shean duin'.

Nach faic thu 'chlann mhac is nighean,
 Ge dligheil an dream iad,
 Dha 'n dugadh e 'chroth 's a chapuill
 'S na bhiodh aige 'dh-airgiod!
 Nuair a chaolaicheas a chasan.
 Is casadaich ga leanmhuinn,
 Cuiridh iad le casadh fiacaill
 Mìothlachd air an t-sean duin.

Nuair 'bhios a mhac an deidh posadh
 Ri cailinn bhoidhich, bhaindidh,
 A bhios freasdalach 'na fheum dha
 'S anam fein an geall oirr',
 Their e rithe, 'ghaoil mo ghraidh thu,
 Tha acaid a bhàis teann air,
 Is bidh sinne subhach, sambach,
 Nuair is bàs do 'n t-sean duin'.

'Nuair 'bhios e treis an deidh pòsadh
 Is nòs da gum bi clann aig';
 Bidh moran soin agus gaoil aige
 Do dh-aobhachd an cainnte
 'S their e b' fhearr leam eisdeachd tacan
 Ri acaìn mo leanabain
 Na na chluinninn eadar dha Dhomhnach
 De ghloir bosd an t-sean duin'.

Nuair 'theid e 'bhaile 'chinn chinnidh
 'S iomad fear 'bheir dreang' air,

'S iad ag radh le gaire lachainn
 Gur h-e bata 's arm dha.
 Deir an tighearna, mo thruaighe!
 Bha uair a bha e greannar,
 Ordaichidh mi 'chur do 'n chitsin,
 Ni mi iochd ri sean duin'.

Nuair 'chluinneas an sean duin' a ghloir sin
 'S nòs da a bhith feargach;
 Gun deid moran 'sios de 'ghibhtean
 De 'mhisnich 's de 'mheanmna.—
 Nuair a bha mise mar-ri t' athair
 A cur catha le m' armaibh,
 Theireadh e nach ann 's a chitsin
 Gheibhinn meas am shean duin'.

Fasaidh an tighearna fiata
 Ri briathraibh an t-sean duin';
 S deir e ris, "a dhuine thruaigh
 'S ro bheag mo luaidh de d' sheanachas;
 Airson mar a bha sibhse 'glusad
 Le uabhar 's le anameinn,
 S iomad fear caipsin 's an uair so
 Gam ruagadh-s' mu 'n ainbhfhiaich."

Freagraidh an sean duin 'le misnich,
 'S tric leo 'bhith neo-thuingeil,
 Gur h-e 'chuir an t-ainbhfhiaich ur-s' ort
 Meud do dhùil de 'n Ghalltachd,
 A phoit bheag 'bhith 'n cois an teallaich
 'S blas meala air a h-eanraich,
 A cosg an ni le 'n cumadh t' athair,
 Luchd-taighe le'n armaibh."

'S e 'ghloir sin a thuiteam bhuaithe
 Car tuathal an t-sean duin',
 Cuirear maor air feadh na duthcha
 Ga cur fo umhladh cailte.
 Gun neach a thoirt bidh, no leapa,
 No caidrimh, no cainnte,

No sion a dh' fhaodas a bhith aca
Do chlaigeann an t-sean duin'.

Nuair a theid e do 'n taigh-osda
'Thoiseachadh ri dram ol,
'H-uile fleasgach, barrail, boidheach,
Le 'sporan oir is airgid,
De dhearbha chairdean dileas dealaidh,
'Bha anam an geall orr',
Cuiridh iad gu ceann na h-uirigh
Uileann anns an t-sean duin'.

Nuair a theid e 'thaigh-na-cùrtach
'N deidh a spuinneadh le anaceart,—
'S mar tha gach donas dha 'g eirigh,
Cha'n i 'Bheurla 's cainnt de,—
Thig sgoileir na teanga shiubhlaich,
Mac ùmbaidh no lamhraig,
'S bheir e le feabhas a ghiulain
Ceart na cuis bho 'n t-sean duin'.

An sin nuair 'chi e le 'shuilibh
Gach cuis air na crampaig,
'S nach h-'eil neach fo ghath na greine
'Ni dha feum ri aimcheist,
Fasaidh e toileach air gluasad
Le buaidh do 'n taigh gheamhraidh,
Far am faigh e Maighstir pailt
A bheir dha ceart gun airgid.

Uirigh, a couch. Lamhrag, a slovenly woman.
Caipsin, caption, glacadh.

Laoidh.

'Thi chumhachdaich nan cumhdachdan,
 'S a Chruthadair 'tha shuas,
 Tha do shuilean mion-eolach
 Mu fhineachan nan sluagh,
 An neach ris am bi t' easontas
 Cha bhi e fada buan,
 S gu bheil t' armailt agus t' fheachdan
 Air an neartachadh le buaidh.

Is nèarachd neach air seacharan
 A thachradh riut 'sa chluain,
 'S a chitheadh meud na maisealachd
 'Tha air do cheart 's do bhuaidh.
 'S e sin 'bu daingeann taitneach dha,
 Nuair 'bhiodh e 'n aire no 'n cruas,
 Do ghairdean-sa 'bhith faisge dha,
 'S fear-taic Thu anns gach guais.

Tha cian nan cian on bheachdaicheadh,
 Air stapuinnean do bhuaidh,
 Nach h-'eil ann Cruithear feartach
 Ach 'n triuir phearsa 'tha r'a luaidh,
 'Rinn beinn is coill' is machraichean,
 'Rinn cuan is clach is cruas,
 'S a dhioghail mort nam macanaibh
 'S an Eipheit fad o 'n uair.

'Na aodhairtreud' mar dh' innseadh dhuinn
 Bha 'n ti fhuair ordagh bhuait,
 Gu bhith 'na cheanntart smachdalach
 Air uibhir pailt de shluagh
 Thug Thu Aron mar dheagh shagairt da,
 Gun lapachas, gun luas,
 'S chuir Thu brigh 's an t-slataig sin
 'Bhiodh na nathair iomad uair.

Dh' fhóghnadh do ghniomh miorbhuilteac
 (W)

A dh-innse miad do bhuaidh,
 Nuair 'thug thu pobull Israel
 Bho chisibh troimh 'n Mhuir Ruaidh.
 A bhuidheann 'bu luchd-strithe dhaibh
 Le miorun is le fuath,
 Cha d' fhan a h-aon an lathair diu
 Gun bhàthadh anns a chuan.

Nnair 'bha Maois 's an fhasach
 Is e 'enmail t' abhair suas,
 'S iad cumhachdan do ghairdein-s'
 'Bha ga shabhaladh gach nair.
 Thug Thu bùrn thun feumalachd
 A eudann creige cruaidh,
 'S chuir Thu brìgh 'san nathair phraisich
 Gu slànachadh an t-sluaigh.

Chuir Thu reull gu 'n sàbhaladh
 'S an speur a b' airde shuas,
 Gu'n stiùireadh anns na cearnaichibh
 'Bu stàthaile de'n chluain.
 Mar iul aig cumhachd ard ghliocais,
 No stiùir air ardraich cuain,
 Bhiodh meall teine 'na àite sin
 'S an oidhch' dha 'n gnath 'bhith fuar.

'S iomad ait 'san d' fhairich iad
 Do charthannachd gun fhuath,
 'S an d' rinn Thu freasdal ath'rail dhaibh
 Ri 'n ainnis is ri 'n cruas,
 Nuair a dhiult an talamh dhaibh
 Blath no teanal sguaid,
 'S Tus' a dhoirt am mana òrr'
 Bho nèamh nan aingeal shuas.

Airson an fhreasdail shaibhir sin,
 Thug iad-san mar dhroch dhuais
 Aoradh an De 'shabhail iad
 Do dh-ìomhaigh ghràbhailt' thruaigh.
 Chuir thu lagh gu 'n sabhaladh'

O'n bheinn a b' airde shuas,
 'S thaisbein Thu le t' àithne dhàidh
 Do thoil 's gach càs 'san gluais.

Luchd t' easontais cha'n ardaich ort,
 Cha'n fhaigh 'sna blaraibh bnaidh;
 An triuir sin 'rinn le dànadas
 A cheannaire ghraineil 'sua,
 Tha 'm breitheanas a tharlaidh dhaibh
 'Na sgàthan soilleir buan;
 Do shluig an talamh fasail iad,
 'S bi lorg an sàil 'an uaigh.

Chunnaic an rìgh Pàganach
 Aisling araid uair,
 Is b' aill leis daoine 'bhasachadh
 Mur h-innst' i dha 's a buaidh,
 Thaisbein Thus' a Dhaniet i,
 Bhon 's e 'nad ghradh a ghluais,
 Is mhol e le mor thaingeachachd
 Am maighistir bho 'n d' fhuair.

Bha rìgh Nebuchadnésar
 'Na chridhe fein cl o cruaidh
 Is nach b' fhiach leis geilleachdainn
 Do Thriath nan nèamhan shuas;
 Chuir e 'n triuir dha 'n robh 'n sàr-
 chreideamh
 An àmhuinn teine guail,
 Is gleidh Thusa gu sabhailt iad,
 Gun bholadh dàht' dhe 'n gruaig.

Chaidh Iona mar fhear-teachdaireachd,
 'S mar fhàidh' deas-fhaclach bhuit;
 Nuair 'dh' fhàs a chriedeamh failinneach
 Rug anradh air 'sa chuan,
 Dh' uidhimich Thu mor-mbiol dha
 Gu 'sglugadh beo gun ghuais,
 Is liubhair i air t' ordagh-s' e
 Air a chòrsa bharr 'n do ghluais.

Ghabh e fearg gu morchuisseach
 Le ardan gòrach truagh,
 'Chionn fad-bheirt a bhith 'd throcair-sa
 Ri iompaidh fhòil do shluaigh.
 Air tulaich far 'n do chòmhnaich e,
 'Sna thuit air seora suain,
 Thog e bothag eugsamhail
 Gu 'dhion o ghrein 's o fhuachd.

A mhic an duin' 'tha ardanach,
 Cia 'n t-àbhar mu bheil t' uaill?
 'S gur h-ann de dh-uir gun chàileachd
 'Tha do sgàil air 'dheanamh snas.
 Ciod a b' fhiach thu 'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Nuair a ghabh e 't àbhar truas,
 'S gun dug e 'mhac gu'r sabhaladh
 O bhruid an amhghair chruaidh!

A Bhith nam bith 'th' air t' ardachadh
 Mar nach eol do chach thoirt suas,
 'Tha gun tus, gun chrich, gun daibhreas,
 Is a mhaireas làthail, buan,
 'S co-sholus oidheche 's la dhuit,
 Is ni araid sin r'a luaidh;
 Tha ianlaith 's iasg gan àrach leat,
 Ged nach dean iad Màrt no buain.

Mo chudrom uile ort fagaidh mi.
 'Thi slabhail mi gach uair,
 'S a rinn freasdal saibhir dhomh
 Nuair 'bha mi 'n càs no 'n cruas;
 O gleidh, a Chruitheir ghrasmhoir m
 Gu la mo bhàis 's gu m' uaigh;
 An onair an Ti 'shabhail mi
 Cum cunnart 'Shatain bhuam.

Is nèarachd neach, happy is the one.

Mairearad Nigh'n Lachainn.

Mairearad nigh'n Lachainn, or Margaret the daughter of Lachlan, was an excellent poetess. She resided in Mull, and was a very old woman at the time of her death. When she was born, in what part of Mull she lived, when she died, and where she is buried, we do not know. It is not even beyond dispute to what clan she belonged. It is generally supposed that she was a Maclean. Three arguments may be advanced in favor of this view. In the first place, Dr. Maclean describes her as Mairearad nighean Lachainn mhic Iain mhic Lachainn, or Margaret the daughter of Lachlan son of John son of Lachlan; and Lachlan was a common name among the Macleans, but a rare name among the Macdonalds. In the second place, Duncan Kennedy, who published a collection of hymns in 1786, describes her as "Mairearad nighean Ailein or Margaret Maclean." He was certainly mistaken in describing her as the daughter of Allan. He may, however, have been correct in calling her Margaret Maclean. In the third place, she lived among the Macleans, and composed all her known poems about Mac-

leans. Whilst these arguments, and especially the fact that Lachlan is a rare name among the Macdonalds, have some force they are not conclusive. It is maintained by some that whilst her mother was a Maclean her father's name was Lachlan Macdonald, and not Lachlan Maclean. Two arguments may be advanced in support of this view. In the first place, Margaret nin Lachlan's compositions seem to show that she was a Macdonald. In "Gaoir nam Ban Muileach" she laments the death of Allan Macdonald of Moidart and especially the death of Sir John Maclean of Duart, and tells us that she was without a chief either on her father's side or her mother's. In "Chunnaic mise thu, Ailein," she asks the following question : Where, in Scotland or over in Holland, is there the like of my mother's clan apart from the pride of the Clan Donald ? In "Mo cheist an Leathanach modhar," she makes the following statement :— I was not near my father's clan since the Macleans were expelled from their country and their seat. It is certain that she lived in Mull, and that she was as near the Macleans as she could be. If, then, she was a Maclean, how could she say she was

not near her father's clan since the expulsion of the Macleans. The second argument which tends to show that Margaret nin Lachlan was a Macdonaid is the fact that John Maclean, the poet, described her in his manuscript in 1816 as "Mairearad Dhomhnallach, do 'm bu cho-ainm Mairearad nigh'n Lachainn," or Margaret Macdonald who was also known as Margaret nin Lachlan. It is certain that John Maclean believed that she was a Macdonald. It is equally certain that there was a tradition to that effect among some Argyleshire men in 1816. At the same time it is also certain that the common belief is, and has been for a long time, that Mairearad was a Maclean. Of course those who adhere to this view may say that some of the poems ascribed to her may not have been actually composed by her. They may also say that her poems have not come down to us as they were made.

Cumha do Lachainn Mac-Gill-eain.

Gur h-e mis' th'air mo leonadh
Mu dheibhinn na h-oigridh!
An àm dol do 'n taigh-òsda
Gum bu leam na fir oga:—
Tha mo dhiubhail 'na fheoil fo na beistean.

Mo cheist ogh' bhrath'r mo sheanar
'S e 'tha mis' an diu' gearan;
'S e mo dhith 'thug thu 'Chana;
Bu tu' sgiobair na mara
Ged' nach dainig thu fallain no gléidhteach.

Och, mo thruaighe do mhathair!
'S daor a cheannaich i phairtidh,
Nuair a bhristeadh do bhàta
'S a bha bloigh air gach tràigh dh'i:—
Bha mo dhiubhail mu 'n charn gun chead
eirigh.

Och, mo thruaigh' i 's thus Eachainn,
Le do mhocheirigh mhaduinn,
Ri siubhal gach cladaich,
'S nach d'fhuaras leat Lachainn;
Og ùr a chuil chleachdaich mar theudan.

'S ann aig bun na dubh sgeire
Chaill thu 'n coisiche beinne,
Air nach d'fhuaras riamh deireadh:—
Bu ro chinnteach do pheileir;
Gum bu mharbhadair eilid is féidh thu.

Mur bhith dhomhs' 'bhith og, leanabail,
Is nach h-eol dhomh do sheanachas
Bheirinn umad làn iomradh;
Ach cha b'fhuilear dhomh aimsir
'Chur do ranntachd, oig mheanmnaich r
'cheile.

Gur a cairdeach mo run-sa
 'Mhac-Gilleain nan luireach
 Leis an eireadh na fiurain,
 Is do dh' Iarla sin Antruim,
 Marcach allail nan curs-each a Eirinn.

Tha do sheanachas ri 'labhairt
 Ri Murchadh na Maighe,
 'S ri Mac'Fhionghain an t-Sratha,
 'S tu ro dhileas 'thaobh t' athar
 Do Chlann Eoghain o'n leathad le 'cheile.

Tha do chairdeas ri 'rusgadh
 Ri tighearna Mhuideart,
 Ri Mac-Neill o na turaibh
 Aig am biodh na fir ùra,
 'S gur dearbh charaid mo run do Shir
 Seumas.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn,
 Bho Ros riabhach nam badan,
 'Dh'fhag fir Ile nan eadal,
 'S a thug dith orr' an Asgaig;
 Thug e dioladh 's na bh'ac' anns an eucoir.

Gur a h-iar-ogh' thu 'dh-Ailein
 'Thug an long o Mhac-Cailein
 Ris an oidheche ghil ghealaich,
 Is a luchd innt' 'chrodh ballach,
 Ged nach b'ann gu crò earraich a gheum-
 raich.

It is slightly probable that the foregoing lines were composed about Lachlan, son of Hector, son of Charles of Ardnacross. Lachlan's grandmother was a daughter of Maclean of Ardgour.

Hector Mor of Duart married Mary,
 (x)

daughter of Alasdair mac Iain Chathan-aich, father of Sorley Buy, whose son Randal was created Earl of Antrim in 1620. Hector Mor had Hector Og; John Dubh of Morvern, Mary, and other children. Hector Og was the father of Sir Lachlan Mor, father of Hector Og, father of Lachlan, whose daughter Mary was married to Lachlan Mor MacKinnon. John Dubh was the father of Hector of Kinlochaline, Charles of Ardnacross, and Janet, wife of Macneil of Barra. Mary, Hector Mor's daughter, was married to Donald Macdonald of Sleat, father of Archibald, father of Sir Donald, father of Sir James, who died in 1678. By "Clann Eoghainn le 'cheile" are meant the Macleans of Ardgour and Boreray. "Lachainn bho Ros riabhach nam badan" is Lachainn Odhar, a distinguished warrior who lived in Sir Lachlan Mor's time.

Gur h-e 'Mheudaich mo Chradh.

Gur h-e 'mheudaich mo chràdh,
 Is a lughdaich mo chail,
 'Liuthad latha 's a bha
 Mis 's tus' air an tràigh—
 Gur a diombach mi 'n bhàs
 'Thug an fheoil dhìom o 'n chnaimh;
 Gur h-ann againn a bha na treun-laoich
 Gur h-ann againn a bha, &c.

Luchd a dh' iomairt an òir;
 'S iad a dhioladh an t-ol,
 'Leanadh fad air an tòir
 Ann an cumasg nan srol;
 'S co a chuireadh orr' gleo
 Ann am mùiseadh an t-sloigh;—
 Ach de 'm fàth dhomh bhith bron mu 'r
 deibhinn?

Mo cheist an Leathanach ur,
 Bu ghlan sealladh do shul,
 Fo amharc gun smur;
 Càit am faicteadh an cùirt
 Fear t' fhasain gun tulg?
 Bha thu seasmhach 's gach cuis,
 'S ann ri t' fhacal a b 'fhiu dhulnn eisè-
 eachd.

'S anns an eaglais so shuas,
 'N ciste ghiubhais nach gluais,
 'Tha ùr cheannard an t-sluaigh,
 Agus marcaich nan stuadh
 Rì la frionasach, fuar;
 'S tu gu'n iarradh i 'suas
 Ged a bhiodh i 'n sàs cruaidh 'na h-eiginn.

Och a Mhoire, mo chall!
 Thu 'bhith 'n ciste nan crann,

Air a sparradh gu teann,
 'Fhir bu shiobhalta cainnt;
 Ach nuair 'dhuisgeadh iad t'fhearg
 Cha bu shugradh sud daibh;
 'S mor gar dith fear do rann bhon dh' éug
 thu.

Marcaich deas nan each seang';
 'Bheireadh roid asd' is srann;
 Beart nach b' iongantach leam
 Thu thu 'bhith uasal, is t' ainm;
 Làmh thu 'dh' iomairt nan arm
 Gu treun, cruadalach, garg;
 'S ogha 'dh-Aileen nan lann 's nan steud
 thu.

'S car thu 'dh'-Aileen nan ruag
 'Chreach a Chòrca da uair;
 Thug e Rùt' air le buaidh,
 'S co a b' urraien 'thoirt uaith',
 An àm cruinneachadh sluaigh;
 Cha robh athadh 'na ghruaidh
 Nuair a chaidh e air chuairt do dh-Eirinn

Is gur car thu 'Mhac-Leoid,
 'Mhic mhic Ailein mhic Eoin;
 'Dh-Eachann Ruadh nach h-fheil beò
 'Dha 'm biodh tàileasg air bord.
 'S fion is branndaidh gan ol.
 Aig na fir 'bu chruaidh gleo,
 Agus bualadh nam bròg gan teumadh.

Ach nam bidhinn 'sa bhùth,
 Is na h-airm ann a b' fhiu,
 Nàile thaghainn do m' run
 Sgiath bhreac nam ball dluth,
 Claidheabh sgaiteach geur cuil,
 Is da dhaga nach diult;
 'S cha bu chladhaire thu 'thoirt feum' asd'.

Iar-ogh' dileas mo ghradh
 Do dh-Iain Dubh' a bha 'n laimh;
 Sliochd nan iarlachan ard,
 'S fad on thrìall sibh o 'n Spain;
 'S ann bho Lachainn a bha
 An ionndraichinn chraidh;—
 Fear do choltas gu bràth cha léir dhomh.

Gar a cairdeach mo luaidh
 Do Chlann-Domhnaill nam buadh.—
 'Mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag,
 Thu bhith 'd laighe 'san uaigh
 Ann an eaglais nan stuadh,
 Och, a Mhoire, mo chruas;
 Ghabh na fir dhiot cead buan nach b'
 eibhinn.

'Fhir 'bu tighearnail gnaths;
 Beart 'bu dligheach sud da;
 Mo chreach do nighean gun aird,
 'S e na leith-sgeul aig cach
 Nach do ghabh iad a pairt,
 A liuthad oinnseach a tha
 'Faotuinn ionaid is àite féisdeil

'Fhir a cheannaicheadh am fion,
 Is a b' urrainn a dhiol,
 'S tu a b' airidh air pic,
 'S bogha glaic nan ceann liobht';
 Och, a Mhoire, mo dhith,
 Bha mi romhad air tìr
 'Nuair a thug iad thu 'dh-I na cleire.

Dhomhsa dh' eirch an call
 Nuair a thug iad thu 'nall
 Gu réilig nam marbh
 Mu 'n robh chaiseamachd shearbh,
 Bualadh bhasan gu teann,
 'S gun do chluasag fo d' cheann;
 A ruin, cha fhreagair thu 'n t-àm gu eirigh.

Tha do cheile fo leon,
 'S tric i 'snigheadh nan deoir,
 Is do dhilleachdain og'
 Gun aird, no gun doigh,
 Mu na lochanan mòr;
 Dh' fhag thu sinne fo bhron,
 'S chaill sinn tuilleadh 's a choir mu t' éirig.

'S ann tha sinne air ar claidh,
 Gar sàrach' a caoidh
 Bhon a dh' fhalbh bhuainn gach saoidh
 'Dheanadh feum is stath dhuinn;
 An nis shracadh ar siuil,
 Dh' fhalbh ar cairt, bhrisd ar stiuir;—
 Dia 'thoirt rathaid g'a ionnsuidh fein
 dhuinn.

Gleo, a fight. Tulg, a lurch, tossing, rocking.
 Rann, portion, a pedigree.

“Ailein nan ruag a chreach a Chorca da uair” must be Aileen nan Sop, and “Iain Dubh a bha 'n laimh” must be his nephew, John Dubh of Morvern, who was imprisoned and executed by Angus Macdonald, of Islay, about the year 1586.

John Dubh had four sons, Donald Glas, Allan of Ardtornish, John Garbh and Charles. Allan of Ardtornish was a very prominent man and an active warrior from his youth. He is probably the Allan referred to in the words, “A mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag.” He had three sons, Hector, first Maclean of Kinlocha-

line, Charles of Ardnacross, commonly called Tearlach mac Ailein, and Donald, who died unmarried. Hector, first of Kinlochaline, had two sons, John, second of Kinlochaline, and Lachlan, who died without issue. Charles of Ardnacross, had six sons, Allan, first Maclean of Drimnin, Lachlan of Calgary, Allan of Grulin, Donald of Aros, Hector and Ewen.

We have no means of determining who the subject of the lament was. It seems, however, to have been composed about a grandson of Allan of Ardtornish, possibly about Hector, son of Charles of Ardnacross.

Oran

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN.

Gun d'fhuair mi sgeul 's cha'n aicheam e;
 Gu bheil e dhomh toirt gairdeachais,
 Gur binne leam na clarsaichean
 'Bhith 'g innse mar a thàinig sibh,
 Gu bheil Sir Iain sabhailte,
 S gun d'ug a Bhànrùinn cuirt dha.

Nam b' fhiosrach Bànrùinn Anna
 Mar a dh' fhogradh ann ad leanabh thu,
 Is mar a thugadh t' fhearann bhuait,
 Gum biodh i aoidheil, geanail riut,
 Is nach robh cron ri aithris ort
 Ach leantail do righ duthchais.

Gur truagh gun mi cho beachdail
 Is gum faighinn éisdeachd facail dh' i;
 Nan labhrainn beurla Shasunnach,
 No Fraingis mhìn gu fasanta,
 Gum innsinn gun dol seachad dh' i
 Mar rinneadh ort do dhiùchradh.

Na Leathanaich bu phriseil iad,
 Bu mhoralach nan inntinn iad;
 'N diugh crem-cheannach 's ann 'chìtear iad,
 'S e teann lagh a thug strìochdadh asd';
 Is mairg a bha cho dileas riutha
 Riamh do rìgh no 'phrionnsa.

Gum b' fhearr bhith cealgach, innleachdach,
 Mar bha 'ur naimhdean miorunach;
 'S e 'dh' fhagadh laidir, lionmhor sibh,
 'S e 'dheanadh gnothach cinnteach dhuibh,
 A bhith cho faicleach, crìonnta
 Is gum b' fàlach leibh a bhith tionndadh.

Chuala mi, 's mi 'm phàisdeachan.
 Mun d' ghlacadh tuigse nadair leam,
 Na bha fo thuath, ge laidir iad,
 Gur sibh a ghnath 'bu bhàghan daibh;
 'S beag ionghnadh leam mar tha iad
 Anns a Ghaidhealtachd gur n-ionndrainn.

An fhine mhor 'bha ardanach!
 Bha urram is buaidh-larach leibh.
 Bu deas a dh' iomairt chlàidhean sibh,
 Cha mheirgeadh iad nan sgàbartan;
 Is cha bu gheilt no sgàthachas
 A leughadh iad an cùnnart.

'N am togail dhuith le gairdeachas
 A chaiseamachd bu ghnathach leibh
 Bhiodh sluagh gu leoir a màrsal leibh,
 Fir sgairteil throm' neo-fhailinneach,
 'S bhiodh brataichean gan sàthadh
 Aig sliochd Mhànuis Oig gan rùsgadh.

Is iomadh luireach mhàilleach
 'Bhiodh air ealachainnean 'nur fardaichean;
 Cha togadh sibh na ràpairean,
 Gum b' fhearr a chrath' an spàinteach leibh,
 A dh' fheuchadh spionnadh ghairdeanan,
 'S am bogh a b' fhearr a lùbadh.

Cuid eile de bhur n-àbhaistean
 Mun do chuireadh sgànnradh annaibh,
 Puirt is stuic is stàndachan,
 Is bualadh bhrog air dhearnachan,
 'S gach neach dhibh mar a dh'fhasadh e
 Bhith foglum dha gach lùth-chleas.

A rìgh! gur dubhach, cianail mi
 A caoidh nar laoch a b' fhiachaile;
 Gun d' eirich cleas Mhaol-Ciarain daibh,
 Cha'n fheil ri 'inns' ach sgial orra;
 Mo thruaighe! gun do thriall iad bhuainn,
 Fir threun nan sgiath 's nan luireach.

Mànus Og, Magnus Morisoa. The Morisons
 we e bannermen to the Macleans of Duart.

Oran

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN, TRIATH
 DHUBHAIRT.

Dh'fhalbh mo chadal a smaointinn
 'S mi ri tigh'nn air na daoine
 Nach h-fheil againn air faotuinne;
 Chuir sin mise air faontrath 's air fògradh.
 Chur sin mise, &c.

Sir Iain cha d' fhuirich;
 Cha do dh-fhaodadh a chumail

Air bhord ann an Lunnainn,
No a feitheamh air furan rìgh Deorsa.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh e 'thachairt,
Thu 'bhith ardanach, beachdail,
Nuair a lionteadh le reachd thu,
Is a liuthad fuil bhras a bha 'd phòraibh.

Bu tu ogha Shir Lachainn,
Iar-ogh' Ruairidh nam bratach
'Th' anns a chiste chaoil ghlaiste,
'S fionn-ogh' Chailein nan lasgairean cròdha.

'S ann a tha do luchd-muinntir'
Mar ghaoir sheillean ga t' ionndrainn;
Tha iad iargaineach, tùrsach;
Cuin a thig thu gan ionnsuidh le còmhnaidh?

Luchd nan leadanan cul bhuidhe,
Nan clogad 's nan luireach,
'S nan sgiath bhreac air dheagh chuineadh,
Aig am b' iomadach ionntas is stòras.

'S iomadh bean agus nighean
A thogadh e 'n cridhe,
Nan deanadh tu tighinn
Mar a b' àit leinn a rithisd le sòlas.

Mur a deachaidh mi 'm mearachd,
Bu tu dalta mo sheanar
'S nighean Ruairidh 's na h-Earadh;
Cha b'e anaghlàs a bhainne a dhol thu.

Och, a Dhe, dean ruinn tionndadh;
Thoir dhuinn fabhar gun diultadh,
'S sinn ri feitheamh do chuirte,
Ged nach h-fheil sian cho mùinte 's ba choir
dhuinn.

Ged is Stochd mi 'n deigh Crionadh ;

ORAN DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN.

Ged is stochd mi 'n deidh crionadh,
 Cha 'n fheil miorun air m' aire
 Do na fir a bha 'n ruaig òrr',
 Dh'an robh 'n cruadal aig baile.
 An ceann-cinnidh 'bu phriselle,
 De 'n fhior fhuil 'bu ghlaine
 As a choill a b'fhearr cnuasach,
 Rinneadh fhuadach thar mara.

Tha do chinneadh an cruaidh chàs,
 Tha iad truagh dheth gad ghearan;
 Bha iad roimbe so sar mhath,
 Nuair a dh'fhagadh thu 'd leanabh.
 'Nuair a thug thu dhaibh sòlas,
 Ghabh thu fogradh a t' fhearann;
 Tha do dhuthchannan bochd dheth,
 Lan de ghort is de dh'-ainnis.

Gur h-e m' aighear is m' eudail,
 Marcaich ur lan steud meara.
 Gur mac-samhailt do 'n reul thu,
 Do na ghrein no do 'n ghealaich.
 Laigh dubh-smal air na crìochan
 O 'n la 'striochd thu o'n bhaile.
 Bu tu iuchair nan Gaidheal
 Ann an gàradh 's an daininn.

Gur h-e aona mhac Shir Ailein,
 Am flath ceanalta daicheil;
 Cha bu chularaibh coimheach
 'Bhiodh mu d' chomhair an sgàthan;
 Ach gruag chléiteagach, chleachdach,
 Mu ghruaidh mhaisich 's math dearrsadh;
 Fiamh an óir air a h-uachdar,
 'S i na cuachagaibh fàinneach.

'S e do thalla 'bha rioghail,
 Gheibhteadh fion ann air bhordaibh,
 Agus feadagan fiadhaich,
 Is gach ianlaith ga choir sin.
 Bhiodh ann sar uisge-beatha
 Ga chur seachad gu h-ordail;
 Is le eagal an iota,
 Bhiodh leann brioghmhor is beoir ann.

Bhiodh fir ghasda ri freasdal,
 Moch isfeasgar 's tràth-nòine;
 Bhiodh an comunn lan eibhnis,
 Rachadh eislean air fógradh.
 'H-uile dram mar a thigeadh
 Chuirteadh sud ann an ordagh,
 Ann am broinn nam fear fialaidh
 Nach do liath an déidh posadh.

Gaoir Nam Ban Muileach

Cumha do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain Triath Dhubh-
 airt, a chaochail sa bhliadhna 1716.

'S goirt leam gaoir nam ban Muileach,
 Iad ri caoineadh 's ri tuireadh,
 'S gun Sir Iain an Lunnainn,
 No 'san Fhraing air cheann turais;
 'S trom an sac 'thug ort fuireach
 Gun thu dh' fhalbh air an luingeas;
 'S e sin aobhar ar dunaich;
 B'og a choisinn thu 'n t-urram 'sna blaraibh.

Air an rìgh sin dha 'n d' rinneadh
 Togail suas ann am barrachd,
 'S daor a thug sinne ceannach,
 Bho 'n la 'thionnsgainn a charraid;
 Chuireadh aon mhac Shir Aileen

's a chòirichean fearainn,
 Le fìor fhoirneart 's le aindeoin;
 Ach 's e lom sgriob an earraich so 'chraidh
 mi

Ged a b' fhad thu air siudan,
 Cha robh lochd ort r'a chunntas;
 Do luchd-toisich cha b' fhiu leat
 Dhol a dheanamh dhaibh umhlachd;
 Curaidh ard thu 'bu mhùinte;
 'S e mo chreach gun do dhruidh ort
 Meud an callaich a bhruchd ort,
 'S nach robh leigh ann a dhiuchradh am bàs
 bhuaite.

Fàth mo ghearain 's mo thursa,
 Mac-Gilleain nan luireach
 'Bhith 'na laighe 'sa chruisle
 An suain cadail gun dusgadh;
 Is ruaig bhàis air do mhuinntir,
 'S nach d' fhagadh de dh-ùine
 Cead an armachd a ghiulan;
 Thug an naimhdean d'an ionnsuidh nan
 deann-ruith.

B' fbiach do chairdean an sloinneadh,
 Morair Shléite 's Mac-Coinnich,
 Is Mac-Leòid as na Hearnadh,
 'S am fear tieun sin nach maireann,
 Ailein Maideartach allail.
 Fàth mo chaoidh gach fear fearainn,
 Tha 'n deagh run dhuinn 's nach m'alladh,
 'Bhith gun chomas tigh'nn mar-ruinn an
 dràsda.

Cha chainnt bhosdail 's cha'n earra-ghloir
 'Tha a shannt orm am sheanachas,
 'S mi gur faicinn-se caillte
 'N deidh gach mor ghnìomh a rinn sibh,
 Ann an Eirion 's an Albainn,

'Shliochd Ghilleain nam feara-ghleus;
 Chuidich Eachann Cath Gharbhfhaidh,
 'S e air deas laimh na h-armailt' le 'shàr fhir.

Cha'n e'n curaidh neo-thais ud,
 No Sir Eachann le 'ghaisgich,
 A tha mis' an diu 'g acainn,
 Ach Sir Iain nam bratach,
 Nam pios óir 's nan corn dathte,
 'Dheanadh stòras a sgapadh:
 Is maing rioghachd dhe 'n deachaidh
 An triath calm' ud is Caipitín Chlann-Ranaill.

Och is mis' th' air mo chlisgeadh,
 Saoir bhith 'sabbhadh do chiste,
 'S gun do chàireadh fo lùic thu
 'N aite falaich, gun fhios duinn.
 'N airde 'n iar air a brisdeadh,
 'S gun an t-oighre 'na ghliocas;
 So a bhliadhn' a thug sgrios oirnn;
 'S goirt ar call ris a bhrìosgadh 'thug Màras.

Gur neo-eibhinn ar gabhail
 Bho 'n la 'dh' eug Mac-Gilleain
 'S a chaidh 'sios sliochd an talghe
 A bha cliuiteach ri 'n latha.
 'S mor mo chall-sa bho shamhuinn,
 Tha mi 'm thruaghan bochd mnatha,
 Tha mi faondrach, gun fharraid,
 Gun cheann cinnidh 'thaobh athar no
 màthar.

Mo chreach! ceannard nan gaisgeach
 Anns a bhlàr nach d' fhuair masladh
 Bhith gar dith ri am airce;
 Ged a thogar na mairt bhuainn,
 Cha bhith srann aig do bhrataich,
 Is cha chluinnear do chaismeachd;
 Mhothaich suil nach robh ceart duibh,
 'N latha chunnacas o Pheairt sibh a mar-
 sadh.

Cha neart dhaoin' a thug bhuainn thu;
 Nam b e' chiteadh air ghluasad
 Iomad gaisgeach mór, uasal,
 'Thogail t' eirig 'san tuasaid;
 Luchd nan clogaidean cruadhach,
 'S nan lann soilleir gun ruadh mheirg;
 Fir mar gharbh fhrasan fuara,
 Leis an deanteadh lom sguabadh 'san
 àraich.

'S ann 'nar caistealan grinne
 A bha tàmh na cinn-chinnidh
 A bha aoibh'ail ri 'n'sireadh;
 Gar h-ann timchioll an tine
 'Chluinnteadh bardachd nam filidh
 'S guth nan clarsaichean binne,
 'S gheibht' ann ceàrraich ri iomairt;
 Mo run luchd nan cul fionna, cas, fainn-
 each!

'Threunaibh calm' nan long siubhlach,
 Nan ceann-bheart 's nan each cruideach.
 Ged bu dileas do'n chrun sibh
 Fhuaradh seol air bhur diuchradh;
 'S mairg nach gabhadh dhibh curam,
 Ann an eirig bhur siudain,
 Nuair nach d' aidich sibh tionndadh;
 'S ann a rinneadh air aon luing bhur
 fagail!

Co an neach dha bheil suilean
 Do nach soilleir am muthadh
 'Tha air teachd air ar duthaich
 Bho 'n la chaill sinn an t-aon fhear
 Fo laimh Dhe 'ghabh dhinn curam;
 Fhrois gach abhall a h-ubhlan,
 Dh' fhalbh gach blath agus ùr-ròs,
 'S tha ar coill' air a rusgadh de 'h-ailleachd.

Oirnne thàinig an diobhail!
 Tha Sir Iain a dhith oirnn,

'S Clann-Ghilleoin air an diobradh,
Iad gun iteach, gun linnidh,
Ach mar gheoidh air an spionadh,
Iad am measg an luchd mioruin
Is a fulang gach mì-mhodh,
Ged nach ann ri feall-innleachd a bha iad.

Gur a cruaidh mar a thachair
Bhon cheud la 'chaidh thu 'mach uainn
Le loin ghèir nan trì chlaisean
Ad laimh threubhaich gu sgapadh.
Ged nach d'fhuair thu fo t' fhacal
An tìr fharsuinn 'bh' aig t' athair,
B' fhearr gum faigheadh do mhac i;
Dia g' ur coimhead o mhiosguinn bhur
namhad.

Gum b' e turas na truaighe,
'Bha gun bhuidhinn, gun bhuannachd,
'Thug thu 'n uiridh nuair 'ghluais thu
Le do dhaoine ri d' ghualainn;
Dh' fhag e sinne ann an cruaidh-chàs
Os-cionn tuigs' agus smuaintinn;
Tha sinn falamh, lag, suarach;
Dh' fhalbh ar sonas mar bhruadar gun stàth
bhuainn.

'S e mo chreach gun do strìochd thu,
'Fhiubhaidh, eireachdail, fuachail;
Tha do chlann air an diobradh;
Co ni 'n deoch dhaibh a lionadh,
A chur casg air an iotadh?
Co nan laigse 'bheir dìon dhaibh?
Och, gur fad thu bhe d' dhislean;
'S ann a dh' fhag iad thu mhios gus am
màireach

'S e 'chuir m' astar am maillead
Is mo shuilean an dòillead,
A bhith faicinn do chloinne
'S an luchd-foghlaim is oilein

Air am fògradh gun ghoireas,
 Ach mar cheatharnaich-coille
 Iad gun fhios ac' eia 'n doire 'san tamh iad.

Gur a goirt leam ri 'chluinntinn,
 'S gur a h-oil leam ri 'iomradh;
 Nach deach aobhar ar n-ionndrainn,
 Ole air mhath le 'luchd-diumba,
 A thoirt dachaidh d'a dhuthaich;
 Gum bu shòlas le d' mhuinntir
 Do chorp geal a bhith dluth dhaibh
 Ann an I nam feur cliuiteach le d' chairdean.

Och is mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
 Bho nach dug iad thu thairis
 'Dhol air tir air an Ealaidh,
 'Dhol fo dhion aans a charraig
 Ann an reidhlig nam Manach,
 Mar-ri t' athair 's ri d' sheanair,
 'S iomad treun laoch a bharrachd,
 Far am faodamaid teannadh mu d'charnaibh.

'S mairg a gheibheadh gach buille
 A fhuair sinne bho 'n uiridh;
 Thàinig tonn air muin tuinne
 A dh'fhag lòn sinn 's an cunnart,
 Chaidh ar creuchdadh gu guineach,
 Dh' fhalbh ar n-eibhneas gu buileach;
 Bhrisd ar claidheabh 'na dhuille
 Nuair a shaoil sinn gun cumamaid slàn e.

Siudan, a swinging. Slat shiudain, a pendulum. Muinte, instructed, well-bred. Earra-ghloir, bold or taunting language. Tine, or teine, fire.

Sir John Maclean of Duart was born in 1670. His father, Sir Allan, died in 1674. Lachlan Maclean of Brolas and
 (z)

Lachlan Maclean of Torlisk were appointed his guardians or tutors. When about seven years of age he was sent to Brahan Castle, where he lived until he was old enough to be sent to college. Lachlan, eldest son of Allan Maclean of Grulin, was with him as a companion. He took the management of the affairs of his estates into his own hands in 1687. He fought at Killiecrankie in 1689. He had five hundred of his followers with him. Lachlan Maclean of Lochbuie was Lieutenant-Colonel under him. He retired to the garrison of Cairnburgh in 1690, where he remained until March 31st, 1692. He lived in France from 1692 until 1703. Queen Anne bestowed a pension of £500 a year on him. During her reign he lived chiefly in London. He lost his estates, the Earl of Argyll having obtained possession of them. He joined the Earl of Mar with eight hundred followers, in 1715. He took a distinguished part in the battle of Sheriffmuir, November 13th, 1715. He became ill at Perth. He was unable to follow the Chevalier to France, although he was offered accommodation on board his ship. He parted with his men at Keith, and went to Gordon Castle, where he

died March 12th, 1716. He was buried in the Church of Raffin in Banffshire, in the family vault of the Gordons of Buckie. He was well educated, and spoke Gaelic, English, and French fluently. He was a brave, honest, and generous man ; but blindly attached to the unwise Stewarts.

ORAN

DO DH-AILEIN MAC-GILLEAIN, MAC FEAR
BHROLAIS.

Chunnaic mise thu Ailein,
Is tu amaideach, gorach,
Mun do ghlac thu 'n gnìomh fearail,
Is mun d'rinneadh dhiot coirneal;
Marcach ur nan steud brasa,
Tha 'n diu 'n tasgaidh 'sna bordaibh;
Och is mis' 'th'air mo sgaradh
'Caoineadh Ailein 's nach beo e!

Fear t' aogais cha 'n fhaic mi
Ann am faicheachd no 'm foghlum;
Bu mhiath cumadh do shleisde,
Is do bheil is do shroine.
Gum bu cheannard air feachd thu
'Thoirt daibh smachd agus ordaigh;
'Fhir nach leughadh a ghealtachd,
'S tu nach seachnadh an comhrag.

'Ogha brathair Shir Lachainn,
'S e mo chreach nach do phos thu;
Sin a dh' fhag sinn cho galach,
'Dheagh mhic Lachainn mhic Dhomhnaill;

'Mhic an fhir a fhuair urram,
'S nach cuireadh duin' air an fhogradh.
B' e sin Lachainn na ceille,
Mar bha 'n treun-fhear bha comhl' ris.

Air an dol do Dhuneideann
Thug iad reite leo dhachaidh;
Ghlac Diuc Seumas air laimh iad,
'S dh'iarr a bhan-diuc a steach iad.
Cha robh Gall 's cha robh Gaidheal
'N seombar clàraidh no 'n caisteal,
Nach do sheas air a chabhsair,
Aig meud an geall air am faicinn.

Nuair a chunnacas na h-armuinn,
Na fìor Ghaidheil gun fhòtus,
Is nach d'iarr iad de dheise orra
Ach breacan is còta,
Is sgiath bhreac nam ball iomad
Air an slinnein gu comhrag,
'S ann a thubhairt gach duine,
Sud a chulaidh tha boidheach!

Càit an robh iad 'san t-saoghal,
No an taobh so de fhlaithneas,
Mac-samhail nan daoine' ud?
Cha 'n fhaodar am faighinn,
Mach o ghathaibh na greine
'Ann an speuraibh an adhair;
'S cha 'n iarramaid' airson' sgàthain
Ach bhith 'n aite gan amharc.

Thuirte gach morair a b'airde
Gun robh 'n àit 's an taigh-lagha;
Co a dhiobradh gu bràth iad
Is gun ghraim air an aghaidh?
Gur h-e 'n teachdaire dan,
'Bha 'gabbail taimh 'sa cheann-adhairt,
A dh'fhag sinne mar tha sinn,
'S nach robh dh'agh oirnn an gleidheadh.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn
 'Thug an t-each a Strath-Lochaidh,
 A thug umhlachd bho 'n mharcach,
 A thug 'ad is a chleoc dheth;
 Ach cha b' fhiach leis an gleidheadh,
 Ged bhiodh deiltreadh de'n òr orr'.
 Ach am mathadh d'a ghillean
 'Dheanamh iomairt is oil leo.

Sin nuair chruinnich na h-armuinn
 Is na Gaidheil gu h-uile,
 Luchd nan clogaidean stailinn
 'S nan lann Spainteach geur, guineach.--
 An àm tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh
 Bu leibh failt' agus furan,
 Is pìob romhìbh a màrsadh,
 Is nach b' aill leibh an drumma.

An am tilleadh o 'n bhlar dhuibh
 Gu 'ur n-aiteachan combhuidh,
 Chluinnteadh fuaim air an dannsa,
 'S fion is branndaidh gan ol leibh,
 'S uisge-beatha nam feadan,
 Leis an leagteadh na geocaich;
 'S air an urlar 'nan seasamh
 Bhiodh luchd-freasdail gu leoir dhuibh.

'S car a dh-Iarla nam pìos thu
 A bha 'n Ile ri stròiceadh,
 Lachainn Mòr a bha priseil,
 Sin 'chuir mi gad shìor fheoraich,
 Càit a bheil iad an Albainn,
 No thall anns an Olainn,
 Leithid cinneadh mo mhàthar
 'Mach o ardan Chlann-Domhnaill?

Ach 's e aobhar mo ghearain
 An drasd eallach Fear Bhròlais;
 Co a sheasas r'a ghualainn,
 'Se 'san uair so 'na onrachd,

Bho na dh'fhalbh uainn a bhrathair,
 An tus àilleachd is òige,
 Gun am mac 'theid na àite;—
 Leam is craiteach an dòbheart.

'S fhir dha'n robh a ghnuis alainn
 Fo chul tlàth nan ciabh or-bhuidh',
 Com 'bu ghile na'n canach,
 Is na meall-shuilean modhar,
 A dh'fhas deas, foinnidh, fearail,
 'S b' fhad a leanadh an tòrachd,
 'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh
 A dh'fhag galach le bron sinn.

'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh
 'Chuir sinn tamull ga t' ionndrainn,
 'S nach robh 'n sin agad caraid
 A theannadh gu t' ionnsuidh,
 No gu d' chàradh 's an anart
 Nuair a dballadh do shuilean,
 Ach t' fhagail 'san t-seombar
 Is a chomhl' air a dunadh.

Ach nam biodh tu 'n sin aca.
 Far an racht' air do thòrradh,
 Ann an talla na h-Innse
 No an I far 'm bu choir dhuit,
 Ann an reilig nam Manach,
 'Sa bheil na barantan mora,
 'Dhol air tir air an Ealaidh,
 Cha bhiodh tu fad ann ad ònrachd.

Ach nam biodh tu san tir so
 Far am biodht' air do thòrradh.
 Ghluaiseadh Murchadh na Maighe,
 'S Clan Gilleain nan rò-seol,
 Mac Mhic Eoghain, 's mac Eachainn
 Bho shiol Arcaig 's bho Lòchaidh.—
 Och, mo thruaighe do bhrathair!
 Is do mhathair 's i 'bhrònag.

Ach a Thi 'thug an sgrìos oirnn,
 'S ann 'tha sin air a sgrìobhadh;
 Na crainn mhor' air am brisdeadh
 Mun do dh-fhìosraicheadh dhinn iad.
 Na crainn mhora bhith brisd'
 Thug dhinn ar n-iteach s ar linnidh;
 Thuit a phaire 'san robh 'n t-abhall
 'S fhrois an snodhach 'bu phriseil.

Mi mar Oisein 'nur deaghaidh,
 Bho 'n rinneadh taghadh nan caor' eirbh;
 Chaidh gach aon mar a b'fhearr dhibh
 'Thoir a fasach an t-saoghail s'.
 Ach a Thi a ghabh toirt diu,
 'S a dh'fhag goirt-cheannach daor sinn,
 Seall a nuas oirnn an trocail,
 'S maith ar bron dhuinn 's ar caoineadh,

Clann-Ghilleain nan cruaidh-chath,
 Dh'fhalbh iad bhuainn mar an raineach;
 Fhroiseadh ubhlan a ghàraidh
 Gus an d'fhagadh e falamh.
 'S ann 'tha 'n t-oighre air fògradh
 'S e gun seol aig air fauailt;
 Och, a Mhoire, mo leon
 Gu bheil a chòir aig Mac-Callein

'S tric a faighneachd gach aon neach,
 Cìod e t' aois, a nigh'n Lachainn?
 Cìod am fàth dhomh sin innseadh,
 'S nach creid sibhs' e 'n lorg m' fhaicinn?
 Cha 'n fheil fiacail am dheudaich
 Nach do leum as mo chlaigeann,
 A sìor iargainn nan daoine
 Ris an glaoidhteadh na gaisgich.

Donald, first Maclean of Brolas, was a
 brother of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart.

He had two sons, Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Hector Og, who was drowned whilst going to Barra in a small open boat. Lachlan married Isabel, daughter of Hector, second Maclean of Torloisk, and had two sons, Donald, third Maclean of Brolas, and Allan, an officer in the British army. This is the Allan whose death is lamented in the poem. He died at Stirling in 1722.

Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Lachlan, third Maclean of Torloisk, visited Edinburgh on business connected with Sir John Maclean's estate in 1769. They were received very kindly by James Duke of York, afterwards King James II. They were both men of high character and good ability. The former died in 1686 and the latter in 1687.

Oran

Do Shir Eachann Mac-Gilleain, a chaochail
anns an Roimh 'sa bhliadhna 1751.

'Fhir 'tha 'n cathair an Fhreasdail,
Cùm-sa ceart agus còir ruinn,
'S cuir deagh sgeul ugainn dhachaidh
Air Sir Eachann nan ro-seol.
Tha thu fad' uainn a 'fhearann,
Agus tamull air fogradh;
Gur h-e sgeula mo sgaraidh,
Cach 'bhith 'g aithris nach beo e.

A Shir Eachainn nan luireach,
Nan long siubhlach 's nam bratach,
Is nan cuirt-fhearaibh riomhach,
'S gum bu lionmhor a' t' fheachd iad.
'S iomad gaisgeach mor, priseil,
'Rachadh 'sios fo dè bhrataich,
'S tu air thoiseach fir Alba,
'S bu mhor t' armait ri 'faicinn.

Bha thu 'd dhalt' aig a bhànuinn,
'S mor an t-ait 'thug i-fein dhuit;
Ad léine-chneis aig a bràthair,
Mar aisne chnamha nach treigeadh
Chaill thu t' oighreachd is t' fhearann,
'S thug thu thairis gu leir iad,
Airson seasamh gu rioghail,
'S rinn do shinnsireachd fein sud.

Tha mo chion air an fhior-fhuil,
Seabhag rioghail na h-ealtainn,
Agus cuilein an leoghainn,
'S og a dh' fhoghlum a ghaisge;
Ursann-chath' thu roimh mhiltean
'N am dol 'sios ann am baiteal;
'S urr' a shuidheachadh blair thu,
Ged 'bhiodh each ann an gealtachd.

'Chraobh a 's airde 'san doir' thu,
 No an coille nan Gaidheal,
 Sgiath ro laidir gun ghiorag
 Thu aig slinnein Phrionns' Tearlach.
 Bu tu iuchair an fhuasglai'ch,
 Nuair 'bu chruaidh, no bu chàs e;
 Meud do ghliocais 's do chéille
 Bheireadh reidh as gach àit thu.

Dh' fhairich latha Chuil-fhodair
 Gum bu dosgach na Gaidheil,
 'S gun robh thus' ann an Sasunn,
 Air do ghlacadh le d' namhaid.
 Nan do thachair gun d' fhaod thu
 'Bhith le d' dhaoine 'sa bhlàr ud,
 Cha bhiodh Deargapaich Shasunian
 'Dol slàn dhachaidh gu 'n aite

Tha do chaistealan geala
 Is do thallachan priseil,
 Far 'm biodh ol agus aighear
 Aig luchd-caithimh an fhi'na,
 Fo luchd adaichean dubha,
 Mo sgeul dubhach gur fìor e;—
 'Rìgh, nach robh iad 'sa Chaillich
 Fo ard chaithrim an lìonaidh

Gu bheil sean duine corrach
 'N cois na h-oirthir mu thuath oirnn;
 'S gur ro choimheach a ghàbhadh
 Nuair 'bhios àrdan mu 'n cuairt air.
 'S truagh nach facas Diuc Uilleam
 'S na bha 'chruinneachadh sluaigh aig',
 Air an tilgeadh mu 'chasan
 Ann am braisead a bhuaireis.

Gu bheil baintighearn' mhor, stràiceil
 'Gabhail taimh mu na crìochan s';
 Tha i dìonach 'na fearann,
 Is cha chairich an rìgh i.

'S truagh nach facas fir Shasuinn
 Air an glacadh le innleachd,
 'S iad a faodainn an duaise
 Bho 'laimh chruaidh-se gu cinnteach.

Seal mun dàinig Rìgh Raibeart
 Bha i socrach 'na h-àithe,
 Cha do thogadh riamh cìsean
 No diol airson màil d' i.
 Nuair a dh' eireadh a corrutch
 Gum bu choimheach a gàirich.
 Bu chuis eagail is uamh-chrith
 Tigh 'nn an uair sin na lathair.

Tha mo chridhe air a shracadh
 Mar shean phaipeir a fhliuchteadh;
 No mar fhiadh air an fhasach
 Ann san tràighteadh nach cuisle,
 Leis an naidheachd so 'fhuair mi,
 'S i cho luath ri each trupa,
 A Shir Eachainn na bàighe,
 Fàth mo chraidh, nach dig thusa.

'S bochd gach duine dhe t' uaislean,
 'S mor an smuairan 's an eislean,
 'S iad mar mhial-choin gun fhuasgladh,
 Is snaim chruaidh air an eill ac';
 Iad a fulang gach mùisig
 Fo shlait-sgiursaidh nam beisdean,
 Is a feitheamh na h-uaire
 Anns am fuasgail thu fein iad.

Cha'n e cumha na caorach
 Tha mi caoinadh fo smalan!
 Gur h-e m' iargainn na daoine
 Ris am faodainn mo ghearan.
 Orms' thàinig an t-ànradh
 An tus samhradh na gaillian
 Na h-eich dhonn' agus dhubha
 'Bhith gur bruthadh 's gur prannadh.

'Mhic mhic Ailein mhic Thearlaich,
 B' e mo chradh do chall fala,
 'S i 'na ruith as gach taobh dhiot
 'Na dearg chaochanaibh meara.
 'S truagh nach dug iad do dh-I thu
 Mar-ri sinnsreachd do sheanar;
 Far 'bheil cuirp nan seachd righrean
 'Bha d'e 'n fhion-fhuil 'bu ghlaine.

Ged a theireadh Clann-Lachainn
 Nach fanadh iad uaitse,
 Cha do dhearbhadh iad an aidmheil
 An am t' fhaicinn 'sa chruadal.
 'S ann a leagadh an caiptin
 A bha agad ri d' ghualainn;
 'S gun do dh-fhuirich thu aige
 Ged a threachail sin uaigh dhuit.

'S mithich dhomhs' a bhith samhach,
 'S sgur de dh-aireamh nan uislean;
 Tha mo dhochas an Criosda
 Nach fìor mar a chualas,
 Ach gun dig Mac-Gilleain
 A nall fhathast thar chuantan;
 Is theid sinne na chomhail
 Gle dheonach 'san uair sin.

The Queen referred to in the third stanza is Queen Anne. The Cailleach of the seventh stanza is the headland of that name at the north-western extremity of Mull. The Sean duine of the eighth stanza is the Point of Ardnamurchan. The baintighearna of the ninth stanza is the

whirlpool of Coirriebhreacain between Guna and Scarba. Mac mhic Ailein mhic Thearlaich is Charles Maclean of Drimnin, who commanded the Macleans at the battle of Culloden.

Sir Hector Maclean was born at Calais in France, November 6th, 1703. He was brought to London by his parents a few weeks afterwards. He was placed under the care of Donald Maclean of Coll at a very early age. He lived at Coll until his eighteenth year, when he was sent to Edinburgh for his education. He went to France in 1721. He returned in 1725, but went back in 1728. He left France in June, 1745, to take part in the rising under Prince Charles. He was arrested in Edinburgh, through the treachery of the man with whom he lodged, on the 5th of June. He was sent to London, where he was retained a prisoner until May, 1747. He returned to France, immediately after being set at liberty. He went to Rome in 1750. In the month of July he had an attack of appoplexy, in that city. From this attack he partly recovered. He had a second attack in October. The second attack resulted in his death. The poem seems to have been composed after the news of the first at-

tack had reached the Highlands, or about August, 1750. Sir Hector was a good Latin scholar, and spoke Gaelic, English, French, and Italian fluently.

Oran.

Do dh-Aileen Mac-Gilleain, Fear Bhrolais.

LUINNEAG.

Hi ri ri ri èile,
 Horin o or ho i o ho éile,
 Hiurabh i hu o ho na o éile.

Mo cheist an Leathanach modhar!
 Guala dheas dha'n dig an cota,
 'S fearr a chuireas Gaill o 'm meoiribh,
 Siod' is pasmunn air do dhornaibh,
 Mar a chàireadh taillear doigh orr;
 Glan airglod ad bhroilleach orbhuidh,
 'S gur a math 'thig scarf de 'n t-srol dhuit,
 Mu do mhuineal geal an ordagh.

Bu tu dealbh a ghaisgich mhorail
 Air each cruidheach 's e fo 'chomhdach,
 Spuir gheur, ghuineach, air do bhotuinn,
 Paidhir dhagachan ad phòca,
 Do shluagh mu d' thimchioll an ordagh,
 'S iad ag eisdeachd ri do chomhradh.—
 B'iad fhein na lasgairean cròdha
 'Thogadh creach 's a thilleadh torachd.

Gur a h-e mo chion s' an curaidh
 'Tha 'na ghluasad mar a bhuineadh.
 'S car thu 'n laoch a choisinn urra n,
 Eachann Ruadh nan cruaidh chath fuileach;
 'S fad a chluinnteadh fuaim a bhuille,
 Stoirm a thuaigh' air clar a luinge,

'S e 'cur a chais teil gu 'fhulang
Gus 'n do strìochd iad dha gu h-uile.

Gum b' e sud an comhlan calma
'Chaidh do dh-Eirinn 's a fhuair ainm ann;
Bha sibh misneachail fo 'r n-armaibh
Mar leoghannaibh guineach garga;
Bha sibh cruadalach ri 'r n-aimsir,
Ged is faoin e 'n diugh ri 'sheanachas;
Ghlac sibh ian air ealtainn ainmeil,
'S thàinig sibh le cliu do dh-Albainn.

'S car thu do na gaisgich uaibhreach
'Chuir au aghaidh ris a chruadal,
Lachainn Catanach na gruaige,
Eachann Mór am firean uasal,
Lachann Mór a chleachd 'bhith buadhach,
Deagh Shìr Lachainn 'bu mhath gluasad,
Is Sìr Eachann calma, cuanta,
A thuit ann am blar an fhuathais.

Gur a mis' a tha fo mhula
Mu 'n turas 'thug Iarla Mhuile,
Ghabh Hobrun foill air do bhuidhinn,
'S le Mac-Cailein cha bu dubhach.
Nan d' fhuaradh le m' ghradh cead siubhal,
Nan d' fhuaradh bhitheamaid subhach,
Bheireadh am prionnsa dhuit cumha,
'S phòsadh an rìgh riut a phiuthar.

Cha 'n-ionghnadh ged bhiodh tu meanm-
nach',
Misneachail, morchuisseach, calma.
'S car thu 'n Iarl' a b' fhearr 'bha'n Albainn,
A bha measail, cliuiteach, ainmeil,
'S a rinn sin 's gach cùis a dhearbhadh.
Chuir a bhànrùinn ann làn earbsa
Mar thriath dileas, fiachail, calma,
'S ghabh i trom cheist air fear ainme.

M' eudal Sir Iain nan caisteal!
 Nuair a dh' eireadh tu 'sa mhaduinn,
 Bhiodh do shluagh gu greadhnach agad,
 'S cha b' fbiach leo 'bhith 'togail bhaltag,
 No 'giulan chleocannan glasa,
 'B eibhinn a dh' fhalbhadh iad leatsa,
 Duthchannan roimhibh gan creachadh,
 'Tearnadh bho ghleanntaibh gu machair.

Dh' aithnichinn do cheum a dol seachad,
 Bhiodh fear a giulan do bhrataich,
 'S gur a fad a chit' a h-aiteal.—
 Cearrach thu, pottear, is marcaich',
 Fear chuil dualaich, chuachaich, chleach h
 diach,
 Gruaidh mar chaorann, taobh mar chailce,
 Guth do chinn bu bhinn ri 'chlaistinn,
 'S cha b' e tuireadh mna nach faicteadh.

'Dhaoine na cuiribh dhomh 'n duileachd,
 Bhith 'tigh'nn air an Iarla Mhuileach,
 Am fear caoimhneil, baigheil, duineil,
 'Dh' òladh deoch 's cha b' ann a cuman,
 Ach a searrag a bheoil chuimir,
 'S do thosgaidean air an uilinn;
 'S iomadh stocach laidir, urrant',
 'Gheibheadh deoch an am an tunnaidh.

Ailein, eudail 's ann 'tha thusa
 Mar a bha Naoise mac Uisue,
 'Dh' fhalbh le Deirdri, nigh'n a chruiteir;
 Gach aon te tha 'tabhairt thugad.—
 Cait a bh-fheil i 'n lùib a trusgain,
 De shioda, no shrol, no mhuslan,
 Aon bhean og, air meud a cuirteis,
 Nach faodadh laighe mar-rìut-sa?

B' fbearr leam gun cluinninn do phòsadh,
 Ri te uasail, mhaisich, bhoidhich,
 Nigh'n Mhic-Caillein, no Mhic-Dhomhnaill,

Ogha no 'ar-ogha do 'n Mhorair,
 No bhean a's fearr de Shiol Tormaid,
 Te bhiodh freagarrach 's gach doigh dhuit,
 A bheireadh cisteachan de 'n òr dhuit,
 'S a rachadh eich gheala 'na còmhail.

Eudail de dh-fhearaibh an achaidh,
 Thuirt iad riut gun robh thu prabach,
 Gun do shil na suilean asad —
 Cha b' e bhith 'g iasgach a ghlas eisg,
 No bhith ri togail nam partan,
 Ach a bhith 'sna blair a chleachd thu;
 'S bidh sin ad chuimhne cho fada
 'S a bha Fionn do dh-fhear a bhradain.

Gur b-e mi's' a tha fo mhighean,
 Mu gach aon 'tha dhuit am miorun.
 Fadar Gleann-Urchaidh 's Cionntire
 Agus Maol na b-Oigh' an Ile.
 Thuirt iad nach b' airdh air mnaoi thu;
 'S ann aca nach robh an fhirinn.
 'S math 'thig dhuit an claidheabh liomhte,
 'S bu mhor t' fheum an am na strì leis.

Nam bu mhis' a bhiodh cur binne
 Air gach aon 'tha ort ri dìmeas,
 'Nan culaidh-fharmaid cha bhiodh iad,
 'S nach h-ann de chaolach an t-sil thu,
 No de mhosgan, no de chrionaich.
 Is slat ard thu 'n abhall phriseil.
 B' ùr a choill 'san d' rinn thu cinntinn,
 'S bu ghlan uchd do mhuime-chiche.

Gur h-e mis' a th' asad cinnteach,
 Nan tachradh tu 'n àite diomhair
 Air chomas do làmh a shineadh,
 Gum biodh do luchd-diumb' gun fhiacian,
 Gun charbad uachdair no iochdair,
 Gun neart a ghluasad an ciobhlan,
 Cairdean a tagairt an dilib,
 'S an éirig fada gun dioladh.

Gur h-e m's' a th' air mo leonadh,
 'S beag mo shunnd ri gabhail orain,
 Mi mar chomhachaig gun solas,
 Mar ian am brughach 'na onrachd,
 Gun duin' a sheasamh mo chòrach,
 Bhon a dhealaich rium na connspuinn,
 Sir Eachann tha thall air fògradh,
 Is Ailein nach h-fheil air m' orthir.

'S mis' a chòrr an deidh a dathadh,
 'S mi 'm onrachd air cheann an rathaid;
 Mi gun cheol, gun ol, gun aighear,
 Ach fo bh' on gun solas beatha,
 'S nach robh mi 'choir cinneadh m' athar
 Bhon a dh' fhogradh Clann-Ghilleair
 As an duthich 's as an càthair;—
 Fàth mo leoin bhur foinnear bratha.

Duileachd, doubt, suspicion. Còrr, a crane.

Allan Maclean succeeded his father as 4th of Brolas in 1725. He entered the army when young. He was a captain under the Earl of Drumlanrig in Holland. He came home after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, and married Una, daughter of Hector Maclean of Coll. He became chief of the Clan in 1751. He served as a captain in the Montgomerie Highlanders in America from 1757 to 1760. His wife died during his absence. He served as a major in a regiment raised by Lord Southampton,

from 1761 to the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763. He then retired from the army. He attained afterwards the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was visited by Dr. Johnson at Inch-Kenneth in Mull in 1773. He died December 10th, 1783. He was buried at Inch-Kenneth. The poem was evidently composed before 1748.

The person referred to in the third and fourth stanzas is Eachann Ruadh nan Cath. The seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth stanzas refer to Sir John Maclean, the last of the Lords of Duart. Naoise mac Uisne was a fabulous hero of extraordinary beauty.

Oran

DO DH-AILEIN MAC-GILLEAIN, FEAR
BHRÒLAIS.

Mo run Aileen, nan lann tana
Marcaich' allail nan steud meara;
'S fad air t' aineol 'tha thu 'fanachd,
Gun tigh'nn thairis 'dh-ionnsuidh t' fhearainn
dhuthchasaich.

Fear ard coltach, calma, toirteil,
'N lathair cogaidh, an tus troide:
'S mairg a bhrosnaichcadh gu olc thu
An am nochdadh, 's boineid sgrogt' air t'
ùrla-sa.

Fear mor garbh de 'n fhine bhort thu
 Bu mhor ainm an Innse-Gall,
 'S a b'fhearr 's an àm 'san robh iad ann;—
 Nuair thogt' am fearg, a rìgh, bu shearbh gach
 sugradh bhuap'.

Bha thu cairdeach do 'n t-sliochd laidir
 A fhuair àit' am measg nan Gaidheal,
 'Bu mhath geard a dhol 's na blaraibh;
 Measail aghmhor fhad 's a bha iad curamach.

Ann an Dubhairt bhiodh luchd-siubhail,
 'S chosgteadh rintha mar bu chubhaidh;
 An diugh 's dubhach mi gan cumha;—
 Laoich na cumhachd, fàth mo phudhair spùinn-
 eadh iad.

Nach cluinn thu 'n spreidh le 'n osnaich gheir
 A cur an geill am mulaid fein;
 Is eoin nan speur tha 'g radh ri 'cheil'
 Nach bochd an sgeul mar dh'fhalbh na trein
 'bu chliuitiche.

Bu fhras ghàbhaidh ghreas gu traigh sinn;
 Dn'fhag i craiteach sinn gun slainte;
 Thuit na h ard-chroinn mhaiseach alainn
 'Bha nar gàradh 's fhrois gu lar na h-ubhlan
 diu.

Tha mise fann 's gu bheil mi dall;
 Cha leir dhomh falbh gun duine am laimh.
 A threuna 'b' annsa, dh' fhàs mi mall,
 Bhon chaidh ur call, 's gun ghloir am cheann a
 dhùisgeas sibh.

Allan, fourth Maclean of Brolas, was
 the only son of Donald, third of Brolas.
 He was a long time in the army.

Domhnall Ban Mac-Gilleain

Donald Ban Maclean lived in Mull
He was a good poet.

Oran

DO DHOMHNALL MAC-GILLEAIN, FEAR
BHROLAIS

'N tùs an t-samhradh so, 'bha
Dhuinn mar gheamhradh gun bhlàths,
Chaidh ar ceannard fo chlaraibh dùinte:
Ann an ciste nam bord,
Air a sparradh le ord.
'S sinn ga seuladh le bron dùbailt'.
Sliabh-an-t-sioraim gun stàth
Chomhdaich sinne 'measg chaich,
Le lan togar, gun sgàth gun churam,
Mar bu chubhaidh 's bu dual;
Bha thu 'n teiseach an t-sluaigh,
'N deidh an t-ordagh 'thoirt bhuait do d'
mhèinntir;

'S tu mar leoghann garg, mor,
A threin churanta, oig,
Le d'lainn sholuis ad dhorn gu dioghailt.
'S math a thigeadh dhuit cleoc',
Agus at a bhil' òir;
Fear do choltais cha bheo mu 'r timechioll.

Do cheann-cinnidh 's tu fein,
Bha 'san iomairt gu treun,
'Deanamh millidh air treud an Diuca.
Cha robh gaisgich oirnn gann
Anns an t-slachdarich a bh' ann,
'S cha bu bhoichd leinn mar cheannard dùinn
thu.

A ghnuis sheirceall an aigh,
 Dha 'n robh freasdal do chach,
 Cha bu bheagan 'bu lan ad shuilean.
 Ge b' e 'thogadh ort strì,
 Cha b' i 'n obair gun bhrìgh,
 'Fhir 'bu togarrach sìth 's nach diultadh.

'S ann an toiteal nan each
 'Bha do chosmhalas bras,
 'Fhir d' am buineadh a mhaise ùr'a.
 Ann an caithream nan arm,
 Bha thu farumach, calm',
 Cha bu shuarrachas t' fhearg ri 'dusgadh.

Nuair a thigeadh tu 'm mach,
 Air do chois na air each,
 'Dhol an coinnimh ri luchd do dhiomba,
 Is a chaochladh tu snuadh,
 Gum b' fhàth curaim d' an cluais
 An lamh a b' iomadach buaidh 's bu chliui-
 teach.

Och nan och a ta buan,
 Gu bheil sinne dheth truagh
 O 'n la 'chunnaic sinn t' uaigh ga bùrach;
 'N darna h-oighre 'bha beo
 De shliochd ceart Eachainn Oig;
 Creach nan creach thainig oirnn ri aon uair.

'S e bàs Caiptin nam buadh
 A dh' fhag sinne bochd truagh;
 'S cairdeach Padruig 'san uair so dhùinne;
 Bàs an duine so 'dh' fhalbh,
 A dh' fhag cuimir ar steirm,
 'S fàth ar duilichinn soirbh ri 'dhùsgadh

Fàth'ar caoinidh 's ar sprochd
 Nach caoin shuarach a lot,
 Ach eneidh shic a ta goirt ri 'giulan.
 Chaidh a chuibhle mu 'n cuairt,

A dh' fhag dubhach ar gruaidh:
 Cha'n fheil eibhneas 'san uair so dhùinne.

Thuit am flùran le beum,
 Oirnn' is soilleir an leus,
 Ceann ar cinnidh cha'n fheud e dusgadh.
 'Thi 'bha labharach, ard,
 Bha thu mìn 's bha thu thu garbh;
 'Rìgh, bu smachdail do ghnathis ri d' dhuth-
 aich !

Oirne 'thainig an fhras,
 A mhill snodhach ar slat
 'Chunnacas roimhe so pailte, ùrail.
 Ge bochd mise air aon,
 Cha lot dris' a ta 'm thaobh,
 Ach sàthadh biodaig le faobhar dubailt !

'S ann a ghearradh an cnaimh,
 Thuit an smear as gu lar,
 'S leigh 'sa chruinne cha slanuich dhuinn e;
 Ach an leigh a ta shuas,
 D' an leir laigsinn an t-sluaigh,
 Is da'n deanar 'san uaigh leinn lùbadh.

Esan 'dh' amharc 'na iochd
 Air a ghnothach 'ta brisd',
 'S a bha roimhe fo mheas le curam,
 Ann an stàtalachd beachd,
 Gun aon fhailinn, gun aire;—
 Cha d' fhuair namhaid le neart riamh puic
 dhinn.

Oirnn' a thainig i cas;
 Fhroiseadh snodhoch ar slat
 Nuair a shaoll sinn 'bhith pailt is ùrail.
 'Chraobh de 'n abhall a b' aird'
 Thuit a snodhach gu lar,
 Gus 'n do theirinn a blath 's a h-ubhlan.

'S ann 'san innis fo lic
 A ta 'm fear a bha glic,

D' an robh misneach is meas o 'n Diuca.
 Bha thu macanta, blath,
 Bha thu pailt ri luchd-daimh,
 'S bu mhor smachdalachd gnaths do ghiulain.

Thuit am fiuran 'bha treun.
 Is d' a chinneadh mar sgéith;—
 Tha 'm fear gaisgeanta, ceillidh, cliuiteach,
 Ann an ciste nam bord,
 Air a dubhadh fo 'n t-srol,
 'S tha sinne uile fo bhron ga t' ionndrainn.

Donald, first Maclean of Brolas, was a son of Hector Og of Duart, and was known as Domhnall Mac Eachainn Oig. He fought in several battles under Montrose. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Macleans at the battle of Inverkeithing. He had three sons, Lachlan, his successor, Hector Mor, and Hector Og. Lachlan, second of Brolas, died in 1687, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, leaving two sons, Donald and Allan. Donald, third of Brolas, was lieutenant-colonel under Sir John, chief of the Clan, at the battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715. He received two severe wounds on the head. He died in 1725, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was buried at Inch-Kenneth. He was a prudent man, and was very popular.

Mr. Iain Mac-Gilleain.

The Rev. John Maclean was the eldest son of Ewen Maclean of Treshnish. He was licensed to preach the gospel February 25th, 1702, and inducted in to the pastoral charge of Kilninian at Kilmorl, in Mull on the 13th of the following September. He married Isabella, daughter of Charles Maclean in Tiree, Tearlach Mac Neill Bhain, by whom he had four children, Alexander, Ann, Mary and Catherine. He died March 12th, 1756, in the fifty-fourth year of his ministry. He was a man of great zeal in the interest of religion and the dignity of the ministerial character. He was a very good poet.

Alexander, only son of the Rev. John Maclean, succeeded his father as minister of the parish of Kilninian and Kilmore. Ann was married to John Maclean, son of Allan of Grishipool, in Coll; Mary, to Alexander Maclean of Calgary, in Mull; and Catherine, to John Maclean, son of Archibald Og of Hysker, in North Uist. Chief Justice Maclean, of Upper Canada, was a grandson of Catherine.

Oran

Air dol sìos Chloinn-Ghilleain.

Ged is grianach an latha
'S beag mo shunnd-sa ri aighear,
O'n la chuala mi naidheachd mo leoin.

'S beag air cadal mo luaidh-sa
'Bhrìgh na naidheachd s' a fhuair mi;
'S tric ga fliuchadh mo chluasag le bron.

S beag mo shunnd ris ar taileasg,
Cha'n fheil m' fhiodhull ach tàrcach.
'S cha d id teud ann am chlàrsaich ri m'
bheo

'S tearc mo ghruaidhean-sa tioram,
Ach, mar alltan ga mhirid,
Tha mo shuilean ri sìleadh nan deoir.

Och, m' thruaigh-s' an fhine
Tha gun chòir, gun cheann-cinnidh,
Gun àite, gun ionad, gun treoir.

Iad mar luìng a bha gleusda
'N deidh a h-acuinn a reubadh
Is gach aona mhuir a leumraich r'a bord;

'Chaill a cabull 's a h-acair,
'S 'tha gun stiùir, gun bhuill-beirte,
Gun chait-tiùil, gun chul-tacs' anns a cheo.

Tha bhur n-abhall air crìonadh
Eadar ard agus iséal;
Gach aon latha dol sìos mar an smeoir.

'Shliochd Ghilleain na Tnaighe,
Bu mhor ainm ann an cruadal,
Cha bhi cuimhn' air bhur dualchas na 's mo.

Cha bu laigse bu dual duibh
Ach a ghnath a bhith 'n uachdar;
'S ann a dh' imich gach buaidh a bha oirbh

Bu mhor riamh 'bha 'ur n-eagal
 Air gach dream air 'm bu bheag sibh,
 Gus an d' fhuair sibh bhui leagail fa-
 dheoidh.

'S mor bhur truaighe 's bhur leatrom,
 'S olc a bhuaidh, is cha bheag i,
 Nach h-fheil duin' a ghabh ceist oirich nach
 d' fhalbh.

An nis faodaidh Mac-Caillein,
 Ni 'bha cruaidh air ré tamuill,
 A dhubhan a sparradh 'nar sroin.

Ach biodh cuimhn' air Sir Eachann,
 'Thuit le cruadal 's le tapadh
 'N Ionarcheitein 'sna chasgradh na sloigh;

Agus fós air Sir Lachainn,
 A bha rioghail, ro bheachdail,
 'Bu mhath gnìomh 's bu mhor feachd aig
 Montròs;

Is air Eachann nah dian chath,
 'Rinn a còrp mar sgeith dhidinn
 'Choimhead pearsa a righe bho leoin.

Anns an tung tha Rìgh Tearlach,
 Agus Seumas a bhrathair,
 'S cha'n e 'n sliochd no 'n luchd-pairt 'tha
 nan lorg.

'S olc a choir a th' aig Uilleam,
 Bho Olaint nan currachd,
 Air comhnadh bho dhuine d' ur seors'.

B' fhad o 'cheil' an da làraich
 'S an robh esan is iadsan;
 'S mo bhur caoimh ris a phàp 'tha 'san
 Ròimh.

Cha b' ann idir d' a shinnsribh
 'Bha sinn 'dearbhadh ar gnìomha

Ach do theaghlach nan rìghrean a dh'
fhalbh.

Gur h-e bhuineadh do dh-Alba
'Chathair rioghail aic earbsa
Ri fear de shliochd Fhearghuì nan còrn.

De shliochd Shìmein an Eirinn,
Bho Ghaidheal Glas gleusda
'Choisinn cliu ann an Elpheit an òir

B' fhada cuimhn' air bhur seanachas,
'Shliochd nan curaidhnean calma,
Ged a rinneadh le ainneart bhur leon

A Shir Iain, mo thruaighe,
'S tu 'tha ormsa mar chruaidh chàs;
'S goirt a bhuille so 'fhuair thu gu h-og.

Chaill thu seilbh air do dhuthaich,
'Chionn bhith seasamh le durachd;
'S be bhith rioghail a chiurr thu gu borb

Is beag solais do chairdibh,
Ge b' e rioghachd 'san tamh thu,
Ann san Fhraing no 'san Spàin no 'n tir
Phòil.

'S mairg a chailleadh a dhaoine,
Le a rìgh no na aobhar,
Is gun fhios gu de 'n taobh thig an stoirm.

Cha b' e e spionnadh na pairtidh,
Cha b' e 'n lann no lamh laidir,
Thug am ball dhaibh fo shàilibh am bróg.

Gur h-e 'n Rìgh 'tha 'sna neamhan,
A nì seal no ard ìneach,
'Thug a chuibhle so 'n drasd mu 'n cuairt
oirnn.

Nuair a bha i a tionndadh,
'S i 'cur char gu ro iomluath,
Thilg i sinne fo 'h-iomlaibh 'san lòn.

Leis an roth sin a thllg sinn,
Co 'tha fìorsach no cinnteach,
Nach faodamaid dìreadh gu fòil?

Dh' fhaodadh bàs nan triuir Lachainn,
'S an aon bhliadhna 'rinn tachairt,
'Chur an geill gun robh 'n car so 'nar còir.

Car de charaibh an t-saoghail
Gu de a bhrìgh 'bhith caoineadh,
'S gearr an uair gus an caochail sinn fòd.

Ged tha 'n staid so ro dhuilich
Gidheadh 's feudar a fulang;
'S trie an sìlean a cruinneachadh pòir.

'S iomadh craobh 'chaidh a gearradh
Cheart cho iseal 's an talamh
As an sìolachadh faillean is meoir

'Fhir tha dh'inn ann a' t' athair,
Tha ar dùil ann ad mhathas,
'Nis on fhuaradh leinn crathadh na 's leoir;

'Fhir a chlaoidh sinn le annradh
A mhuir-làin is an traghaidh,
Seid deagh shoirbheas do grais an ar seol

'Fhir a leag sinn gu h-iseal.
Tha sinn uil' ort a grìosadh,
Tog a suas sinn mar chitear gu d' ghloir.

Tha ar cridheachan cràiteach,
Tha sinn muladach saraicht',
Chuireadh bior ann am àirneibh 's mi og.

'S e dol sìos Chloinn-Ghillealain,
'Bu mhath gnìomh air a chlaidhibh,
A dh' fhàg mise gun aighear, gun treoir.

Eachann nan dian chath; Hector
Odhar, who was killed at Flodden 'in

1513, defending the person of his king from the arrows of the English. Fearghus nan Corn; Fergus Mor Mac Earc, a petty king in Argyleshire about the year 503. Simean; Simon Breac, an imaginary Irish king who is said to have reigned at Tara. He was descended from Milesius, who was descended from Gaidheal Glas, the fictitious progenitor of the Gaidels of Scotland and Ireland. Na tri Lachainnean; Lachlan, second of Brolas, who died in 1686; Lachlan, third of Torloisk, who died in 1687; and Lachlan, ninth of Coll, who also died in 1687. There were not twelve months between the death of the first and the last of these.

Dan Mola'ìdh

Dè 'n Ghaidhlig 's do 'n Fhaclair Ghaidhlig
a chuireadh am mach le Eideard Lùid 'sa
bhliadhna 1704.

Air teachd o 'n Spàin do shliochd a Ghaidhil
ghlais,

Do shliochd nam Milidh, 'n fhine nach bu tais,
Bu mhor an sgleo 's gach fòd air cruas an lann,
'S air filidheachd le foghlum nach bu ghann.

Nuair 'dh' fhas am pòr ud mor a bhos is thall
Bha meas is pris fo 'n Ghaidhlig anns gach
ball.

An teanga lionmhor, bhrioghmhor, bhlada
bhinn,

'S a chàinain thartrach, liobhte, ghasda ghrinn!
An cuirt nan rìgh trì mìle bliadhn' is treall
Do bha i 'n tus mun d' thog cainnt Dhubh-Ghall
ceann.

Gach filidh 's bard, gach leigh, aosdana 's
diaoidh,

Drùibhnich is seanachaidh, fòs gach ealain
shaor

Do thug Gatélus leis o 'n Eiph't a nall,
'Sa Ghaidhlig sgrìobh iad sud le gnìomh am
peann.

Na diadhairean mor' 'bu chliu 's bu gloir do 'n
chleir

'S ann leath' gu tarbhach 'labhair iad briathran
Dhe.

'S i labhair Pàdruig 'n Innisfàil nan rìgh,
'S am fàidhe caomh sin Calum naomh an I.

B' i 'b' oide-muint' do luchd gach duthch' is
teang';

Chuir Gaill is Dubh-Ghaill uic' an iul 's an
clann.

Na Frangaich liobht' a lean gach tìr am beus,
O I nan deoraidh ghabh am foghlum freumh.

'Nis dh' fhalbh i bhuainn gu tur, mo nuar 's mo
chreach!

'S tearc luchd a gaoil;—b' e sud an saogh'l fa
seach

Reic iad 's a chulrt i air cainnt uir o 'n dé,

'S do threig le tàir, 's bu nàr leo 'n càinain fein:

Thuit i 'san uir araon le h-ughdaraibh geur',

'S na fìaithe da 'n dù i ghabh d' a cùmhdach speis.

Air Eideard Lùid biodh àgh 'is cuimhn' is
buaidh,

A rinn gu h-ur a dusgadh as a h-uaigh.

Gach neach 'ta 'fhreumh o 'n Ghaidheal ghasda
gharg,

'S gach dream dha 'n dù a chànan ud mar
chainnt,

S gach aon do chinn air treubh 's air linn an
Sguit

An duais a's flach thu 's coir gun òc iad dhuit,
On bhanruinn air an tràth-s' a bheil an an crun.
Gu ruig am bochd do 'n àit an nochd an dùn.

Bha 'n ainm 's an euchd o linn nan ceudan àl
Tre mheath na Gaidhlig 'dol a cuimhne chàich.
'Nis 'n uile ghnìomh chluinn crìochan fada thall;
'S deir iad le cheil', "Bho Gaidhil aon uair ann."
'S na 's fearr, a shaoidh, bidh briathran lobht'
'nar beul.

Lan seagh is brìgh le 'n nochdar firinn Dhe.

Cia fìs an Ti 'chuir 'n Aholiab iùr,

'S am Besailil, a thogail arois ùir,

Nach e so fein do ghluais 's do ghleus dhuinn
Lùid

Le tuigse threin le 'n dugt' an ceum so trid;

'Bhrìgh 'bhith na run 'ainm 'dheanamh cliuit-
each, mor,

Air feadh nan crìoch 'san d 'fhuair na Gaidhil
coir.

Gu m' h-amhlaidh 'bhios; 's gach neach do chi
an lo,

Biodh t' ainm-sa sgriobht' 'na chrìdh' a' litreach
oir,

Agus 'na chuimhne, 's gheibh thu 'chaidh uam
fein

Beannachd is failt' le m' chrìdh', le m' laimh, 's
le m' bheul.

Edward Lhuyd was a native of Wales. He was a distinguished Keltic scholar. His *Archaeologia Britannica*, a work of great value, appeared in 1704. It contained a Gaelic-English vocabulary.

Oran Gaoil.

Tha tamull on sguir mi de 'n dan.
 Ge h-e so àm 'sam b' fhearr 'fheum;
 'S diomhain a a leig mi mo chù
 Seal mun d' chuir mi ùigh 'san t-seilg

An tu m' aimsir' bha mi baoth,
 Mar a ghaoth air feadh nan speur,
 'Cosg mo laithean air bheag stà,
 'S gur soilleir a bhlàth orm fein.

'Nis on thuig mi m' eucoir mhor,
 Clu is gloir do dh-aon Mhac De;
 Mo run fheadh 's a bhios mi beo
 Gun seachainn mi gloir gun fheum.

Ri diomhanas thug mi me bhòid,
 'Chaoidh de m' dheoin cha dean mi breug;
 Labhram gun bharrachd, gun bhosd,
 Air ribhinn oig an òr-fhuilte reidh.

'S iomadh laigs' a tha 'san fheoil,
 Fheadh 's a bhios sinn beo 'sa chre;
 'S ma 's ann de 'n ghnè sin an gradh
 Gur lionte, lan dheth 'thà mi-fein.

'S e mo bharail, fà bhreith chaich,
 Gur a laghail gradh gun bheud;
 Mur a soailinn sud 's gach uair
 Dheanainn strì gu 'bhuaig a 'fhrenmh.

Seal mun d' fhas thu ach gu h-og,
 'S tu 't fhaillein beag, boidheach, reidh,
 B' e barail gach aoin dha 'm b' eol
 Nach bu chno thu bharr bun géig.

'S iomadh buaidh ri mealladh graidh
 Eadar do bhràghad 's do chul;
 Suil mhìogach, mhìochuiseach, bheo,
 Mheallach, choir, mar dhearc fo dhruichd

Gle gheal do bhràghad 's do bhas,
 Gle gheal do chas is do dheud,
 Gle gheai do chneas 'tha sliom, ur,
 Mar am flur no 'n canach sléibh.

Beul mìn-dearg, meachair, mar ròs,
 O 'n dig gloir gu socair, reidh,
 Is mò mo mhiann air do phoig,
 Na air na tha 'dh-or fo 'n ghrein.

A t' àilleachd ge dearbha mi,
 Is mo mo mhiann air do bheus;
 'S tu ceanalta, ceillidh. suairc',
 Socair, uasal, modhail, seimh.

Ged tha àilleachd ort mar bhuaidh,
 'S dreach snuaidh do nach coimeas each,
 Na dean uail a sgèimh na h-oig'
 Mar bharr feoir a 's diombuain blath.

Bheir mios' de dh-euslaint' a nuas
 An snuadh a's dreachmhoire fas;
 Dreach àlainn is dealbh gach dùil
 Iompar gu uir leis a bhàs.

Cuimhnich do Chruithear 'tha shuas,
 'S cuir ùigh gu h-iomlan na 'ghras;
 'S gum b' e do ghliocas 's do chiall
 A riar a dheanamh do ghnath.

'S lionmhor laoch tha ort an tòir,
 Sud na sgeoil nach binn leam fein;
 Cuid diu 'tha camadh nan beoil,
 'S cuid 'tha 'n sron fo 'n aon ghleus.

Cha'n fhas ubhlan air an dris,
 No deagh mheas air coille chrìn,
 'S ni 'n creideam gur cridhe cruaidh
 'Tha fo 'n ghruaidh a 's maisich' sgèimh.

'T ainm ni a'threach leam a luaidh,
 'S gur ionnan d' a fhuaim 's d' a ghnè,
 Nigh 'n Dhomhnaill o Chuil nan sonn;—
 Sud am fonn 'san robh ar freumh.

So dhuit-s', a chailin nam buadh,
 Tiodhlac de shuairceas mo bheoil,
 Is thoir na 'chomain an duais
 A 's cubhaldh dha t' uaisle mhoir.

Phos nighean Dhomhnaill fear eile, a reir
 coltais Caimbeulach no Camaranach. Mìochuis-
 each, bewitching.

Oran Gaoil.

Le Iain Mac-Gilleain, do dh'Anna Nic-Gilleain,
 a leannan agus i air pòsadh fir eile.

'N aisling chunnaic mi 'm chadal
 B' fheàrr gum faicinn am dhùsgadh,
 Thn 'bhith eadar mo ghlacaibh
 Ga do thatadh gu dlùth rium.
 Nuair a dhùisg mi 'sà mhaduinn
 Is nach d' fhuaras tu agam
 Thàinig deòir air mo rasgaibh,
 Shil orr' frasach 's bu dlùth i.

Shil orr' frasach 's bu dlùth i,
 Mu 'n ghéig ùir a dh' fhas alainn;
 Gura guirme do shùilean
 Na an drùchd air bhàrr fàsaich.
 Gu bheil maise ann a' t' ùrla
 Dh' fhàg mo chridhe-sa brùte
 Gus an d' rinn i a mhùchadh,
 'S trom a dhrùidh i air m' àirnean.

'S trom a dhrùidh i air m' àirnean,
 'S cha 'n fheil stà ann an léigh dhomh,
 Ged a chluinn mi guth mànrain
 Cha dig gàire le éibhneas.
 On is duine gun stà mi
 'Chaidh a mhilleadh le d' ghràdh-sa,
 'S e thu féin a bhith làmh-rium
 Dheanadh slàn mi o m' chreuchdan.

Gur h-e 'dh' fhàgadh gun chreuchd mi
 Pòg no dhà o d' bheul cùbhraidh;
 Gu bheil maise na feucaig'
 Ann ad eudan ga 'giulan,
 'S mi nach iarradh do spréidh leat;
 Bhithinn aighearach, éibhinn
 Ga do ghabhail ad léine
 Le toil cléir agus dùthcha.

Cuid de bhuadhan na h-ing ghinn'
 A bhith binn-fhaclach beul-dhearg:
 Tha do ghruaidh mar bhermillion
 Is cha tillear bho 'n fhéill thu.
 Gun do sharaich thu sinne
 Le do bhàcharan tioram;
 'S e do ghradh 'th' air mo mhilleadh
 'S mi ri sireadh beachd-sgéil ort.

Ochain, Anna 'nighn 'n Dómhnaill,
 'S i do dhòigh 'tha cur eud orm;
 Gur a binne do chòmhradh leam
 Na 'n smeòrach air gheugan.
 'S mor gum b' fhearr bhith riut pòsda
 Na bhith thall anns an Olaint,
 Ged bu leamsa de dh-òr
 Na bha an seombar Rìgh Seimas.

Nuair a bha mi 'san Olaint,
 Is s mi thall ann am shaighdear,
 Gur a h-iomadh te àlainn
 Le 'cuid fhàinneachan daoimein

'Thigeadh ealamb am chòmhdhail,
 Le lan-fhuran a pòige :—
 'S mor gum b' anns a nigh'n Domhnaill
 Ged nach bu bheo'mi ach oidhche.

Marbhrann

'D' A MHNAOI, ISEABAL NIC-GILLEAIN.

'N am dusgadh dhomh as mo chadal
 Tha smaointeachadh m' aignidh goirt,
 'S mi a' ionndrainn nach h-fheil agam
 Bean chaomh a chaidrimh nach b' olc.

Fhuair mis' an coingheall o Dhia thu
 Da fhichead bliadhna 's a h-ochd;
 'S chaith sinn an uine gun chànan,
 'S cha chuala each sinn a trod

Ach chionn nach h-aon agam-s' sa fhuaradh,
 'S nach robh m' aont' dh' i buan & un chrìch,
 Nuair 'thagair an Ti a thug bhuaith' i,
 Leig mise bhuam i gun strì.

'S uaigneach leam-sa 'bhith leam fein,
 Ach 's eiginn dhomh fuireach am thosd;
 Ordagh Rìgh nan sluagh gu léir
 Gu de 'm feum 'bhith ris a trod?

Tha do leaba leam cumhann, fuar,
 Ach bhlaitich Crìosd an uaigh le blàths;
 Is as a bhàs gun dugh e 'n gath,
 Sgeula math 's cùis aig' ir e.

Gu de 'm feum dhomh 'bhith gad chaoidh.
 'S nach faigh mi a chaoidh thu air ais!

Theid mise ri uine nad dheidh,
'S cinnteach mi gun deid an cais.

Tha do chadal sàmhach, buan,
Gu aiseirigh an t-sluaigh o 'n bhàs;
'S aghmhor a chobhair a rug ort
O anshocair ghoirt 's o chradh.

Tha mo dhòchas ann an Crìosd,
'N Ti 'dhiol airson peacadh chaich,
'Thé 's tric a riaraidh am bochd
Gu bheil t' anam an nochd 'na bhlàths.

Cuid eile 'chuis m' aoibhnis mhoir,
'S nach d' fhaod gum b'e bhith beo do chàs,
Thu bhith foirfe an naomhachd gun spot,
Gun pheacadh, gun lochd, gu bràth.

Comhdhail sholasach le 'cheile,
Tna mi 'guidhe Dhe de 'ghràs',
'Bhith agamsa 's agad 'fein
An talla 'n eibhris 's an àigh.

An creideamh na puinge so féin,
An dùil eisdeachd anns a chàs,
Tha mo run-sa fuireach ri m' ré,
Gun mhonmhor, gun eis, gun chradh.

Cha robh do theanga-sa ruath;
Co de 'n t-sluaigh d' an dug i beun?
B' fhuasad dhomh cliu a thoirt ort
Nach coisneadh a h-uile té.

Ach o nach h-fheil m' ùidh-s ann an sgleo,
'S nach mo 'tha'agad-s' air feum,
Fanaidh mi tuilleadh am thàmh;
Ach mo bheannachd gu bràth ad dheidh.

Calum a Ghlinne.

Malcolm Maclean, Calum a Ghlinne, was a native of Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire. He enlisted in the army when quite a young man. He retired with a pension. It is likely that after his return he lived for some time in his native district. He spent the latter part of his days in Glensgaith, at the foot of Benwyvis, Beinn-fhuathais, where he had a small piece of land, and grazing for two or three cows. He was married, and had a daughter. He was a good-natured, cheerful man, but was too fond of a dram. He had an excellent wife, a woman who never said a cross word to him, whether he was drunk or sober. He died about the year 1764. His daughter was married. Her husband and herself were living in the parish of Contin in 1769.

Mo Chailin Donn Og.

LUINNEG.

Mo chailin donn og, 's mo nighean dubh thogarrach,

Thogainn ort fonn 's neo-throm gun togainn,

Mo nigh 'n dubh gun iarraidh, mo bhriathar gun togainn,

'S gun innsinn an t-aobhar nach h-'fheileas gad thogradh,

Mo chailin donn og.

Gu bheil thu gu boidheach, baididh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghrein, gun bheum, gun
sgainnir;

Gur gil' thu fo d' lein' na éiteag na mara,
'S tha choir' agam fein gun cheile 'bhith mar-
riut.

Gur muladach mi 's mi dhith na 's math leam;
Na dheanadh dhomh stàth th' sig cach ga
mhalairt.

Bidh t' athair an comhnuldh 'gol le caithream;
'S e eolas nan corn a dh' fbag mi cho falamh.

Nam bithinn-sa 'gol mu bhord na dibhe,
'S gum faicinn mo mhiann 's mo chiall a tighinn,
'S e 'n copan beag donn 'thogadh fonn air mo
chridhe,
'S cha dugainn mo bhriathar nach iarrainn e
rithisd.

Bidh bodaich na duthch' ri bùrt 's ri fanaid,
A cantuinn rium fein nach geill mi 'dh-ainnis.
Ged tha mi gun spreidh tha teud ri 'tharruinn,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n ol ri m' bheo air thalamh.

'S iomadh bodachan gnù nach duraig m' aithris,
Le 'thional air spreidh 's iad ga 'threigsinn 's
t-earrach,

Nach cosg anns a bhliadhn' blaigh trian a
ghallain,

'S cha doir e fo 'n uir na 's mù na bheir Calum.

Nam bithinn air feill 's na cendan mar-rium
De chuideachda choir a dh' òlath drama,
Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhord 's gun traighinn mo
shearrag;

'S cha duirt mo bhean riamh rium ach Dia leat
a Chalum.

Ged tha mi gun stor le ol 's le iomairt,
Air bheagan de ni le pris na mine,
Tha m' fhortan aig Dia 's Eifialaidh uime,

'S ma gheibh mi mo shlaint gum pàigh mi na shireas.

Ge mor e le each na tha mi 'mill-adh,
 Cha dugainn mo bhoir nach òlainn tuilleadh;
 Gur h-e a bhith mor tha 'n fheoil a sireadh;
 Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris air Calum a Ghlinne.

An T-Each Odhar.

LUINNEAG.

Sud mar 'dh' iomair mi 'n t-each odhar,
 'Thug mi thun na feille fotham;
 'Nuair a shaoil mi 'chur air theadhair,
 'S ann a gheibhinn dram dheth.

Thug mi 'n sgriob ud bho Cheann-Locha
 Leis an each 'bu mhath gu obair;
 'S gu de 'thachair rium gu h-obann
 Ach stòp sgobaig 's dram ann.

Ghabh mi cairtealan an toiseach,
 'S thuirt bean-an-taighe gun doicheall,
 B' fhèairrd thu rud an òidh na coiseachd,
 'S thug i deoch is dram dhomh.

Dh' fhosgail mi doras an t-seombair;
 Bha cairdean ann is luchd-eolais,
 'S thuirt iad rium le briathran mora,
 Gun òlainn gun taing dhomh.

Bhon a fhuair mi iad cho cridheil
 Ghlaodh mi-fhin air stòp a rithisd;
 Saoil sibh fein nach b' fhèairrd sinn dithsid,
 'S mi 'thighinn cho anmoch!

Shuidh mi gu sèfalt am chathair,
 'S ghlaodh mi 'suas ri bean-an-taighe,
 Bhon theirig solus an latha
 I dh' fhaiginn duinn choinnlean.

Thug mis' an oidheche gu latha
 Ri sior ol an uisge-bheatha
 'S airgiod mo ghearrain ga 'chrathadh
 Ri aighear 's ri dannsa.

Nuair a shaoil mi gum b' e 'n lath' e,
 Dh' fhosgail mi dorus a chadha,
 'S chunnaic mi 'n talamh, 's an t-adhar,
 'S ball' an taighe 'dannsa.

Chuir mac-na-bracha air mhisg mi,
 Chaidh e ann am cheann a chlisgeadh,
 'S thug e bhuam mo chainnt a thiotadh
 Le liotaich' mo theanga.

Nuair a dh' éirinn ann am sheasamh,
 'S ann a dh' fhalbhainn air mo leth-taobh;
 Gun do bhagair e mo leagadh,—
 Cuid de 'n chleas a rinn e.

Cha dug mise bharr na téille,
 Air son m' eich a b' airde 'leumadh,
 Ach da fhacal de dhroch Bheurla;
 'S bha mi-fein an call deth.

'S e bu chiall daibh tuig, a nighean,
 'S lion a suas an stòp a rithisd.—
 Cha robh guth air màl an tighearn',
 No air dlighe maighstir,

Bho Cheann-Locha is in the MS. do Cheann-Locha, and may be correct. It is said, however, that it was at Dingwall that Malcolm sold the horse. Sud mar 'dh iomair mi 'n t-each odhar is what is in the MS., and is more expressive than the words generally sung, Sud mar 'bhuilich mi 'n t-each odhar.

Iain Mac Thearlaich Oig.

John Maclean, Iain mac Thearlaich Oig, was the second son of Charles Maclean of Inverscadell. He was born about the year 1700. He removed from Ardgour, and went to reside in Mull at a place called Sorn. He married Mary, daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardgour, and granddaughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, by whom he had two children, John and Florence. He was the author of several songs.

Is an Leam nach h-fheil Tlachdmhor.

Is ann leam nach h-fheil tlachdmhor
An t-achd a rinn Deorsa,
'Thug ar n-airm bhuainn 's ar n-aodach
A bha daonnan gar còmhach;
'N aite breacain an fhéile
As 'm bu ghleus'ta fir oga,
Gun ach brigis is casag,
Agus bata 'nar dornaibh.

Cha b' e cadal 'san smùr
'S an d' chuir mi ùidh an tus m' oige,
Ach eirigh gu sunndach
Air an drùchd 's breith air mor-ghath.
Bhiodh a choill air gach laimh dhomh,
'Cur deagh fhàilidh am phoraibh,
'S mi 'direadh nan creachann;—
'S tric a leag mi 'n damh cròic' ann.

'S nuair a thigeadh an dàmhair
 Cha b' i 'chlarsach 'bu cheol domh,
 Ach buirich nan làn damh
 Ann an àirid' nam beann mora.
 Bhiodh ar mialchoin 's ar gadhair
 A cur faghaid an Conaghleann;
 Bu tric agh is damh cabrach
 Mu na h-aisridhean gorma.

Chluinnteadh cuach ann ad choille,
 'S bu bhinn a ghoireadh an smùdan;
 A toirt teisteinis laidir
 Mar bha nadar gan stiuradh.
 Gheibhteadh liath-chearc 'san doire,
 Is bu toil leam a ciùchran,
 Is a colleach mu 'coinnimh
 Air toman a durdail.

Gheibhteadh broc ann is taghan,
 Capull-coille 's boc earba;
 'S bhiodh am bradan gle lionmnor
 Air na linntichean garbha,
 'S namh air buinne sruth fìor uisg',
 'S e gu h-inntinneach, tarragheal,
 Is gu crom-ghobach, ullamh,
 'Leum ri cuileig 'san anmoch.

Och, 's e 'dh' fhag mi mar Oisein,
 Is mar choltas maol-ciarain,
 'Dh' ftag mo chridh' air a dhochnadh
 Is mo dhosan air liathadh,
 'Bhith gun ghiubhsaich ri 'choiseachd,
 Is am fochair an fhiadaich,
 'S gun de dh-airm chum mo chosnaidh
 Ach corrag bheag iarunn,

Ann an àite na daga
 A chladheabh 's na sgéithe,
 Is a chuillbheir chaoll ghlaice
 'Chuireadh stad air mac éilde;

Is nach cluinn mi guth aca
De dh-eachdraidh, no sgenlachd,
Ach cuibhlichean 's factori,
Beirtean Is Beurla.

Cha'n fheil iomradh air dualchas,
No air cruadal no tapadh;
Chuir a chuibheall mu 'n cuairt d' i
Car tuathal is tarsuinn;
Sliechd nam bodachan giugach,
'Bha 'sna dùnaibh gan cartadh,
'Seoladh ard os ar cionn-ne
Bhen a thionndaidh a chairt oirnn.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghail,
Tha thu caochlaideach, cealgach;
Bha mi uair nach do shaoil leam
Teachd as aogais a gharbhlaich.
Mis' a chleachd 'bhith 'n Airdghobar,
'M bu tric gleadhar bhoc earba,
Tha an diugh an Sorn odhar
Air todhar a mheanbh-chruidh.

Oran

Do Dhonnachadh Mac-Aonghuis, d'am bu cho-
ainm Donnachadh na Beurla.

Cha 'n e goirteas mo shroine,
Ged tha doruinn na 'mullach,
A chuir m' aigneadh cho bronach,
Is mo chomhradh fo mhulad:
Ach sar oigear na Beurla,
Air gach féill a fhuair urram,
'N déidh a bhristeadh le beisdean
'S tric 'bha 'geumnaich am Muile.

Ruigidh bristeachd a chaipin
 Cluasan claiستهd a Phrionnsa,
 'M fear a fhreasdail na 'aire e,
 'S cha bu tais e mar dhiùlnach.
 Nuair a theich na bha aige
 Is a sgap iad gach aon taobh,
 Sin nuair mbearsail an gaisgeach
 Le 'fhir ghasda g' a ionnsuidh.

Tha thu 'shliochd nam fear gasda
 A bha 'n slachdraich Cath Gharbh-fhaich;
 A rinn tiomnadh gun taise,
 Agus gaisge le 'n armaibh,
 Nuair a thog iad corp Eachainn
 Bho chasan an naimhdean,
 Air an tuaghannaibh sgaiteach
 Gu 'thoirt dachaidh troimh 'n Ghalldachd.

Nuair a spreigeadh piob mhor leat,
 'S tu 'cur 'n òrdaigh do bhrataich,
 Bhiodh tu togradh gu còmhrag,
 'Dhol an còmhair nam marcach.
 Nuair a ruisgeadh tu 'n spòlta,
 Nach robh lùdail r'a faicinn
 Cha bu shlachdan aig oinnsich
 Claidheabh mòr aig a ghaisgeach.

'S math thig boireid le fàbhar
 Mu d' chul fainneach donn socair,
 'Dol an coinnimh do namhaaid,
 Air each ard na sar choiseachd,
 Cha b' e fuath Mhic-a-Mhàillidh
 Fear do ghnath is do choitais;
 An am suidhe 's taigh thairne
 'S tu gum pàigheadh na botuill.

Nam biodh Uilleam, an Diuca,
 'S tus an tus a chruaidh thoitell,
 'Deanamh casgairt le 'r luth-chleas
 'S tus' a bhuidhneadh an trod ud.

Nan d' fhuair thu g' a ionnsuidh
 Le d' chlaidheabh cuil an ceann sociar,
 Gun robh Uilleam le d' shugradh
 'Call a lùth an Cuil-fhodair.

Sud na h-airm dhuit a thaghainn.
 'Dhol air t' aghaidh gu meanmnach,
 Gunna, sgiath, agus clogad
 'S claidheabh socrach an ceanna-bheirt.
 Ged chuir' ceud de luchd-brochain
 'S nan droch chasagar dearga,
 Ann a' t' aghaidh a chogadh
 Cha bhiodh gog dhiu nach marbht' leat.

Hector Roy Maclean of Duart, Eachann
 Ruadh nan Cath, was killed at the Battle
 of Harlaw in 1411. His body was carried
 home to Mull by the Macinnesses and
 Morisons.

Eoghan Mac-Gilleain.

Ewen Maclean lived in Barra. He was evidently a man of good poetic gifts.

ORAN DO MHAC-NEILL BHARRA.

Fhuair mi naidheachd thar fasaich
 Mu chuis grànda gun tuigse;
 Tha mo smaointinnean gàbhaidh,
 'S bualadh gairich am chuislean.
 Leam is cruaidh a bhith diteadh
 An fhir phriseil gun tuisleadh;
 Slat de 'n abhall gun chrine
 'Dh'fhas cho dìreach ri cuidseal.

Sar cheann-uidhe nan déirceach.
 Gnuis na feile 's an tlachda.
 Nam bu bhàs dhuit 'sa cheum sin
 Bhìomaid fein dheth gun talce.
 'S iomad dilleachdan bronach
 'Bhiodh gun chomhnadh gun tacsas,
 Ga 'sbior ghreadadh 's ga 'leonadh,
 'S ar tighearn' og ga 'thoirt seachad.

Càit 'n do sheas e air urlar
 No 'n do lub e na' phearsa
 Aon 'thug barr ort an cùirteas,
 'Fhir bu luth-chleasaich' fasan?
 Tha mi cinnteach gu leoir dheth,
 Cha 'n e 'm bosd 'tha mi cantuinn,
 Nach lùbadh tu 'm feoirnein
 Fo do bhroig air an fhaiche.

Càit am faicteadh fo armaibh
 Aon bu dealbhaiche pearsa?
 Bhiodh ort claidheabh chinn airgid

'S daga mheanbh-bhreac na leapa,
Sgiath charraigneach bhreac, philleach,
'S biodag bhiorach gheur sgaiteach.
Bu tu 'm fiuran deas moralach,
'S an connspunn treun smachdail.

Bu tu sealgair na sìthne
Anns na frithibh 'gan caisead,
Le gunna 'bheoil chinntich,
'Bheireadh dìth air an ealtainn.
Nuair a chaogadh tu 'mhiog-shuil
Is a chiteadh do lasair,
Bhiodh do pheileir a gluasad
Troimh dbamh uallach an astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach
Air muir ghailbheich nan cas-shruth:
Bha thu mion-shuileach, cinnteach,
Foinnidh, innsgineach, tapaidh;
Bha thu fearail ri t' innse,
S bha thu fìor ghasd' ri t' fhaicinn;
'S air nàile bhuidhneadh tu cis
Air iomairt dhisnean nam breac-bhall.

Cuim' an ceilinn an fhirinn?
Dh'fhaoduinn innse gun sgrubadh
Nach robh idir 'sna crìochan s'
Aon nach b'fhiach leis bhith 'd chu deachd,
Nuair a thairngteadh do shith,
'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn ugad,
'S tu nach sòradh am fion oirnn
No aon ni bhiodh am buideal.

Cuidseal, a cudgel. Tacsas, support, substance
solidity. Innsgineach, sprightly, lively.

(F-1)

Failte Thearlaich na Sgurra ;

Oran do Thearlach Mor Mac-Gilleain, Fear na Sgurra.

Fonn: "Nuair thig an samhradh geugach oirnn."

A Thearlaich òig, ciad fàilte dhuit,
'S do bheath' air tràigh na duthcha so;
Gur tamull sgrion do phòige orm,
Tha dearg mo bheoil air rusgadh leath'.
Nan cuirinn diom an éislein so,
'S gun éirinn as a chruban so
Gum faicinn fhin am maireach thu,
'S gu deanainn gaire sunndach riut.

Is fad o 'n la a dhealaich sinn
'N am carraid ris na Tuathaichibh;
Gun d' ghabh mi dhìot cead carthannach,
'S gu deimhin gum bu luath leam e.
Thug mi ceum ad dheaghainn,
Agus t' aghaidh ris na fuar bheannaibh,
'S gun d' fhag sud m' inntinn cànrnach,
Is treis de m' nadar bruaillineach.

Gur math am measg na cuideachd thu,
'S neo-thuiteamach an comhradh thu ;
Cha d' chuir thu suil an sgrubaireachd,
'S cha b' fhasan duit 'bhith mòralach.
Cha d' chuir thu suil am miodhoireachd,
S a bhrìbearachd cha d' fhoghlum thu,
'N am sgur de dh-òl an fhiona
Cha bhiodh cunntas crìon mu 'n bhord
againn.

C'ait am faigh mi leannan dhuit,
No mairist 'theid ad chòmhail-sa.
Cha 'n fheil i anns an fhearann so
Na 's airidh air an oighear ud,
Nam bu mhise thaghadh i,
'S mo raghainn a bhith deonach ort,
Gur te gun ghiamh, gun fhailinn innt',
A bhiodh am maireach pòsda riut.

Ach on is nì nach faodar sin,
 Gur faoin duinn a bhith comhradh air,
 Bi fiosrach far an iarr thu te,
 Bi sgialach air a seoltaichean,
 'S nach liutha te gun ghiamh innte
 Na eala chiar air lointeanaibh,
 Bidh cuid diu 's faicinn bhreagh' orra,
 Ach 's fearr dhuit ciall na boidhchead aic'.

Gur math a thig an armachd ort,
 'S neo-leanabail an tus cònmhraig thu;
 Bidh daga nam ball airgid ort,
 Gu boidheach, dealbhach, or-ghleusach.
 Bhiodh gunn' ad làimh gu cùramach,
 Is t' fhudar ann am pòcaidean;
 'S gun deant' an t-ord a rùsgadh leat,
 Nach diultadh an am còmhalach.

Gur math a thig an claidheabh
 Air crios laghach nam ball boidheach ort;
 'S cha chlaidheabh air leas gàrlaich e
 Nuair chàirear ann an ordagh e;
 Ach slachdan leathan dias fhada
 Gun mheirig, gun ghiamh, gun fhòtus ann;
 An laimh a churaidh chruadalaich
 Gum buidh'nnteadh buaidh air moran leis.

'S an nis on rinn thu tilleadh
 As gach ionad anns na thàrlaidh thu,
 Gun bheud, gun phudhar pearsa ort,
 Ach mar a b' ait le d' chai, dean thu,
 Ge b' e neach a tha 'm mìoran dhuit,
 Gu bheil mi-fhin mar dh' fhag thu mi,
 'S air son thu thigh'nn do 'n tir ugainn,
 Gun lion 's gun ol mi 'n t-slàinte so.

This song must have been composed
 about 1750.

An T-Aireach Muileach.

The Aireach Muileach was a Maclean. He was, as his name imports, a herdsman, and lived in Mull. It is said that he was in the employ of MacIainé of Lochbui. He had a clear head and a sharp tongue, and was a bitter satirist. A man named Colin Campbell, An Caimbeulach Dubh, stole some cows from Lochbui. The Aireach took vengeance upon the thief by composing a song about him. When Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair heard the song he composed a reply in praise of Campbell and abused the Aireach in it. This led to a war of words between them. Whilst the Aireach was by no means the equal of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair in poetic ability, he was more than a match for him as a cutting, stinging satirist. It is said that the Aireach's baptismal name was John, and that he was known as Iain Mac Dhomhnaill. His productions have perished, except a few stanzas.

An Caimbeulach Dubh.

An Caimbeulach Dubh a Cinntaile,
Iar-ogh' 'mhortair 's ogh' a mheirlich
Am Braid-Albainn fhuair e rach,—
Sìol na ceilge 's meirleach a chruidh.

'S odhar ciar an Caimbeulach Dubh,
 'S oillteil, fiadhaich 'amhare 's a chruth,
 'S lachdunn, liath-ghlas, dubh; cha'n fhiach e;
 'S fear gun mhiadh an Caimbeulach Dubh,

Cuiream tuath e, cuiream deas e,
 Cuiream siar e, cuiream sear e,
 Cuiream fios gu baird gach fearainn,
 Gus an caill e 'n craiceann na 'shruth.

'S odhar ciar an Caimbeulach Dubh,
 'S oillteil, fiadhaich 'amhare 's a chruth,
 'S lachdunn, liath-ghlas, dubh; cha'n fhiach e;
 'S fear gun mhiadh an Caimbeulach Dubh.

Aoir

AIR ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

Cha deic fhad 's a tha mi 'g éisdeachd
 Ris an isg a tha gam chaineadh.
 Cuim' nach innsinn pàirt de 'n fhirinn,
 Ged nach d' rugadh am fhior bhard mi?
 Tha suilean agam gu faicinn,
 'S cluasan gu claisdeachd mu d' ghnàthan;
 'S fhuair mi mar theisteanas riamh ort
 Gum b' fhearr thu nach b' fhiach ad nadar.

'S tu màgan cealgach na dige,
 'S tu an losgan lìtheach, tàrr-ghlas,
 'S tu an t-seilcheig shleamhuinn, stìgach,
 'S tu snag mhillteach, dhon' a chàrnain,
 'S tu fàmh gionach an dian bhùraich,
 'S tu bratag lùbach an fhàsaich;
 'S tu 'm partan o'n duilich a spionadh
 Aon ni a' t' ìngnean a thàrras.

Thar gach éisg 's tu 'n dallag mhùgach,
 'S tu bhàst-shiubhlach, 's tu mac-làmhaich;

'S tu am broc, air loin a bhreuntais,
 'Bhiodh a shron na 'chéir trì ràidhean ;
 'S gur tu mhail do 'n ainm a gheur-lann ;
 'S olc an treud a tha dhuit cairdeach.
 'S mur bhith gràin do chàirdean fhéin ort,
 Cha deanainn-sa, 'bhéist, do chaineadh,

Cha'n ionghnadh ged bhoidh ort gorta.
 'S nach ann gad chosnadh a tha thu.
 'S tric thu gun bhiadh, gun aodach,
 A donnalaich air aodann chairdean.
 'S iomadh la on bha iad sgìth dhiot;
 Gur a tric thu sgriobadh pairt diu ;
 'S iad a guidhe bàis gun lochd dhuit,
 Mun déid do chrochadh mu'n mhèirle.

Rinn thu 'd chridh' air t' athair dimeas,
 'S dh' amhairc thu sìos air do mbathair ;
 Bhrisd thu 'n seanachas a tha sgriobhte,
 'N dèidh a dhionachadh 'sna h-àithntean.
 Thug thu mionnan air a Bhiobull.
 Nach b' fhearr do shìnnair na Sàtan ;
 'S bhrath thu iad air bheagan cùinnidh,
 Mar rinn Iùdas air ar Slànuighear.

'Bhliadhna sin thainig am Prionnsa,
 Bu shiubhlach thu anns gach àite ;
 Ad chlach-bhalg air feadh na dùthcha ;
 'G iarraidh orr' tionndadh le Tearlach.
 Ach cho luath 's a thug e chùl riut ;
 Thionndaidh an cu ri shecann nàdar.
 Cha b' e 'n creideamh ach am brosgul
 'Chuir a ghiulan crois a phàp thu,

So far as known to us there is no
 ground for the insinuation that Mac

Mhaighstir Alasdair turned against Prince Charles. He was a born Jacobite and could never become anything else.

Diomoladh na Morthir.

'S maireg a mhol a Mhòrthir robach
Airson stobaich challtuinn
Heitirinn àirinn, uirinn, ohoro,
Heitirinn, àirinn hò rò.

Fearann mosach 's ole r'a choiseachd,
Cha chinn molt nomeann air.

Mnathan binneach air bheag grinneas,
'S iad ri inisg chainnteach.

We have not seen any more of this song. It is a reply to Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair beautiful descriptive poem, *Failte na Morthir*.

Fear an Lagain.

Archibald Maclean resided in Laggan in the Isle of Mull. He was the fourth son of Donald Maclean of Torloisk and his wife, Mary, daughter of Campbell of Sunderland. He was a kind-hearted and pleasant man. He died in 1800, and was buried in Kilninian churchyard. There were eight pipers at his funeral.

Nighean Donn nan Gobhar.

LIUNNEAG.

O, a nighean donn nan gobhar,
 E. a nighean donn nan gobhar ;
 Dh' òlainn bhuait bainne fo chobhar,
 'S gheibheadh tu gleadhar o 'n truimb.

Lion am botul, lion a dha dhiu,
 Lion a tri dhiu mar a b' àbhaist ;
 Gun dean ginichean am pàigheadh ;
 Seasaidh a bhó bhàn a pris.

Gur a h-i mo rùn is m' annsachd,
 An nigh'n donn 'tha ris na gamhna ;
 Nuair a theid thu do 'n bhàl dannsaidh
 Cha bhi do shamhladh 'san tìr.

Nuair a theid thu ad làn chomhdach,
 'S bhios do ribinnean an ordagh,
 Cha'n fheil fleasgach 'san Roinn Eorpa
 Nach bi 'g òl ort ann am fion,

Nuair a theid thu mu na bruachan,
 'S bhios do ribinnean mu'n cuairt dhuit,

'M fear a bhios da mhile shuas bhuait,
Cuiridh tu bruailean na 'chrìdh'.

ISE A FREAGAIRT.

Cha phòs mise 'chaoidh fear suarach,
Is cha ni leam bhith ga' luaidh rium;
'S ann bhios agam sàr dhuin' uasal
Nach cuir gruaman orm a chaoidh.

AM BARD.

'S a nigh'n donn 'tha 'd shuidhe làmh-rium
Gur a mór a thug mi 'ghràdh dhuit;
Is ma gheibh mi toil do chàirdean,
'S mi nach dean ort tàir a chaoidh.

'S beag mo dhéidh air té le storas,
No air té 'bhiodh uaibhreach, pròiseil;
Té mo rùin, a chaileag bhoideach
A tha 'n coinhnuidh laghach, grinn.

Biomaid cridheil, biomaid ceòlmhor,
Deanamaid gach ni mar 's còir dhuinn;
Gheibh sinn pailteas fhad 's is beo sinn,
'S gu de 'n còrr a bhiodh gar dìth?

Oran

Le Fear an Lagain, an déidh Lagh na Glaise.

LUINNEAG.

O 's mis' 'th' air mo lagadh,
'S mi'n so am measg Ghallaibh,
'S nach faigh mi lochd cadail le dòruinn.

Nuair chaidh thu gam dhiteadh,
Thug thu leat Cairstine,
'S chaidh coitse gle riomhach na 'comhdail

'S e turus na breislich
'Thug mi dh' fhaicinn Miss Katie,

'S gun d' fhuair mi mu dheireadh gu leoir
dh' i.

'S e turus gun bhuannachd
'Thug mi dh' fhaicinn na gruagaich ;
Gun d' thuit mi le bruaich 'san robh
stòiridh.

Ged tha mise for eislein,
Tha 'n gobhainn gle eibhinn
Bhon thachair e-fhéin is Fear Chòrnaig.

Ged thigeadh Mac-Cuaire
'S na bh' aige de dh-uaislean,
Cha'n fhuiliginn 'san uair s' ann am chóir e

'M fear ruadh ud de m' chinneadh,
Gur suarach mi uime,
Ged thigeadh e Mhingeiridh 'chomhnuidh.

Nan digeàdh Sir Ailein
Le chòmhlanaibh glana,
Gum fanadh e tamullam chòir-sa.

Thoir mo shoraidh 'n tir ìseal
Gu uaislean 's gu ìslean,
'S thoir uiread ri trì dhiu gu Domhnall.

Cha'n éirich mi 'm sheasamh,
Cha'n éirich am feasda,
Bhon fhuair mi mo ghreadadh 's mo
leonadh.

Nam bithinn-s' am Muile,
An dùthaich na tuinne,
Gun digeadh gach duin' ann am chomh-
dhail,

Angobhainn, the man who made the locks
which occasioned the Lawsuit of the Locks.
Mac Cuaire, Macquarrie of Ulva. Am fear
ruadh, Hector Maclean of Ensay. Sir Ailein,
Sir Allan Maclean of Bròlas. Domhnall,
Donald, son and heir of Hugh Maclean of Coll.
He was drowned in 1774.

Duanag.

Le Fear an Lagain, an uair a bha e air leabaidh a bhàis.

LUINNEAG.

Cha 'n fheil feum anns a mhulad,
 Cha 'n fheil treun ris nach cuir e,
 Cha 'n fheil feum anns a mhulad.

Ailis dhonn gur mor mo ghradh ort;
 Gruaidh na nàire 's beul an fhuarain.

Tha mi 'n dòchas dhiot nach taobh thu
 Giullan faoin nach dean do chumail.

'Iain, bi gu math do dh-Ailis,
 Thoir do ghradh dh' i mar a bhuineas.

Tha mi 'n so an seòmbar clàraidh,
 'S ge fad an dàil thig an cuireadh.

Tha mo dhotair ann am Bròlas,
 'S cha dig e gam chòir-sa tuilleadh.

Nam biodh fios aige mar tha mi,
 Mharcaicheadh e 'm màin gu h-ullamh.

'S mithich dhomhsa sgur de m' oran,
 Bhon tha 'n crònan s' ann am mhuineal.

'S mor mo pheacaidhean r' an leughadh,
 'S lionmhor iad seach fear is duilleach.

'S lionmhoire na ghaineamh ghlas iad;
 Och, mo chreach, cha 'n fhaodar fuireach.

Tha mo dhòchas uil' an trocair
 An Ti ghloirmhoir sin a dh' fhuiling.

Ailis, a nighean. Iain, a mhac. Cha robh e pòda; ach bha e math d'a chuid cloinne. Cha bu trudar gun diu e a bhòidicheadh nàch bu leis ad, agus nach deanadh nì air an son.

Ailis Nic-Gilleain.

Alice Maclean was a daughter of Donald Maclean of Torloisk and a sister of Archibald of Laggan. She was married to Lachlan Macquarrie of Ulva, by whom she had several children. She died at a comparatively early age. She was a woman of ability, and evidently a real poetess.

We give a tradition with regard to Alice Maclean and her husband, which may be correct. We trust, however, for the sake of her husband that it is not correct. It is this. Alice was engaged to be married to Campbell of Ballinaby in Islay. Lachlan Macquarrie forged a letter in Campbell's name and sent it to her. In the letter the writer stated that he was on the way to Edinburgh to get married. A few days afterwards Macquarrie went to see Alice, proposed to her, and was accepted. She was married only a short time when she found out that she had been cruelly deceived. It is scarcely necessary to say that she was never happy with her husband. The deception practised upon her was the cause of the following song:

A Bhean Mhuladach.

LUINNEAG.

Seinn o horo seinn,
Seinn o horo 'leannain,
Seinn o horo seinn.

Gur a muladach 'tha mi,
'S mi air àiridh 'chruidh bhainne.

Gur a a muladach sgith mi,
'S mi leam fhin an tìr m' aineol.

Ged nach bi mi ga 'innseadh,
'S ann an Il' tha mo leannan.

Ged nach bi mi ga 'ràitinn,
Thug mi gradh dha 's mi 'm leanabh.

'Thighearn' òig Bhail-an-aba.
'S tu mo ghradh de na fearaibh.

Ach ma chaidh thu 'Dhuneideann,
Guidheam fein thu thigh'nn fallain.

Lamh a stiuradh a bhàta,
'S muir a gàirich ri 'darach.

'S tu gun stiuradh i dìreach
Troimh Chaol Ile na 'deannaibh.

'S tu gun stiuradh i tioram,
'S muir a mire ri 'darach.

Ged 's e 'm Muileach a 's ni dhomb,
'S e an t-Ileach mo leannan.

Mairi Nign'nn Eoghain.

Mary Maclean, Mairi Nighean Eoghain,
was a daughter of Hugh Maclean, 14th
laird of Coll. She was married, July

31st, 1761, to the Rev. Malcolm Macaskill, minister of Eigg, Muck, Rum, and Canna, and had seven children. Of her songs we have only a few bits.

Duanag d'a Brathair.

Is a thlghearn' oig chola,
Guidheam sonas is àgh ort.

Hao ill o roho ho,
'Ghaoil gum faiceam slàn thu;
Hao ill o roho ho.

Riut a thogadh mo chridhe,
'S tu a tighinn fo d' mhàileid.

Saoghal fad dhuit 'n deagh bheatha,
'N deidh do mhnatha 's do mhàthar.

Bi math ad cheann tuatha;
'S dòcha buaidh thigh'nn air àl sud.

Donald, her brother, went to see Mrs. Macaskill. She met him as he came up from the boat to the manse, and welcomed him in the poetic lines just given. Donald was drowned in the Sound of Ulva in 1774.

Rannan.

Chuir mi suas mo ghùn bainnse,
'Dhol a shealltuinn mo sheann leannain,
Hug o rin o 's mi air m' aineol.

'S truagh nach robh te eile 'm sheombar,
Is mi-fhin 's Mac-Leoid am Manain.

Iain Mac Eoghain.

John Maclean, known as Iain mac Eoghain, lived in Langamull in the Isle of Mull. He was a firm Jacobite, and an excellent swordsman. He was at one time insulted by the Campbells, for whom he had certainly no great love. He challenged any man of the name to meet him in a duel with swords, but his challenge was not accepted. He was born probably about the year 1745. He married Mary Maclean, by whom he had four sons and five daughters. He was the author of several songs, but they have all perished except a few stanzas.

Nan Digeadh Tus', a Thearlaich.

Nan digeadh tus' a Thearlaich,
 Le d' mhath 's le d' mhisnich laidir,
 Gu 'r togail as na càsan s',
 Gum b' àrd 'bhiodh ar ceann.
 'S iomadh fear 'thug gradh dhuit,
 Nach leasaich thu gu bràth e,
 Ged a bhiodh tu 'm màireach
 'S na b' àill leat fo d' laimh.
 'S e 'n leasachadh a b' fhearr leinn,
 Air son na chaidh gu bàs leat,
 Gum faiceamaid na Gàidheil
 Le 'n clàidhean an camp';
 Ar Tearlach 'bhith ga 'chrùnadh,
 Is Breatànn 'bhith fo 'umhlachd,
 Is Seoras 'dèl gu 'dhùthaich,
 Le rùsgadh nan lann.

Gur mor a chulaidh mhùisig,
 Sibh fein 's ar trudar Diuca,

'Bhith 'nis ag iarraidh ùmhlaichd
 An cùirt Innse-Gall.
 Cha b'e meud bhur diùlnais
 A dh' fhàg bhur fearann dùmhail,
 Ach innleachdan is lùban,
 'S gach cùis a dhol cam.
 Tha agam air a chùl sin
 De'r droch bheartan ri chùnntas,
 Gun d' chroch sibh Seumas Stiubhart,
 'S cha chliu dhuibh a bh'ann.
 Ach dh' fhaoidt' a bhith ri ùine
 Gum pàighear sin leibh dubailt';
 'S ged chitbinn e le m' shuilean,
 'S ann leam nach bu chall.

B' fhearr leam fbin na 'n dùthaich,
 Is tuilleadh mor na b' fhiu i,
 Gun digeadh Tearlach Stiubhart
 Fo shiuil gu Whitehall.
 Nan digeadh tu gu 'r n-ionnsuidh
 Le fichead mìle diùlnach,
 Gun càramaid gu surdail
 An crùn air do cheann.
 Sin nuair bhiomaid sunndach,
 Cha chaidleamaid 'san lùirich,
 Cha bhiodh ar ceann 'san smùraich,
 'S bhiodh sùghadh nar cainnt;
 Claidheabh air chul dùirn againn,
 'Bag'radh dol ga 'rùsgadh,
 'S gur teann nach rachadh sgiursadh
 Air criu nam beul cam.

The duke referred to is the Duke of Argyll. Colin Campbell of Glenure was shot dead by Allan Breac Stewart on the 14th of May, 1752. James Stewart, a man who had nothing to do with the murder, was arrested, condemned and hanged for it.

Orain le Baird Neo Ainmichte.

ORAN DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN,

Triath Dhubhairt

'Dheagh Mhic-Coinnich a Brathainn,
'S cian 's gur fad' 'tha thu 'd laighe,
'S nach do dh-eirich thu fhathast,
'Chur le deagh Mhac-Gilleain,
'S cha mhò 'chaidh tu roimh latha 'thoirt àir
orr'.

'S a Mhic-Neill o'n tir thuathaich,
Is beirt neònach a bhuail thu.
Càit an robh thu nach cuail thu
Mac-Gilleain ga 'fhuadach
Far nach faight' ach siol fuar airson bàidse;

So an tìr a tha bochd dheth
Le luchd reubainn is cosgraidh;
Mnathan sgìth, 's iad ri osnaich,
Fir nan sìneadh fo lotaibh
Agus fithich a rocail nam bràghad.

Mnathan fionna gan rùsgadh,
'S fir gan losgadh le fudar,
Is gam marbhadh le fiùbhaidh,
An cuid dorsan gan dùnadh,
'S an cuirp gheala na'n smùraich 'n taigh
dàite.

Bha an clann, ged bu bheag iad,
Fo gheur shàthadh nam biodag,
Iad a rànaich 's a clisgeadh,
Am fuil bhlàth gu dlu shilteach,
'S iad gun sùil ri beul iochda bho 'n
naimhdean.

'Chlann ud Ailein ri Una,
'S fad bhur cadal gun dùsgadh;

Leis an ridire chiuiteach. —

'S car e 'dh-iarla na cùile,

Do Mhac Aonghuis an Dùin 's do dhà
bhrathair.

Ach nan tilleadh e fallain,

'S fhad a staigh 'rachadh 'alladh

Ann an dùthaich Mhic-Callein;

Bhiodh bà bogha gan gearradh,

'S iad a fagail na fol' air na blàraibh.

Tha Innse-Gall 'nis air strìochdadh,

Air a ceangal am prìosan.

Cuim an ceilinn an ni sin?

Cuim nach gabhteadh casg rìgh leinn,

' - gràin ne mullaich nan crìoch air ar fàgail?

Bu tu 'n treun-fhear air thoiseach,

'Dhol a ghabhail a bhrosnaidh.

'N àm do namhaid bhith nochdadh

Bhiodh do rò-seoil am portaibh,

'S bhiodh do bhiataichean rompa an sàthadh.

Gur a fionmhor fo mhulad

Fiuran or is seann churaidh,

'S nach h-fheil ceanntart fir Mhuile

Mar a b' àbhaist, 's bu chubhaidh:

Gur a h-e mo chreach uil' a chruaidh
chàradh.

Brosnadh, the same as brosnachadh. Rò-
seol, top-gallants.

In 1691 — the year before the massacre of Glencoe took place — the Earl of Argyll succeeded in obtaining from King William a commission to bring the Macleans to obedience. He invaded Mull at

the head of 2,500 men, and proceeded to carry out the King's orders with fire and sword. Sir John and some of his followers had retired to Cairnburgh. Thus the invaders met with no opposition. According to the poem they set fire to houses, shot down men, stripped women naked, and slew little children with their daggers. Of course it is possible that the author had the second-sight and that he was really describing the butcheries of the Turks in Armenia at the present day.

Mar 16/98

Iorram

DO DH-IAIN GARBH, Triath Chola.

'Rìgh nach èireadh i tuath,
'S i bhith sìobhalta, buan,
Is gun togadh na h-uaislean breid rith'.

A Rìgh fheartaich nan dùl,
Cum an soirbheas sin ciùin,
Nuair a ghabhas mo rùn na dheidh e.

Ceist mo chridhe-sa 'n t-ainm
Leis 'n do bhaisteadh Iain Garbh;
'S òg a rinn mi leat leanabas deideig.

Mac na lànaine ceart,
'Dheonaich Dia 'san aon ghlaic;
Fhuair sibh dìoladh gu pàilt d'a reir sin.

Gur h-e ogha sin Eoin
 Ri nighinn Mhic-Leoid,
 'S mac na deagh mhna o'n Mòrthir m'
 eudail.

Gun robh freagradh ad cheann,
 Agus deasbad na 'lorg
 'N Gaidhlig, Laidinn, is Fraingis 's Beurla.

Gun robh susbain ad chorp,
 Agus uaisle gun spot,
 'Fhir a b' urrainn 's gach cnoc an reiteach,

Craobh de'n abhall a b' fhearr,
 Bu mhath luthadh ri sàs,
 As a choille a b' airde geugan.

'S ann duit a b' fhasan o thùs
 A bhith dileas do 'n chrùn,
 Gun bhith' foilleil an cùis fo 'n ghrein da.

Tha mi tamull gun suain,
 Agus m' aigheadh fo ghruaim,
 'S mor 'tha 'dh-ionndraichinn uam a's leir
 dhomh.

'N caisteal tubaisteach 'bh' ann,
 Mu'n robh chaiseamachd shearbh,
 A Rìgh, bu shoilleir ar call mu 'deibhinn.

Ceist mo chridhe-sa 'n geard
 'Bha mu d' thimchioll 'san àit;
 B' ann de dh' abhall do ghàraidh fein e,

Mo chreach an tanaistear og,
 Leis an rachadh tu 'd dheoin,
 'Bhith ga t' fhaicinn gun deo bhith 'd
 chreabhaig.

Ceann mo thaighe gu ceart,
 Fear a's urranta smachd;

'N Rìgh, ga 'choimhead 's gach feachd 'an
déid e.

'S mairg do 'n uachdaran og
'Bhith ga t' fhaicinn fo leon;
Ged a thuit thu bu chonnspull cheud thu.

'Bhith ga t' fhaicinn gun deo
Ann an ciste nam bòrd,
'Fhir a leanadh an tòir 's nach geilleadh.

Tha do chinneadh fo sproc
O 'n la 'rinneadh do lot;
'S ann bha'n diubhaltas, oirt fo d' leine.

Gu bheil susbain ad chorp,
Agnis uaisle gun spot,
'Fhir a b' urrainn 's gach cnoc an reiteach.

Lachlan, 9th of Coll, married Marion, daughter of John Dubh of Moydart and his wife Marion Macleod, who was a daughter of Sir Rory Mor of Dunvegan. John, his only son, was accidentally killed in Edinburgh, whilst pursuing his studies. He was standing near the castle looking at a riotous mob, when a splinter from a grenade struck him. He was succeeded by Donald, his uncle and tutor. He was only about eighteen years of age at the time of his death.

Oran

DO DH-EACHANN MAC-GILLEAIN, triath Dhubh-
airt, a mharbhadh an Inbhircheitein.

Ach ge grianach an latha,
Gur a cianail an rathad
So, 'tha mise ga 'ghabhail,
'Dh-fhios an tùir an robh m' aighear,
Is mac mor Mhic-Gilleain,
'S e gun sùgradh na 'laighe,
'S nach fheil e ri fhaighinn na 'shlàinte.

Cha bu chruaidh leam mo chairdean
An la ud ga m' fhàgail;
Cha n, iad 'tha mi 'g aireamh,
Ach mo bharanta laidir
Agus t' fhea ann gun àiteach,
'Fhir 'thug fortan le cairdeas gun sgraing
dhomh.

Dhomh bu deacair toirt thairis
I ùb ùr nan sul meallach
Is nan calbannar geala,
Is na deudaich chubhr' anail,
Tha thu 'shinnsribh nam fear nach robh
sgàthach.

Mac thu b' uaisl' o Shir Lachainn
O nighinn Ruairidh nam bratach.
Chuir thu buaireadh air m' aigneadh,
Agus deoir air mo rasgaibh;
Chuir mi m' uaislean an capaichean
tàmha.

Ceann mo lóin ri uair m' ainnis!
Bha dìol gruaig air mo leanabh,
Cùl grinn cuachbach nan camag,
'S e mar fheoirnein na 'charaibh;
'S tu 'bu mhor-chuiseach sealladh.—
Gum bu rìgh thu 'measg barrach fir Alba.

'S iomad tlachd bh' ort ri 'àireamh :
 Aghaidh shiobhalta, bhan gheal,
 'S gn'is fhilathail, ghlan, mhàlda;
 Gun robh gruaidhean an armuinn,
 Cheart cho dearg iis an sgàrlaid,
 D'an robh gliocas is cairdeas gunanamoich'

'Mhìc an àrmuinn a Muile,
 On a rinneadh leat fuireach
 Anns a bhlar 'san robh 'n cumasg,
 Do thaobh mìn-gheal làn bhuilleann,
 'S do luchd-leanmhuinn a fulang,
 'S lag is sgith mi ri tuireadh mo chairdean.

Thuit mo cho-dhalta tapaidh
 Thall fo bhaile na faiche,
 Làn de chruadal 's de ghaisge;
 'S ged bu chraiteach mar thachair,
 Cha 'n e sin tha mi 'g acain
 Ach an sgiurs a fhuair Eachann roimh
 'naimhdean.

Càit an d' rugadh no d' araicheadh,
 No 'n do ghineadh mac armuinn,
 Pearsa duin' a thug bàrr ort
 Nuair a ghlacadh tu 'n spainteach
 Lìobhte churanta, laidir,
 Is a chuireadh tu fàilt' air do champa?

Ged a thigeadh fir Shùineirt,
 Is Clann-Iain o 'n Rùta,
 Is Clann-Chamarain nach diultadh
 Le 'm boghaicibh cùl-bhuidh',
 Is le 'n saighdibh 'bu shiubhlach,
 Bhiodh gath boineid a lùbadh do m'
 luaidh-sa.

Ged bu dumbail am feachd ud,
 Is iad cruinn a'r aon fhaiche,
 Is mo gràdh a theachd seachad

Bu leis urram gach maise.—
 Is mairg mathair do 'm mac thu,
 Is mairg muime 'rinn t' altrum,
 No a chuannaic cur seachad na n-uir' ort.

Gur h-e mis' 'th' air mo sgaradh
 Mu na chùirt 'th' aig na Gallaibh,
 'S ogha Ruairidh na, leanabh,
 Dalta dileas mo sheanar.—
 Bha thu 'n cairdeas Mhic-Caillein,
 Is an rìgh a bh' air Manain
 'Bha gu ciàlladeach, carraideach, ainmeil.

An rìgh a bh' air Manain; Olave the Red.
 Clann-Iain; sliochd Iain Mhoir, an tanaistear.
 It is probable that the lament for Sir Hector
 was composed by a woman. It expresses the
 genuine feelings of the heart. It was published
 by Ranald Macdonald in his collection in 1776,
 and appeared in the first Inverness collection in
 1806.

An Cronan Muileach.

LUINNEAG.

E ho i o hu o éileadh,
 E ho i o hù orin o;
 E ho i o hu o éileadh,
 Hì ri hù na hùrabh o ho,

Gur h-e mise 'tha gam lathadh,
 Tha mo shuil na 'bù'n 's na 'ceathach,
 'S mí gun cheol, gun ol, gun aighear,
 Mu'n dol sìos 'th' air siol an taighe.

Mu'n dol sìos 'th' air siol an taighe;
 Lachainn a dh' fhalbh bhuainn mu Fheill-
 Eathain,

Mo sheachd rùin chaidh dhiu mu shamhainn,
'S ceann mo mhùirn an cunnart fhathast.

Ceann mo mhùirn an cunnart fhathast;
Mac na deagh mhna 'chinneadh m' athar;
Mathair nam mac mìn-gheal, fathail,
Nach d' fhuair beum air ghleus g' am
faighear.

Nach d' fhuair beum air ghleus g' am
faighear,
Am fairg', an doire, no 'n abhainn.
Tha 'n dòbhran fo lorg bhr n-abhag,
'S bheir sibh leum a céil' an aighe.

Gur h-e mis' a fhuair an clisgeadh
Iad a dh' fhalbh an tús am pisich;
Comunn nan gruag 's nan com slios-gheal,
O 'n taigh mhór 'sam biodh am briotal.

O 'n taigh mhór 'sam biodh am briotal,
Toirm air thàlleasg, clàir gam piocadh,
'S iad ag òl gu pòiteil, misgeil,
Le beul an t-sùgraidh 's a ghliocais.

Gur h-e mise 'th' air mo chuaradh
Mu shliochd nam fear o 'n Leth Uachdraich;
Sìol Ailein duinn, chàrnaich, chuachaich,
Rho rugha ciar na h-àirde fuaraidh;

Bho rugha ciar na h-àirde fuaraidh,
'S bho Chaol Muile 'n luingis luainich
'Sheoladh gu Dubhairt na stuaidhe,
Tur ard 'sam biodh bàird air bhuannachd.

Gheibhteadh an Dubhairt na stuaidhe
Leathanaich, Camaranaich, Tuathaich,
Stiubhartaich o 'n ghleannan uachdrach,
'S Mac-Dhughaill a thùr nan clach uaine.

Ach co 'n neach air nach dig mùthadh,
 Mar na neoil 'sna speuraibh dubh-ghorm!
 Cinneadh laidir nan lann rùisgte,
 'S truagh mar tha iad roimh na Dùibhnich.

Nuair 'thanig sibh siar an toiseach,
 Bha sibh buadhail auns gach cogadh,
 Lannan cruaidh' dhuibh 's bhualteadh goirt
 iad;
 Chuirteadh féum air leigh dh' an lètaibh

An am dol 'sios do 'n dream Dhuibhneach.
 I'ol suas le buaidh 'bu dual dhuibhse;
 'S fada chluinnteadh gàbh bhur muinntir
 'Togail fhaobh air taobh gach tulachain.

Bu taitneach leam fhin co dhiu sin,
 Aon mhac Shir Ailein nan lùireach,
 Cuilein leoghainn nan long siubhlach
 'Bhith 'cur lasrach ri aitreabh Dhùibhneach.

Ach 'Fhir ris an deanam m' uirnigh,
 'S mi mar Oisein 'n déidh an rusgaidh,
 Tionndaidh an roth mar bu dù dha,
 'S cuir an tìr so 'n ordagh dhuinne.

Gu bheil m inntinn-sa fo smalan,
 Is mo shuilean gum bi galach
 Gus am fàic mi risd an latha
 'Am bi dol suas air siol an taighe.

Speculations in Orthography.

We should spell words, so far as practicable, just as they are pronounced. According to this rule we should write, not *tig*, *tug*, *toir*, *téid*, *tàinig*, but *d' thig*, *d' thug*, *d' thoir*, *d' théid*, *d' thàinig*, or simply *dig*, *dug*, *doir*, *déid*, *dàinig*. We should preserve the oldest form of words, so far as that can be done without violation to the present mode of pronouncing them. This rule gives us *claidheabh*, *caidreabh*, *seagh*, *traigh* or *troigh*, *laigh*, *pàigh*, *fheil*, *iarann*. *Domhnall* and an *déidh* in place of *claidheamh*, *caidreamh*, *seadh*, *traidh* or *troidh*, *laidh*, *pàidh*, *'eil*, *iurunn*, *Domhnall*, and an *déigh*. When two words are welded together so as to be pronounced as one word they should, as a general rule, be written as such. We see no reason for writing *'g am* or *ga m'* instead of *'gam* or *gam'*. Why should we write *'t was*, *can 't*, *do n't*, and not *'twas*, *can't*, *don't*?

The apostrophe indicates the omission of a letter which is generally sounded, as in *maid'* *formaide*. It is also used to denote the omission in a sentence of a word which is commonly used, as in *am fear 'bha* in place of *am fear a bha*. The way in which a originated is a matter of no consequence, except to the philologist. If it is not generally used in speaking between *fear* and *bha*, the apostrophe is not needed. But if it is generally used, the apostrophe should be inserted.

In *a'*, *the*, *o'n*, *since*, *mu'n*, *ere*, *gu'n*, *that*, *c'àite*, *where*, and *c'arson*, *why*, the omitted letters are never sounded. It is unnecessary, then, to write these words with an apostrophe. It would be absurd to say that we should place an apostrophe after *a*, *the*, to show that it is a shortened form of *an*. *A* in English is a shortened form

of an, but we never think of writing it a'. It may be said that we should write the article a in Gaelic a' to distinguish it from the relative pronoun a, his or her. This would be sound reasoning if we used any sign in speaking, such as a Chinese tone or a Hottentot click, to distinguish the one of these words from the other; but we use no such sign. Why, then, should we use a sign in writing? It will of course be said that the apostrophe should be retained in gu'n, that, to distinguish it from gun, without. If both these words belonged to the same part of speech there would be force in this argument; but as they do not it is an utterly groundless argument. As we hear 'nuair, when, and c'uime, why, more frequently than an uair and cia uime, we think the apostrophe might be omitted without any loss either to the eyes or the understanding of the reader.

Whether we derive ga from g-a in 'g-a-m', or conveniently regard it as ag inverted, there can be no linguistic necessity for placing an apostrophe before it. 'Ga is a preposition and nothing more. The mere fact that there is an apostrophe before it does not convert it into ga a. If we consider it desirable to indicate the omission of a, his or her, in ga bhualadh or ga bualadh, we must write ga 'bhualadh, ga 'bualadh. Na should be written in the same way as ga. As there are several na's, however, and only one ga, the apostrophe would be missed much more before na than it would be before ga. A' m' and a' d', which stand for an mo and an do, should be written am and ad. Ann am and ann ad stand for ann a' m' and ann a' d'. When a, in, is used by itself, it should be written a' to distinguish it from a, out of; as in a' t' uchd, in your breast, a t' uchd, out of your breast.

Cha'n and anus are not monosyllables except to the eye. In cha'n the n stands for no, and is invariably pronounced along with the word which follows it, as in cha n'òl. Anns an taigh is pronounced in ordinary conversation an san taigh. Should we not, then, write an san taigh, especially when we know that the preposition anns exists only in books, and that san is an old form of the article and still exists in the spoken language?

Corrections and Notes.

Page 25, line 7, Fraingo, Frainge; 28, 9, Aaosdana, Aosdana; 37, 2, Gil-leain, 'Gill-eain; 37, 7, put an interrogation point after Fhearghuis; 37, 22, lùthaidh, luthaidh; 39, 12, lùthadh, luthadh; 41, 12, ceararich, cearraich; 33, an nall, a nall; 48, 21, ge'ir iann, geur lann, 51, 23, 'na eidedh, na 'éideadh; 55, 30, Mhic Eachainn, mhc Eachainn; 60, 12, a's glan, 's glan; 31, blàraidh, blàraibh; 63, 14, dhealaicheadh, dealaicheadh; 64, 10, ionaid, ionaid; 67, 35, Malar-tach, Malartach; 70, 18, 'n a t', a' t'; 74, 11, abhaaist, àbhaist; 77, 5, chaochaial, chaochail; 82, 2, McLean Maclean, 84, 20, caiin, cailin; 86, 19, an, am; 91, 15, unking, unkind; 92, 27, Cainburgh, Cairnburgh; 109, 11, iorghnadh, ionghnadh, 110, 21, mi am, mi 'm; 116, 1, Gum, gun; 117, 31, Eber, Eibhear; 32, Eremon, Eiremhan or Eireamhan; 120, 12, nache, nach e; 124, 29, Muideratach, Muideartach; 127, 25, luchde, luchd; 128, 23, a t', a' t'; 129, 7, chomradh, chòmhradh; 131, 3, b , beag, 9, thng, thug; 132, 1, dh' fhaithrich, dh' fhairich; 133, 1, de, De; 138, 21, ann riochd, an riochd; 146, 23, tuite arann, tuitear ann; 146, 26, dh' fhalthrich, dh' fhairich; 158, 12, ceumanan na, ceumannan a; 161, 20, 'na fhear, na 'fhear; 163,

23, leanail, leanailt; 166, 3, clachaibh, clochaibh; 168, 18, ain, an; 27, bonnach, bannach; 35, bhonnaich, bhannaich; 173, 1, Laoid, Laoidh; 175, 31, chriedeamh, chreideamh; 183, 24, dhuln, dhuinnt; 184, 13, Aileen, Ailein; 185, 30, eirch, éirich; 186, 19, Aileen, Ailein; 189, 20, we e, were; 190, 17, chuineadh, chùinneadh; 192, 32, Aileen, Ailein; 196, 8, Baon, Bho 'n; 199, 6, waa, was, 206, 25, bhell, bheil; 207, 3, faodainn, faotuinn; 210, 6, Aileen, Ailein, 212, 13, chleachd-iach, chleachdaich, 27, Uisne, Uisnich. But Uisne and Uisneachan are also used; 213, 1, ar-ogha, iar-ogha; 214, 12, bh on, bhron; 215, 20, Aileen, Ailein; 217, 8, bhl ths, bhlàths; 221, 6, at Kilmorl, and Kilmore; 223, 19, nah, nan; 224, 17, be b' e; 224, 32, seal, iseal; 225, 19, anradh, ànradh; 226, 12, o, of; 227, 33, flaith, flaith; 228, 13, Bho, Bha; 231, 1, a' threach, aithreach, 232, 17, h-ing ghinn, h-ighinn, 233, 15, sa, a; 16, un, gun, 234, 23, uath, luath; 236, 5, choir, choir'; 238, 17, éille, féille; 240, 4, àirid', àird; 34, chlaidheabh, chlaidhibh; 35, chaoll, chaoil; 241, 2, sgenlachd, sgeulachd; 243, 2, sociar, socair; 245, 25, chu deachd, chuideachd; 246, 7, sgrión, sgriob; 12, gu, gun; 247, 10, còmhraig, còmhraig; 22, mheirig, mheirg; 249, 16, isg, éisg; 22, thearr, fhear; 250, 3, mhail, mhial; 7, bhoidh, bhiodh; 251, 10, nomeann, no meann; 253, 16, coinhnuidh, còmhnuidh; 28, Cairstine, Cairistine; 254, 7, for, fo; 255, 9, fhuarain, fhuair; 258, 6, thlghearn', thighearn'; 261, 24, smùraich, smurach; 262, 1, chiiuiteach, cliuiteach; 263, 16, èireadh, éireadh; 266, 15, fhea ann, fhearann; 19, ùb, Lùb; 28, capaichean, leapaichean; 267, 6, guna namoich', gun anmoiche; 268, 7, na, leanabh, na 'leanabh.

P. 44, 28.—Ceanntard should be ceanntart. Dr. Maclean writes the word centort. The fact that ceann was originally cend may account for

the middle t. The last t has sprung up in the same way as the t in Dubhairt, which is from Dubh àird

P. 56.—Taken in connection with what follows the line, A fhuair urram 's tu 'd leanabh air sluagh, implies that Donald of Coll was a child when his father fought at Inverlochy in 1645. But the Ardgour MS., which is probably correct, states that Donald died in April, 1729, in the 72nd year of his age. A fhuair urram 's tu 'd leanabh air sluagh must, then, be taken as a general assertion which has no reference to the battle of Inverlochy.

Page 68. The explanatory note on this page was written eight years ago. In publishing it in this work, I overlooked the words "and a kind man." I should have deleted them. It would be perfectly correct to say that the Macleans of Coll were, as a general rule, kind men and good lairds; but I am, at the present time, somewhat afraid that Lachlan was an exception. It is said that he used a good deal of force in raising the company which he took with him to Holland.

Page 110.—Tha mi 'm chadal 's gur tim dhomh dusgadh. Delete the words, Fòrn:—Fhir a bhata no ho ro eile. They are not in Dr. Maclean's MS.

Page 121.—Ach an dearbhadh mi-fhortain. These are the words in Dr. Maclean's MS. Perhaps, however, he should have written, Ach an dearbha mhi-fhortan

Page 128.—Air sgéith na maidne 's luaithe. It is probable that the air of this song was composed by one of the Mac-crimmons.

Page 132.—

'S mi ri cànrán gun chaidreabh
 Ri céile mo leapa,
 'Cur an géill gur h-e staid-se
 'Thug dhachaidh mi uatha.

It is evident from the second line that Iain Mac Ailein was married, and probable from the third line that he had children.

Page 226.—Lachlan, ninth of Coll.—The word ninth is correct. In the published histories of the Macleans the name of one of the chieftains of the Coll family has been omitted. Consequently Lachlan is erroneously described as the eighth laird of Coll.

There is no great pleasure in correcting proofs as they come fresh from the hands of a man who does not understand what he is printing. There is a good deal of quiet enjoyment, however, to be derived from correcting a book, as a man has an opportunity of showing how much he knows about little things.

As this work was printed in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, it took the proofs three days to come to me and three days to go back. The printers are not book-publishers and had not as large a quantity of spare type as would be needed to print the book in three or four months if they would send me proofs twice. There are thus more typographical errors than one would wish to see. At the same time I would rather have all these errors than have the work dragging its way through the press during five or six months. As a general rule the errors are not of very much importance. They mar the beauty of the pages, it is true; but they do not render them unintelligible. It is some consolation, however, to know that all the good things in the world are not beautiful to the eye.

“ Bidh sinn beo an dòchas ra-math,
Gum bi 'chùis na's fhearr an ath la.”

The songs and bits of songs by Fear an Lag-ain, Alice Maclean, and Iain Mac Eoghain, and also Diomoladh na Morthir have been sent to me

by Counndullie Morison, Esq., Aintuim, Mull. Perhaps there may be some one who can send me a few additional verses. It is a pity that a part of "Nan digeadh tus", a Thèarlaich " should be lost.

The Maclean Bards from 1775 to 1898.

I have paid all the expenses connected with the publication of this volume. The free contributions sent me have helped to pay these expenses, but they are far from meeting them in full. The retail price of the book is fixed at two shillings and six pence,—so low a price that any one who takes the slightest interest in Gaelic poetry can afford to buy it. If 250 copies of it will be sold, I shall have no pecuniary loss by it. If the Macleans have any regard at all for the productions of their unsaxonised forefathers, or any real interest in themselves as a clan, that number should be sold in a very few weeks. The poems are readable and intelligible. They are also of historical value, if not to the world, at least to the Macleans.

The second volume is ready for publication. It contains all the valuable secular poems and songs that have been composed by Macleans during the last hundred years. If 20 copies of this volume shall be sold, and if the small sum of seventy-five dollars will be sent to me to assist in paying the cost of publishing the second volume, that volume will be issued in a very short time.

(J-1)